

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE



Look to **DR. CASSELL'S**
FOR NERVE RELIEF



A BARRIER TO HAPPINESS How it can be overcome!

Nerve troubles are increasing every year. What is the cause? *Influenza*! Leading specialists are agreed that influenza is the greatest modern enemy of the nerves. Sometimes it attacks them at once, sometimes it will be weeks after apparent recovery before headaches, nervous instability, depression, lassitude show that the nerves have suffered. This is why we have selected for publication the two testimonials printed alongside. They are typical of many, because Dr. Cassell's Tablets have proved remarkably successful in restoring the nerves after influenza.

How Dr. Cassell's restore

They provide nourishment (the only reliable nerve treatment in the most perfect form known to science . . . Blood Nutrients and Hypophosphites to enrich the blood and nerves, valuable Stomachics and Digestive Enzymes to aid the appetite and digestion. Dr. Cassell's will give you strength to overcome the great nerve barrier to happiness. Start a course immediately and you will soon be sharing the wonderful relief of Mrs. Sidebotham and Mrs. Cooke, and hundreds of others who have echoed the famous phrase "thanks to Dr. Cassell's." Start to-day!

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

For the following disorders due to Weakening of the Blood or Nerve Systems:

Overstrain	Neuritis	Indigestion
Sleeplessness	Malnutrition	Palpitation
Stomach Disorders	Wasting	Kidney Weakness
Neurasthenia	Hysteria	Anaemia Neuralgia
Children's Weakness	Nerve Fatigue	Headaches
Breakdown	Brain Fog	Nerve Pains

Yens Drug Co. (1925) Ltd., Manchester.

1/3

Family Size 3/-



NEURITIS AFTER 'FLU

Remarkable recovery

Mrs. Sidebotham, 84, Greenwood Street, Oldham, writes:—
"I had Influenza very badly, and it left me suffering with Neuritis so that I could not turn over in bed without help. The medicines I took did me no good, so I tried Dr. Cassell's. The first few doses gave me great relief; when I had taken a small box I was able to get up and start work again. They are splendid. I would not be without them for anything!"

ANOTHER BAD CASE soon restored

Mrs. C. Cooke, 99, Hatfield Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, writes:—
"I was in a very run-down state of health when I had Influenza, which left me weak and depressed. Other complaints followed—cough, bronchial catarrh, debility. I was almost afraid to eat, as I always felt worse afterwards. Then I made up my mind to try Dr. Cassell's, with excellent results, for I can now eat and enjoy a good meal without fear, and I am feeling quite well again!"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST
FREE INSURANCE GIFT

SEE PAGE 2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

FIRE STORM FLOOD SICKNESS ACCIDENT

YOUR FIVE WORST ENEMIES IN THE HOME

We give below the names of a few only of the readers who benefit this week. Against Fire, Flood, Storm, Sickness, Accident, etc., John Bull covers you free. Register to day.



FIRE UP TO £400

NORTH SHIELDS.—Mr. J. CHAPMAN, Junr., 22, The Nook, Chilton.
 BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. P. YARDLEY, 366, Camden Street, Brookfields.
 WORCESTER.—Mr. H. R. HORTON, Senr., Eastbury Cottage, Lower Broadheath.
 BELFAST.—Mrs. L. GROVES, 14, Auburn Street.
 LANARK.—J. McBENNETT, 314½, Main Street, Coathridge.
 SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. WHITAKER, 149, Devonshire Street.
 LANCASTER.—Mr. J. PORTER, 63, Westbourne Road.
 LEITH.—Mr. J. LOGAN, 36, W. Bowling Green Street.
 GLASGOW, F.—Mr. THOS. PAY, 65, Sobo Street, Gallowgate.
 N. WALES.—Mrs. A. BRASEY, 21, Marchwell, Nr. Wrexham.
 SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. J. STEWART, 149, Devonshire Street.
 FLINT, N. WALES.—Mrs. M. SINGLETON, 14, Thomas Street.
 MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. TANSEY, 94, Temperance Street, Ardwick.
 SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. F. YOUNG, 10, Graham Street, Northam.
 LICHFIELD.—Mrs. C. THOMSON, 16, Andrew Street.
 LEIGH, LANCOS.—Mrs. J. GRUNDY, 7, North Avenue, Hooten Gardens.
 TIPTON, STAFFS.—Mrs. THOMPSON, 27, Lock Side.
 BOLTON, LANCOS.—Mr. W. RATIGAN, 12, Balshaw Street.
 HANLEY, STAFFS.—Mr. A. MASEY, 64, Victoria Street, Northwood.
 DARLSTON.—Mrs. A. RICHARDS, 22, Eldon Street.
 STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mr. S. BURTON, 21, Anchor Road, Longton.
 LEICESTER.—Mrs. S. HARDING, 123, Melfourne Road, Ibstock.
 WISHAW.—Mrs. P. CAMSIEY, 19, Single Furnace Row, Berryhill.



STORM! FLOODS! UP TO £300

MORPETH.—Mrs. M. ANDERSON, 2, Low Stanners.
 BO'NESS.—Mrs. W. WILSON, 35, Furnace Row, Kinnel.
 BISHOP AUCKLAND, DURHAM.—Mr. A. D. JONES, 1, Gaunles Terrace, South Church.
 BRISTOL.—Mr. F. W. MORRIS, 11, Lombard Street, Bedminster.
 MOCHDRE, COLWYN BAY.—Mr. FRITCHARD, Ddalen House.
 PONTARDAWE.—Mrs. A. DAVIES, "Preswylfa," Edward Street, Alltuen.
 PETERSFIELD, HANTS.—Mrs. A. WORRELL, 5, Sussex Road.
 ROTHER, MORAY.—Miss J. STUART, 14, Seafield Square.
 CARLISLE.—Mrs. M. DIXON, 19, Dudson Terrace, Longdon Road.
 PETERSFIELD, HANTS.—Mrs. E. GOLDBERG, 1, Sussex Road.
 PANDY, NR. ABERGAVENNY.—Mr. H. TOWNSEND, Chapel House.
 BATH.—Mr. H. W. TILLY, 3, Weston Island, Lower Weston.
 ANNFIELD PLAIN, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. G. GIBSON, 19, Bedley Terrace, New Kyo.



SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

R. SHIELDS.—Mrs. E. M. KROOP, 26, Porchester Street, Tyne Dock.
 KEIGHLEY, YORKSHIRE.—Mr. C. WARRINDER, 10, Barn Street, Park Lane.
 MANSFIELD.—Mr. W. MALLINDER, 52, Abercromway Street, Bldworth.
 BRIGHOUSE, YORKSHIRE.—Mr. G. H. WILCOCK, 19A, Garden Road.
 MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. W. WALKER, 51, Lower East Street.
 DALSTON, F.E.—Mr. H. F. SNOW, 98, Lenthall Road.
 DURHAM.—Mr. F. MOORE, 10, Sedgefield, Fence Houses.
 GLASGOW.—Mrs. C. WILSON, 56, Mansion Street, Possill Park.



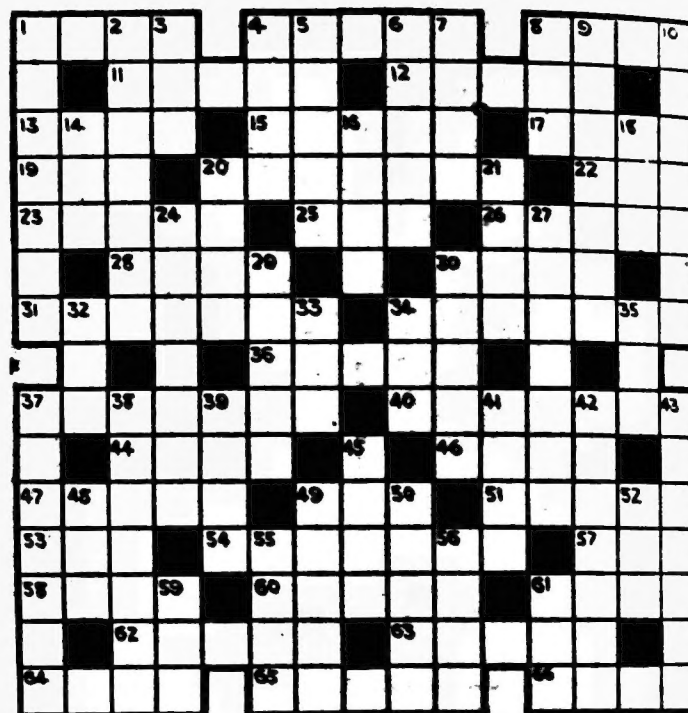
ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. F. BLUNDY, 35, Malt Mill Lane.
 OSGODBY, NR. SELBY.—Mrs. S. FOSTER.
 BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. F. BALL, 88, Oldfield Road, Balsall Heath.
 HULL.—Mr. R. HARRISON, 5, Johnson's Bldgs., Trevor Street, Green Lane, Wincolmlee.
 LEAMINGTON SPA.—Mrs. F. E. BEVINGTON, 10, Garden Place, Milverton.
 STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.—Mrs. N. E. AVERY, 15, Brighton Road.
 METHIL, FIFE.—Mrs. H. MARTIN, Brycedale, 8, Methil Brae.
 MANCHESTER.—Mrs. A. BOOTH, 96, St. Jackson Street, Hulme.
 PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.—Mr. R. WILSON, 21, Blythwood Road.
 EASTLEIGH, HANTS.—Mrs. M. SMITH, 198, Chamberlayne Road.
 WISBECH, CAMBS.—Mrs. F. GRIFF, Gushorne.
 PORT GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. NELSON, 2, Chapel Lane.
 CHESTER.—Mrs. C. WHITNEY, Hope Cottage, 17, Earlsay, Curzon Park.
 HAILEY, NR. WITNEY, OXON.—Mrs. E. STONE, "Chapel Farm."
 EARLESTOWN.—Mrs. E. WHITTER, 111, Crow Lane West.
 GRIMSBY.—Mrs. H. MARTIN, Bk 260, King Edward Street.
 EAST DULWICH, S.E.22.—Mrs. A. KALTEBACH, 11, Lytcott Grove.
 NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. R. WASSON, 42, Hawthorne Avenue.
 BELLSHILL, LANARKS.—Mrs. C. M. CURRIE, 37, Kenilworth Crescent.
 EDGWARE, MIDDLESEX.—Mrs. F. JUDGE, 75, High Street.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Our Cross-Word Corner

A Test of Wits



CLUES

- ACROSS
1. Stare.
 4. A baton.
 8. Melancholy sound.
 11. Indian nobleman.
 12. Boundary.
 13. Adjoin.
 15. Indicated sunken goods.
 17. Prison.
 19. A cushion.
 20. A studio.
 22. Plunder.

CLUES DOWN

1. To wrestle.
2. Discreet.
3. Consume.
4. Old sailor.
5. Robber.
6. Soent.
7. Slender.
8. As written.
9. Utter.
10. An ancient weapon.
14. To stop.
16. Pleased.
18. Distinct portion.
20. A continent.
21. Liquid precipitation.
24. Famous French general.
27. Stood in narrow-mouthed vessels.
29. Alry.
30. Resin in a solid state.
32. Neither.
33. Born.
34. Drinking vessel.
35. A horse.
37. Obstinate attached to a creed.
38. A structure.
39. To relate.
41. A plummet.
42. Things added.
43. A precious stone.
45. Baltic port.
48. Uncooked.
49. Audible breathing in sleep.
50. Wallet.
52. 100,000.
55. Cain's brother.
56. A goat.
59. A quantity.
61. Refreshment house.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 14.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
 To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
 I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
 in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen with which is presented FREE a 5/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all) ANY DATE, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 6d. extra. Cross cheque p.o. "J. & Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

J. W. DAW

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"More than pleased. Really worth half a guinea." M. W. Hales, 4, Swinburne Gardens, Tisbury.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/- 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE

You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE

We recommend the stick because it puts the soap well around each bristle. Nothing else is as good.

Pears'

Shaving Soap

Specially Made to Soften Beards



GOLDEN STICK 1/3 SILVER STICK 1/-
(U.K. only)

PSS 21-84

£50 OFFER.

Please forward to me booklets on the following subjects I am an old student of your College and am anxious for my sons to become students also. I am constantly recommending your College, and am glad to do so.
Yours faithfully, WM. JAMES, 20, Maesteg Road, Cwmfelin, Maesteg, Glam.



We have recently received the above letter, but we are prepared to produce on demand thousands more of its kind, or hand over to any applicant the sum of £50 in cash.

We give a written signed guarantee to every student that we will give tuition until he has passed the examination for which he enrolls. We prepare and print our own textbooks specially for the examinations and we give all the necessary books free. If a student can get through the Examination on only a few lessons, then all the better for the student, and the College, but if a student is backward, more patience and more lessons are required. There is no limit either of time or number of lessons. We guarantee success.

Send for the booklet of the subject in which you are interested.

Most Moderate Charges.
Payable Monthly.

Have You ANY
Ambition?

EXPERT TUTORS FOR EVERY DEPARTMENT.
WE TEACH ALL THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS:

F.R.S.A., M.I.Mar F., A.I.Struct.
F., M.B.I.P.S., etc. (Governor),
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

COMMERCIAL

Accountancy
Advert. Writing
Salesmanship
Army Certific. Courses
Auctioneering and
Estate Agency
Banking
Book-keeping
Civil Service
College of Preceptors
Commercial Arithmetic
Commercial Law
Company Law
Costing
Economics
English & French

TECHNICAL—Con.

Executive Law
Foreign Exchange
General Education
Modern Business
Methods
Police Entrance and
Promotion Courses
Secretarial
Workshop Organisation

TECHNICAL

Teacher of Handicrafts
Applied Mechanics
Architectural Drawing
Building Construction
Clerk of Works' Duties
Boiler Engineering
Boiler Making
Chemistry
Civil Engineering

TECHNICAL—Con.

Concrete & Steel
Draftsmanship
Electrical Engineering
Practical Mechanical
Engineering
Engineering Costing,
Quantities and
Specifications
Foundry Work
Heat Engines
Internal Combustion
Engines
Marine Eng. B.O.T.
Mathematics
Metrication
Metallurgy
Motor Engineering
Naval Architecture
Pattern Making
Post Office Examinations
Quantity Surveying

TECHNICAL—Con.

Road Making and
Maintenance
Sanitation
Shipbuilding
Structural Engineering
Surveying & Levelling
Surveyors of Works, R.E.
Telegraphy & Telephony
Town Planning
Wireless Telegraphy
Works Managers' Course
MINING.
Fireman's Exam.
2nd Class Mine Manager
1st Class Mine Manager
H.M. Inspector
Mining Elect. Engineer
A.M.E.E.
Mining Mech. Engineer
Mine Surveyor

WE SPECIALISE IN PREPARATION FOR ALL EXAMINATIONS.

Note Address:
The Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield.

WE TEACH BY POST in all parts of the world



WEAR A
FLANDERS POPPY



A world-wide
reputation for Quality

WILLS'S CAPSTAN NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

10 for 6^d
20 for 11¹/₂^d

Also sold in cardboard boxes

50 for 2⁵/₈^d
100 for 4⁷/₈^d



CC70



WHEN SENDING

Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

PAY FOR YOUR OVERCOAT AS YOU WEAR IT.

Most wonderful bargain of the Year. Made from ALL WOOL Cheviots. These are not semi-made Coats altered to fit you, but EACH ONE IS CUT AND MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. Delivered on payment of First instalment of 6/- and then pay 8/- monthly until you have paid in all 42/-. Also SUITS from 52/6 on similar easy terms. Irish and Colonial orders cash only. Before placing your order elsewhere, send for Catalogue, Patterns & Self-measurement Form. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Established 25 years.

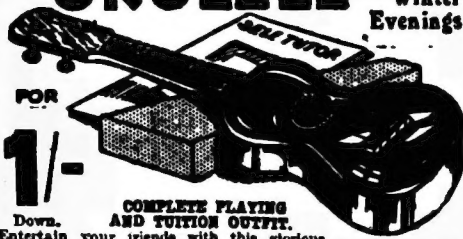
J. B. THORNE & Co.
36, LANGHAM ST., LONDON, W.1



THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

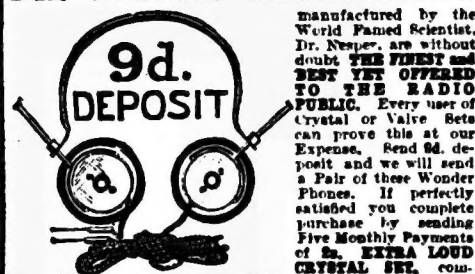
A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

THIS SUPERIOR CHARLESTON UKULELE Ideal for Winter Evenings



Down. COMPLETE PLAYING AND TUNING OUTFIT. Entertain your friends with this glorious Jazz Instrument—the craze of Europe and America. With self-tutor you can play those haunting Plantation Melodies in one hour. Handsome instrument, mahogany-pollished Cedar, natural Cedar fingerboard, rosewood pegs, 1/- with order, 8/- on Saturday following receipt of instrument, then six weekly payments of 2/- (15/- in all). Send To-Day. F. HAND & CO., 26, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

DR. NESPER HEADPHONES



Manufactured by the World Famed Scientist, Dr. Nesper, are without doubt THE FINEST and BEST YET OFFERED TO THE RADIO PUBLIC. Every user of Crystal or Valve Sets can prove this at our Expense. Send 9d. deposit and we will send a Pair of these Wonder Phones. If perfectly satisfied you complete purchase by sending Five Monthly Payments of 2/- EXTRA LOUD CRYSTAL SET, complete with Two Pair Phones and Dav. Coil, 33 6. Send 9d. deposit. DR. NESPER DE LUXE LOUD SPEAKER, 57/6. Send 2/6 Deposit. SEND FOR CATALOGUE FREE. THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKES NEWINGTON, S.W.6.

WAR MEMORIAL VASE

After costly experiment and scientific tests a vase has been evolved which is not only very artistic, but unsurpassed for durability. It is made to imitate rough cast stone, in two colours: ANTIQUE GREEN and GRAY. The colours are not painted on, but IMPREGNATED with the vase in its plastic state, therefore never gets shabby. It not only makes a very artistic flower container, but also a handsome and fitting memorial with the imperishable embossed lettering "IN LOVING MEMORY" showing to advantage. CANNOT RUST OR GET SHABBY. COLOURS WILL NOT FADE. A HANDSOME MEMORIAL. PRACTICALLY UNBREAKABLE. Height, 10 inches. Weight, 8 lbs. 10/6 (arr. Paid). Money returned if not satisfied. Also supplied with spikes for use on graves. Particulars on application. TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED. THE SYNTHETIC STONE CO. (Dept. 11), NEWPORT, A.W.

BARGAINS IN FURS



Every lady should write for the Graves Bargain Catalogue of genuine high grade furs. The newest exclusive styles in exquisitely matched skins offered at amazingly keen prices and on Easy Terms. OUR BARGAIN PRICES ARE FOR DEFERRED PAYMENTS. Send a small amount now, and complete purchase in monthly payments. Full and complete. WRITE TO-DAY for our new handsomely illustrated Fur Catalogue Post Free per return. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

HOTSPUR POPULAR ONE VALVE SET

Designed to give maximum loudness, ideal for listeners just out of crystal range. 4/- only brings this complete wireless installation ready to fix to serial. Balance in 8 monthly payments of 10/- if paid in 7 days. Oak cabinet with top quality nickel-plated fittings, no trash. Royalties (12/6) paid. We guarantee satisfaction. Send 4/- to-day. E. J. HERAUD, Est. 30 yrs. Radio Manufacturer, (Dept. "J.B."), Send for Radio NUMBER ONE, Catalogue. EDMONTON, London, E.15.

Complete with 2 volt EXIDE ACCUMULATOR and 60 volt H.T. BATTERY & PHONES ALL FOR 4/- DOWN

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; How much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

4.18.6

CARRIAGE PAID, U.K., or 41/0 0 down and 11 monthly instalments of 8/1. Beautifully Oak-finished Cabinet 3 ft. 3 in. high, fitted new Metal Sound Chamber, new type Tone Arm, Fullerton Junior Sound Box and powerful Collaro Motor. Unusually pure tone and enormous volume. Write NOW for FREE List, Cabinet Gramophone 63. (Dept. J.B.12). 73, Cannon-Rd., London, W.W.1 Also 140, High St., N.1, E. Ham and 41, George St., Croydon.

ENLARGEMENTS

LIFE SIZE ONLY BROMIDE. 1/9 Send any Portraits or Holiday Snaps, etc., and we will return in a few days, Post Free, a beautiful enlargement that will really delight you, size 20 ins. x 16 ins., or smaller if desired. Groups the same price. Great care taken of originals. 3 Enlargements for 4/9 GREENS (Dept. J.B.), 14, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1



MISS BETTY BALFOUR.

DO YOU KNOW? CRYSTAL BALL

ANSWERS ALL QUESTIONS. It tells you about FINANCE, SURPRISE, LOVE, THE HOME, LUCK, YOUR WISH, MARRIAGE. For Amusement only. 9 Post 3d. Your friends—male or female—will be delighted when you show them this Crystal. Full and complete instructions forwarded. Send P.O. for 1/- to-day and see this wonder for yourself. Satisfactory or money back. HOURS OF HAZARDLESS AMUSEMENT. JOHN PHILLIPS CO. (Dept. 109), 24-27, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1

2d a Day is all you pay

For this BARGAIN SALE OF BEDDING 2 Superb Quality White Flannel Blankets, 2 Coloured Flannel Blankets, Blue or Pink, 2 Unbleached Twill Sheets, 1 Extra Quality Alhambra Quilt in various choice colours, 2 Pillow Cases, 1 White Bolster Case to match. All splendid Quality. Double or Single Bed Size. Price 45/- Cash, or 2/- now and balance by Easy Monthly Payments, LIST FREE. SELBY WFO. CO., LTD. (Dept. 315) 21a, Finsbury Street, E.C.7.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES of 81 SQ. FT. LOVELY PATTERNS for 15/-

—the cheapest and best floor-covering in the world—in rolls 2 yard wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard-wearing, easily cleaned. Write for coloured lists.

ARTOLEUM
BETTER THAN LINOLEUM
J. LLOYD'S, ARTOLEUM HOUSE, 32, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.1.

WHIPCORD TROUSERS

To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to JOHN BULL readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of 5/11

Postage 6d. Over 40 in. waist 1/- extra. These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, turned up bottoms and hip pocket, and as TOUGH AS IRON IN WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL. Remember, cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford, E.

GRAMOPHONE DANCERS THE "TANGO TWO."
Magnetic Dancers.

Simply place them on your Gramophone, when they will WALTZ, FOX-TROT or ONE-STEP to the music. Requires NO fixing and fits ALL models. Charming dressed and lifelike, they cause endless amusement. Complete satisfaction or money returned.

Usual Price 6/6. Complete Set, Sent per return. 1/11

Post 2d. 2 Sets for 3/6 Post 6d.

HASTINGS PATENTS CO. Dept. 150, 121 & 122, Wilton Road, London, S.W.1.

GRAVES BARGAIN BEDDING BALE 10/- NOW

World's Finest Bedding Value

1 pr All-Wool Blankets; 1 pr White Fleecy Blankets; 1 pr Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 handsome check Bed Rug, soft and cosy, whipped edges; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt 54x10:0 All double bed size.

Terms to approved orders: 10/- now, balance 10/- monthly. Catalogue Post Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

Special Opening Sale Bargains SMART FELT HATS

Various colours Red, Navy, Black, Fawn, Almond, etc. No. 22 - 311 (3 for 11/3), neat buckle, fully trimmed, silk padded. No. 45 - 411 (3 for 14/3), neat side buckle, trimmed with Petersham ribbon, silk lined, superior finish.

Please quote No. when ordering. A trial will suffice to make you patronise us always. If preferred pay the postman, C.O.D.

THE ECONOMIC HATLERY CO., 45, FLEETLAW, RD. LONDON, E.5

THIS FINE GRAMOPHONE BARGAIN OFFER IS UNRIVALLED.

Fully warranted British-made Hornegram Gramophone, polished Oak Cabinet, powerful & silent Motor, 10 in Turntable, Taper Tone Arm, natural tone reproduction, and Ten brilliant Selections, for 45/0 0

TERMS: Send 5/- now, and 11 monthly payments of 8/- Full and complete. Catalogue & Record List Post Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

THE GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE MAKES FOOD ATTRACTIVE.

A good Meal deserves a good Knife and Fork. WORLD'S FINEST VALUE. 1 pr D'ble Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Table Knives, and 6 Stainless Dessert Knives. Ivory grained handles. Blades can be sharpened to razor-like edge. 3 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1pr Sugar Tonge, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which is always white. Write for Catalogue. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

BIGGEST VALUE IN FLOOR COVERING
NOTE NEW LOW PRICES 72 SQ. FT. 15/-

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM. Waterproof, Rot-proof and sanitary. For sit or Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floor. Being stainless, a lamp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 7 square feet for 18/-. Longer lengths pro 12s. All rolls are two yards wide.

Send for Free Samples. J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter Street, London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

MORE GUARANTEED POSTAL BARGAINS —ON— Page 33.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE

In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Barretts in Stockings, Feats, Ready-made, Travel, Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide. Post free. Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 5, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing and travellers' samples in General Drapery and below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remounts, parcels from £1. List free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

RETAILERS, Marketmen and Beginners, don't delay waiting for our free illustrated Catalogue containing bargains for all classes of Drapery Goods.—S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

HOSIERS! DRAPERS!

Do you know where to buy the best goods at the lowest prices? Have you had our latest catalogue? If not, send at once to Dept. J., M. Rosen, 69, Piccadilly, Manchester.

DRAPERS AND MARKETMEN.—Our New Xmas list, full of special lines at rock-bottom prices, sent post free.—CHEW & CO., Roger St. Warehouse, Manchester. Wholesale only.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a Bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. Canville Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your Spare Time; every kind, good profits. 168-Page Catalogue free. MAY (175), George St., Birmingham.

EARN £3 to £5 wky. Run Bed-clothing and Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free.—Grove Mills, Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS (Spare Time) to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Jewellery, Gramophones, etc. Liberal Com. Well supplied with samples.—Write, Dept. 20, YORK, Ltd., 53a, Bayham St., London, N.W.1.

CALL ON Farmers—earn £5-£14 week. Nugas Open Fires, Lamps, Cookers, Motor Oils.—Write Stanley, 56, Watton Rd., Stratford, London.

AGENTS WANTED. 10/- in every 2 comm. An Agent writes: "I had your book of private Agents Cards 7 days, made £5. No experience." LATEST NOVELTIES, PARROT CALENDARS, book cats, jewelled cards and many others. It costs you nothing. Makes £20 in spare time. Try it.—Dept. 6, The Press, 104, Cleveland St., W.1.

ANYONE with spare time can earn £2 to £3 per week by obtaining orders from our MAGNIFICENT ALBUM OF PRIVATE GREETING CARDS. Supplied absolutely FREE OF COST (all outlay) to suitable applicants. Inquire at once for the famous "CITY" Album to Dept. 169, The Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., City Works, Blackfriars Street, Manchester.

AGENTS, whole or spare time, profitable and easy work. Samples free.—Dept. B., 10/12, Broad Street, London, E.C.

TRAVELLING Factor required for electric batons. Exceptional value. Speer Electrical Co., Brixington, Warwick.

EMPLOYMENT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send in stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 199, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Office, 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

£150-£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, testis. free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 59, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperia Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. Dept. 62, 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

ARE YOU MAKING PROGRESS?—Mr. Dawson has written: "I am now earning £500 a year, and attribute my success to your five weeks' training in Salesmanship." Well educated men of good appearance and aptitude should investigate this tuition, which carries with it a definite guarantee of the offer of a position. Call or write for "Unlocking the Door to Success." The British School of Selling Salesmanship, Ltd., 26, Kingsway, W.C.2. Telephone 0904.

100 BOYS, 15 to 18, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages. Write or call, O/S, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Experts. Free Service. Write for Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London. Phone: City 0842.

START A Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and List H to Levaime (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

MARVELLOUS BARGAINS offered privately in "THE BAZAAR, EXCHANGE & MART," the sale and exchange paper, 3d. all newspapers. Send for free copy. See below!

WALLPAPERS direct from 21d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

ALL DANCE Novelties, Hats, Balloons, Fancy Costumes, Decorations. List free.—WATKINS PROVIDERS, JNR., High St., Newport, Mon.

GIFTS for Everybody. Santa Klaus, 45, Rue Turenne, Paris, offers Gent's shirts, braces, Ladies' dresses, underwear, also Toys. Extraordinary value. Send immed. 21d. for Barg. list.

DANCE Novelties.—Wonder value, Hats, Balloons, everything. Big sample post 5s.—Listis free. Brilliant Balloon Wks., Pershore St., B'ham.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA DUST, strong liquoring. Splendid flavour. 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Poulter & Co., Dine Place, Bow, E.3.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentball, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

Picture This Famous Easy Chair at Your Fireside!



What an atmosphere of beauty and luxury the magnificent Berkeley would bring into your home. Big, cosy, deep-seated, supremely comfortable, this handsome Easy Chair is absolutely without an equal for quality and value. Huge demand, enormous output and scientific methods of production make it possible to sell the Berkeley at an amazingly low price. Luxuriously upholstered with real FIBRE AND HAIR stuffing, and with long coppered-steel springs in seat, back, and front edge. Covered with beautiful, hard-wearing Tapestry, Damask or Cretonne of your own selection.

The Berkeley
(1926)

WRITE NOW FOR PATTERNS—SENT POST FREE.
H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD. (1926)
(Dept. J.B.) 70-78, OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1.
Showrooms: 133, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1;
The Arcade, High Street, Croydon; and 16, The Parade, Watford.

LOOSE COVERS from 16/6

NEW CASH PRICE

78'6

or £4:2:6:—
10/- with order and
balance 10/- monthly.

OUR SUPREME GUARANTEE
We deliver immediately on Receipt of First Payment with Order, and if the value of any Berkeley does not come up to expectations you may return it AT OUR EXPENSE and we will refund your money in full.

DELIVERED FREE
in England and Wales

ROMEBODY'S SELLING just the thing you want! See the thousands of private bargains in "THE BAZAAR, EXCHANGE AND MART." Free offer below!

CHINA FROM WORKS.—Home Outfits, 32/6. Boddied ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants Cat. free. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Liverpool Pottery, Burslem.

STAMP A POSTCARD now and send for your free copy of "BAZAAR, EXCHANGE & MART," the wonderful private bargain paper. 3d. all newspapers.—Write J. B. Bart, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 21d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, macs, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 15), 228, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

FREE PRIZES!—H. Samuel gives a prize gift with every article purchased from his Big Book of 3,000 Bargains. Buy direct from the Factory and save half. Month's full trial and money back if not satisfied. Solid Gold Bracelet Watches from 29/6; cases of Carvers, Ivorine Handles, Sheffield Steel, 10/9; watch price, 15/-. Write to-day for the Free Bargain Book and particulars of Free Prizes.—H. SAMUEL, LTD. (Dept. 199), Market Street, Manchester.

SPECIAL VALUE in gent's Scotch knit woollen socks, light marls and heather mixtures. State which. 3/11 pair, post free.—Corner Drapey Store, Fraserburgh.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free.—Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbrough.

DRESS.

BABY'S LOVELY 85-article Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flan. Barras, Mat. Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins, etc. Real genuine bargain. Call or send 2/- p.d. approx.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

CHARMING GOWNS, Etc.—Rare Bargains slightly worn clothing; catalogues, stmpd. envelope.—Marie Dupont, Paris House, Hastings.

BABY'S GUARANTEED LAYETTE, 30/- Splendid value; Finest quality; 85 pieces; Shawls, Woollies, Vests, Robes, Napkins, etc. Send 2/- for parcel. approx.—Mrs. B. Barker, 31a, Brougham Road, Southsea.

PETS, LIVESTOCK.

TALKING PARROT and Cage, 3 mths guaranteed, from 30/-. Singing Canary, 7 days' singing trial, from 15/-. Pet Monkeys from 30/-. Time Squirrels, 21/- 1s. Write for complete list.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London.

FOR POULTRY KEEPERS.

"POULTRY" tells you how to make your fowls pay; and pay they will if you take the advice given in "Poultry" every week. All Newsagents, Fridays, 2d. Specimen free.—71, Fleet St., London.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, New, Surrey.

LEARN MASSAGE and modern manipulative healing—a paying profession. Hundreds of testimonials from successful pupils. Write for details. 47, Smae Institute, Clarendon Rd., Portsmouth.

POSTAL Lessons, 120-p. book Mine Managers, Firemen, Surveyors, Electricians Exam. Questions free.—J.B., Cambrian Mining sch., Porth.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by actually destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 11d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Midyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codrington, Derby.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Bands and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (8871), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DR. PUGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful skin Secret of Wm. Pugson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the skin to purity and comfort. 3/- at Boots, Taylor's and all Chemists.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, J.B., 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

NEW Life to weary, worn-out Nerves. Probyn Nutrient restores health, strength and lost vitality. Send to-day for free trial supply.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Rd., London, S.W.18.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, kidney troubles, etc., quickly cured by PARKER'S REMEDY. Adults or children, operations avoided. 3/- bot. Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc., or post free Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on quick remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.37), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

HAIRNESS CURED. "Atoka" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by John Bull, 5/- bott.—Atoka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn., E.C.

RHEUMATISM, Neuritis, Piles, etc., quickly cured by "Rhipus," 450 genuine testimonials, 1/3 & 3/- box (post free).—R., 70, Crownfield Road, London, E.15.

CATARHIS.—Dr. Lane's Great Remedy positively checks and cures this dangerous disease. No case hopeless. From all chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, or post free from O. Phelps Brown, 75, Fitzwilliam Street, Huddersfield.

RUPTURE CONQUERED. "The Lancet" endorses. Write now for full particulars of a free trial under guarantee of relief or money refunded. BEASLEY'S (DEPT. 8M), 26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

HAIRNESS CURED. "Atoka" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by John Bull, 5/- bott.—Atoka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn., E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery. Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Post or call.—Bentley & Co., 335, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

TYRES AND ACCESSORIES.—Weekly Payments. All makes of Brand New Tyres, Accessories or Spares. Deposits from 5/-. No inquiries. Write, London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

STOKE PAGES, BUCKS.
THE STOKE COURT ESTATE.
Several charming Week-end Cottages and numerous other small properties, affording a quite exceptional opportunity to acquire a Freehold in this unspoiled and much sought after countryside. The Stoke Court Golf Course adjoins Estate. For Illustrated Booklet: Percy Harvey Estates, Ltd., Moorgate Stn. Chambers, E.C.1; Gable and Green, 9, Trinton Street, W; Buckland & Sons, Slough and Windsor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRIMMELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not you? Send for 64-p. book about herbs and how to use them.—21d. post free. Trimmell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

SMOKING MINTURE.—Fragrant Herbal, relieves catarrh, cures tobacco habit, 3d. oz., valuable booklet, free. Sple, 1/3. Satis, or money returned.—Week day Postal service, Weekday Cross Nottingham.

ARMISTICE DAY. Wear your Medals. Any replaced on reasonable terms. Ribbons 1d. per inch.—NINNES, Dept. 5, Hythe, Kent.

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM HOUSE.—A warning to those who allow the imagination to run riot in a dream house. By T. B. Partington the public health lecturer in "HEALTH & STRENGTH" this week, 3d. at all newsagents.

BIGGER BARGAINS THAN EVER!
John Bull's weekly "Mail Order Market" appears on pages 4 and 33 of this issue and includes some remarkable offers. One advertiser will send any lady reader a smart felt hat, and money need not be sent in advance. Another will supply ladies and gentlemen with riding breeches for 1/6 weekly, and practically everything advertised in the section can be obtained for moderate sum down. Read each ad. carefully—it will repay you.

Nice to see a bit of fire again

how the nights draw in now the clock's put back! bit of a nip in the air, too well, laziness is nothing unless it's well carried out where did I leave my cigarettes? Jimmy, there's a new packet of Turfs in my overcoat pocket. Thanks, old man.



TURF

Whenever you want a cigarette, have a Turf. Smoke as many as you like as often as you like—they never tire the palate. Just try them!

MADE BY CARRERAS. 20 FOR 1/-



JOHN BULL

*For the People—the
Right to Justice and Truth.*

*The Paper on which
the Sun Never Sets.*

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL



93, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone:
GERARD 9370.
Telegrams:
HEROICALLY,
LONDON.
Registered at the
G.P.O. as a
Newspaper.
Postage all over
the World 1d.

Not Getting Younger.

The Cabinet that meets Parliament next week—by taking in Ronald McNeill in Viscount Cecil's place—has raised its aggregate age by three years. That's Mr. Baldwin's answer to the demand for "fresh blood."

Marked for the Future.

The Cabinet will do its utmost to "hang together" till the General Election, but if they are not "hanged together" then, Mr. Baldwin will certainly not face office with the "old gang."

A Coming Health Minister?

Among the best Conservative brains outside the Cabinet are those of Major Walter Elliot, who in the Under-Secretaryship for Health for Scotland has hitherto had little show.

Stir Them Up.

Bright young Tories ambitious for themselves and their Party would do a world of good by a lively prodding of the Front Bench. That's the way the now venerable Earl of Balfour started for the Premiership.

Practice, Not Praise.

Youth is tired of hearing kind words and finding no opportunity. It sees the world that old men have made and doesn't like it. Those who must inherit the future should, in justice, be given a hand in shaping it.

New Wine.

There's a shortage of judges. Vacancies caused by death should be filled with younger men. It is time youth got a chance, even in the law courts.

Ready for the Fray.

That the General Election may come as soon as the new women voters are registered is manifestly "on the cards." The Junior Imperial League is just as busy organising as are the Liberals with their scheme for the "First Hundred Thousand" workers.

Coming Back?

Talking of Liberals, keep your eye on Lloyd George. He is reconciled to Lord Rothermere, and the Rothermere Press is backing him for all it's worth. His lordship knows something—or thinks he does.

Biff!

Whatever the omens portend, one thing is certain. Lloyd George is a very convenient stick with which to belabour Mr. Baldwin—and Lord Rothermere has seized the opportunity with both hands.

Winston's Request.

Mr. Churchill asks for "confidence and support in a further campaign of economy." Let him start in on armaments and he'll get all he wants, and more.

Personal.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain is touring Lancashire, and as Health Minister he couldn't do better. Impressed by the overcrowded, smoke-filled industrial towns, he may return to Whitehall and do something.

Indictment.

Viscount Cecil, in opening the campaign in support of disarmament, felt he could do better work for the League outside than inside the Government. If that is so, sane men will think twice before re-electing it.

How D'You Like It?

Out of every pound of taxation in this country, 14s. goes in payment for past wars and preparation for future ones. Those who like it will vote for it.

The Only Way.

To leave Europe armed to the teeth is worse than equipping nurseries with matches and razors. With explosives for toys, explosions may be expected. The only hope is disarmament.

Significant.

Mr. Churchill describes the Liberal Party's proposal to run 500 candidates at the next election as "insane." We call it a challenge. Can it be that the Chancellor sees a red light and is afraid?

Milk.

As a proof that revelations of milk dangers do good, there is a marked improvement in cleanliness and quality all over the country. Publicity pays.

More Milk.

Competitions planned on an educational basis have become popular. During the last twelve months thirty-eight county competitions have been held, taken part in by more than 1,000 dairy-farmers. That's certainly all to the good.

Progress.

Glass-lined tanks in place of porter-trundled churns are to be used for conveyance of milk on railways. The innovation is a good one.

Combination.

The improved methods of milk carriage are due to co-operation between dairymen and railway officials. When similar partnership is shown in all industries, trade all round will improve.

"Learners."

The rates of wages for learners are criticised as too high in many trades. What's wrong is the cost of living that makes lower rates synonymous with starvation; but that's seldom mentioned.

500 Christmas Dinners!

There are Hangers, Turkeys and Fowls for 500 Competitors in "Bullets" this week. Go in and win! See page 39

Full Spate.

The river of talk between parsons is still in flood. Tongues and tempers are both busy. Meanwhile the plain man remembers that which is in danger of being forgotten. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Betterment.

Sane men who loathe religious intolerance will welcome the London meeting of Jews and Christians to discuss common ideals. Since what is looked for can usually be found, there will be plenty of ground for agreement.

Sound Sense.

Nursery schools are asked for in South Wales, and there is no district where they are more needed. The educational authorities must use their powers conferred by the 1919 Education Act.

Dignity.

Not because it is the resort of wealth, but because it is beautiful, we are with those who object to see Oxford overwhelmed by petty suburbs. University towns are the nation's heritage. One day, every youngster able to profit by it will study there.

Banish It.

Not only at Oxford, but everywhere, ugliness should be banished before it rears its head. The ancients, without any of civilisation's cleverest resources, built without it. Why can't we?

Civilisation.

Rheumatism is responsible for one-sixth to one-seventh of sick benefit payments to insured persons in Great Britain. It costs millions, but with decent conditions most of it could be prevented.

For Some.

"Money quite plentiful," says a current financial report. True. But until it flows busily through the country, in the shape of work and wages, there'll never be much healthiness.

Good.

American Labour has decided to rely upon "Facts, not Force" to improve conditions when necessary. It's not a bad slogan.

Flouted.

Circulars issued by the Home Office and Scottish Office advising women police have not resulted in one extra being appointed. If the appointment of male officers were "discretionary," there would soon be a row.

The Stumbling-block.

The most powerful night bombing-machine ever constructed, painted for invisibility and engined for long distance, is now under tests by the Air Ministry. Practice goes further than precept as showing the world how sincere is the wish for disarmament.

Child Marriage.

A delegation of women is to visit the Home Secretary to protest against child marriage. That a little girl of twelve may marry a boy of fourteen is still possible in this country. Some do. That should mean an instant revision of the law.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL**Homeless Cripples.**

The Government reports that of the 150,000 crippled children in the country there is provision for only 40,000 in hospitals and homes. What is it going to do about it?

No Schools.

Over 1,600 children at the Dagenham L.C.C. estate are crowded out of existing schools, some kiddies having not attended for two years. The housing problem is but half tackled if education is neglected.

Step Up.

Once an office-boy, now clerk and accountant at £500 a year, Mr. E. R. Allen, employee of Swadlincote Urban Council, has something to teach the rising generation. Don't despise small beginnings.

Poisoning the Public.

Nearly all cases of non-pulmonary tuberculosis are caused by taking tubercular-infected food. How can we regard the £20 fine imposed on James Redfearn, butcher, of Wombwell, for exposing diseased meat for sale, except as richly merited?

Human Kindness.

When at Shoreditch County Court a woman produced the counterfoil of a postal order for 4s. that could not be traced, Judge Cluer paid the amount. We like an incident that proves that, though justice must be impersonal, a judge may be human.

Dallying with Danger.

It has taken the deaths of five people from fire at the factory of Film Waste Products, St. Pancras, to ram home the need of more frequent inspection of firms dealing with dangerous material. The coroner's plea for stricter supervision in future must not be disregarded.

Permanent Billet.

Forty-two of the seventy-five years of Frank Villars have been spent in prison. It is merely futile to consign him to another nine months for housebreaking. The judicial system by which the last state of an habitual criminal is worse than the first must be altered.

Saving the Kiddies.

Open-air schoolrooms, hammocks for resting, bathrooms and provision for three nourishing meals a day are some of the joys of the new Highgate Open-Air School for delicate children. We want many such until the happy day when health and strength are every child's birthright.

The Helping Hand.

The Carnegie Heroes Trust Fund does not belie its name. The allowance of 25s. weekly plus 5s. worth of food to the mother of James R. Jones, of Wolverhampton, who died trying to save a drowning child, is no more than is due, but not all heroism is even lightly acknowledged.

A Sad End.

Nearly blind, unable to work, nervous lest the West Derby Guardians should reduce his allowance, James Graham died from swallowing objects such as a razor-blade, nails and broken glass. A society that allows a lad of twenty-two so to live and die has a great deal to answer for.

Trading on Poverty.

Eighty per cent. of the seasonal job men on the books of the Scarborough employment exchange are loaded with debt; and, according to its manager, they are "sponged on" by callous employers who offer them only scandalously low wages for what work they do. Statesmanship must save men who want work from such sharks.

Rescued from "Dole."

Girls of poor health and no experience are placed by the Scottish Council of Women's Trades on farms whence, physically restored, they migrate to responsible jobs. Letters received testify how the girls appreciate being relieved from living on the "dole." No more encouraging proof is needed of the council's valuable work.

Sunshine Gift.

Sunshine must come as a peculiar joy to one person in England. The anonymous donor of the Vita Glass Sun Pavilion at the Stannington Children's Sanatorium can have no greater reward than in seeing the result on delicate sufferers of his generous, much-needed gift.

Dangerous Parsimony.

When light is required near a patient for surgical dressing at the Lichfield Institution doctors and nurses have to use an oil lamp! Although electricity is available, the guardians refused to spend £225 on effective lighting for the benefit of the sick poor. "Penny wise . . ."

A Father's Disgrace.

Physically unfit to attend an ordinary school, a young boy travelled the country with his father, "Little Hackensmidt," the wrestler, until he was left at Otley to earn his own living—at fourteen! Now he is the hands of the police. A father's care might have saved the boy from disgrace.

More Muddling.

Building of marketable houses to employ at least 300 men during the winter is held up on Tewkesbury Estate, Forest Hill, all because another L.C.C. department claim the site. Twelve months is likely to elapse before things get going. Can nothing hurry the municipal snail to rectify an unpardonable blunder?

One Milk Only.

Exception is taken by Captain Howard Jones, M.R.C.V.S., to the term "Grade A" milk being applied both to milk taken from tuberculin-tested cows and those merely under inspection by the "vet." We do not suggest with him that the title in the inferior case should be scrapped. Milk should all be of one quality only—the best.

The Human Machine**Manhood**

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

DO you remember the scene in "Macbeth" where Lady Macbeth is taunting and goading her husband because he is unwilling to kill the King? She sneers at his lack of manhood.

Macbeth rises to rare heights of dignity in his reply: "I dare do all that may befit a man: who dares do more is none."

There in a sentence is a complete guide to life, an excellent rule of conduct that, properly applied, can solve all problems of behaviour.

What does befit a man? Well, it is the fashion to-day to scoff at the golden rule, but nobody has ever expressed it better—to do unto others as you would like others to do unto you.

A combination of bravery and modesty, coolness and common-sense, a willingness to protect the weak and help the helpless—these are some of the things that are the hall-marks of a real man.

And with these go an absence of bravado and boasting, a scrupulous adherence to the dictates of conscience and a willingness to give and take, to be a normal man among normal men.

IN the old days of chivalry the knights were made to swear that they would "do right, fear God and honour the King." It was as simple a rule of life as Macbeth's and as effective.

For a true man will always endeavour to do right, and the mark of a man is that he is never in much doubt about what right is.

He is never in much doubt because he is never selfish. He considers others first and himself last: and if you consider others before you act you will never go far wrong.

Do all that may befit a man; leave it to the reckless fools to try to do more!

Sensitive Firemen.

Objection to being a laughing-stock on account of decrepit apparatus is to deprive Christchurch of its fire brigade unless the council reverses its refusal to supply a motor-engine. We sympathise with the fire-fighters. Their enemy is worthy of the best weapons.

A Rude Shock.

On November 1, a hundred tenants who have lived rent-free for over two years at Burden's Buildings, Weymouth, now to be demolished, will be homeless. We hope that the council has found other accommodation, or theirs will be the blame for allowing these folk to live in a fool's paradise.

Grasping Landlord.

The scandalous receipt of £435 10s. a year in rents from a house rated at £54 has been accomplished by a York landlord. As one tenant earning 25s. weekly is charged 10s. for an unfurnished room, the sooner the Ministry of Health goes into the question of this decontrolled house the better.

Everyday Heroism.

Sinking a shaft at Salford, J. Gannon was overcome by fumes and instantly his fellow-workman, J. Gregg, caused himself to be lowered to the rescue. He collapsed, and was hauled up dead, with his dead comrade clasped in his arms. Day by day are such deeds of gallantry done, but seldom commemorated.

All in Keeping.

Stirling County Council has granted £10 to the Kilsyth, Campsie and District Fox Club, and refused a subscription to the local nursing association. We are not astonished that local ratepayers are indignant. But the place to show effective resentment is at the polling-booth when local elections come round.

Money for Nothing.

When a Doncaster man was summoned for non-payment of rates, he objected that there was no highway, sewerage or lighting accommodation in connection with his house. No services, no payment, seems to us good justice. It is no wonder the magistrates adjourned the case. Now it's up to the urban council.

Boy Wins.

A man who resisted increased payment for maintenance of his illegitimate son at Tottenham Police Court suddenly turned enthusiastic when the lad won a scholarship. That was good, but better if the mother of the child had not been compelled to sue in court. That a child's a child for a' that is what far too many men forget when illegitimacy is concerned.

Licence Folly.

There was much ado at Liverpool about cinema licences being given for Christmas Day. The Bench nearly granted the applications, but after considerable time had been taken up it was discovered that it was wasted, because Christmas Day fell on Sunday, and the usual licences were valid. And, of course, the ratepayers have to pay for the footling.

Guardians Provided.

Sir Thomas Molony's suggestion that the child offender orphaned or with worthless parents should be transferred to the local education authority, which should provide a home for and take an interest in him, is an admirable alternative when an industrial school is not necessary. More desirable even than for adults is the personal touch in child-training.

Shop Slavery.

Eighty-four hours a week for a girl shop-assistant is "the limit"—and a good many hours over. Alfred Hall, of Trafalgar Road, Greenwich, may have realised this when fined 20s. with 15s. costs. That he overlooked the matter of age (believing his assistant to be over seventeen) was a poor and unbusinesslike excuse. A wise employer knows that "all work and no play" means poor work every day.

How Not to Do it.

Mr. William Wild, a newsagent, of Manor Road, Clapham, looked for a gas leak with a match, and found it with a terrific explosion and sheet of flame that damaged his shop and blew out the window. That he escaped only with burns is a miracle. No one should look for gas leaks with matches. It imperils not only the investigator, but family and neighbours.

Fine Workmates.

A worker at an engineering firm at Derby had suddenly to be operated on and needed blood transfusion. Within five minutes of an appeal for volunteers being put up at the works, thirty men offered themselves. The patient is now reported to be on the road to recovery. The facts of the case speak for themselves as to the sporting spirit of British workmen. They are true workmates.

Landlordism.

Two men gathering blackberries in Marley Wood inadvertently exploded an alarm gun, which practically blinded one of them for life. When William Brandon was charged with setting the fiendish contrivance, he explained it as merely intended as a warning and the case was dismissed. That should be challenged. Such a finding on the part of the Durham magistrates is profoundly disquieting.

What Good?

So abnormal is James Henry Marsh that not only seventy-seven cases have been recorded against him, but in prison he swallowed two metal bars and refused an operation. Yet for his latest railway thefts at Birkenhead, Bath and Preston he has been sent to five years' penal servitude. What a waste of time. He needs curing, not punishing.

Tragic Play.

Two Battersea boys, Richard Parker and Maurice Bartley, squeezed through the gates at Clapham Junction Station, and started to work a lift, with the result that the head of the former was caught by an iron bar, and his shockingly mangled body was not discovered in the well of the shaft till three days later. The authorities must guard against a possible repetition of the tragedy by making the gates impassable even to the tiniest child.

With Her Dying Breath.

It would be difficult to discover a finer type of womanhood than was Miss Mary Bartlett, a fifty-six-year old nurse, of Gloucester Terrace, Paddington. "It was my fault through trying to catch the bus," she whispered, as she lay dying in St. George's Hospital, thus exonerating the driver of the vehicle which had knocked her down. Small wonder that the coroner paid tribute to such generous disinterestedness, the token of a noble mind.

An Error of Judgment.

At Gloucester, an operation was performed upon a three-months-old baby, which was laid upon a hot-water bottle. Four hours later the child's back was found to have been burned, as a consequence of which the child had died. The coroner stated that there was no negligence on the part of the sister who filled the bottle, "it was a mere error of judgment." In view of this dreadful catastrophe, we consider it necessary to apply a more accurate test than that of merely feeling the bottles with the hand.

National Rat Week.

Occupiers of land and premises alongside river banks have been circularised in certain districts to make a special effort to destroy these rodents from October 31 to November 5. This is a wise step, but the experience of a Greenwich firm who engaged a man permanently as a rat-catcher is worth noting. In eighteen months its riverside premises have been practically cleared of the pests. Unemployed men might usefully be absorbed in such work, as the capacity of rats for carrying contagion and doing damage to property is enormous.

A "Bullets" Warning.

A reader who has just won a "Bullets" prize has received a communication inviting him to purchase special lines for future competitions from George Brockett, of John Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow. Chancing to compare notes with another prize-winner, he has discovered that the latter has received a similar invitation, and that the lists of lines offered for sale are identical! Brockett is apparently out to make money with the least possible effort.

Bluffing the "Prize-winners."

A Portsmouth reader entered a competition conducted by the Good Hope Manufacturing Co., of Montreal, and subsequently noticed a criticism of that company in JOHN BULL. Therefore, when she received a parcel of salve with the usual instructions that it must be sold before she could qualify for a prize, she sent it back by return post. Now she is being dunned for 12s. by R. D. Matheson, "Advocate, Barrister, etc.," also of Montreal, threatening legal action in "London, England." She is wisely ignoring these bluffing threats.

Reginald Goes to Jail.

Reginald Winterburn, alias R. W. Atherley, whose criminal career was exposed in these columns a few weeks back, would not take the hint and turn over a new leaf. As a result he was brought up at Princes Risborough Police Court for assaulting a lady with whom he had been living. He was charged at the same time with causing malicious damage to his cell while awaiting trial and for driving a motor-car without a licence. These new achievements are to cost him £30 in fines, with two months' hard labour into the bargain. He deserves it!

A "Silent" Canary.

Bird-lovers should note the unhappy experience of an Edinburgh reader who sent 5s. 6d. to E. Jackson, of Richmond Crescent, Barnsbury, London, N., for a roller canary. Beyond a grubby postcard, acknowledging receipt of the money, and promising to despatch the bird in a few days, he has received nothing. But he has learnt that he is not the only person who has been subjected to this unsatisfactory treatment, and that at least one trade paper has closed its advertising columns to the dilatory Mr. Jackson because of complaints received.

'Ware the Wilsons.

Two pretty rogues calling themselves Wilson, who pose as Colonials lately engaged in carrying out motor-car speed tests in Paris, have reaped a rich harvest from hotels in the Hampstead district, and have now transferred their operations to the West End. After booking rooms, they ask if they may wash, and seize the opportunity thus afforded them of securing all the cash and jewellery lying around. Then, on the pretence of going to the station to collect their luggage, they make a safe get-away. Hotel proprietors should be on their guard against these tricky rascals.

Gulling the Housewives.

N. I. Sorby, of St. Nicholas Street, Leicester, who controls a doorstep tea-touting concern known as "The Royal Tea Company," is not lacking in cheek. His circulars state that the company has been "duly registered by His Majesty's Government Department at Somerset House, London." The heavy black type employed is obviously to draw attention to this point as if it carried honourable distinction. There are some housewives who would not realise that this merely means that Sorby has registered his trading name as required by law. Like others of the fraternity, Sorby offers cash prizes not to be paid "in any specified time."

**FIRE! STORM! FLOOD!
SICKNESS! ACCIDENT!**

"John Bull" Covers You Free

(See page 2.)

Problems of Life

Unconfessed Motives

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ONE of the most troublesome of human traits is our capacity for self-deception.

It has been said that most people can succeed in believing what they want to believe; and within obvious limits this is true.

In nothing does our gullibility show more plainly than when we work the confidence-trick on ourselves.

Said a literary critic, speaking of a well-known writer: "Watch what he praises and you will see what he himself is not."

One might also say: Watch what a person resents most in others and you will

generally find that he himself is guilty of that very fault.

Can a vain man endure the bragging of another vain man?

Does he not avoid his company or try "to take him down a peg," as the saying is?

IS it not also a common thing to find that a person who is fond of pointing out the weaknesses of others does not like to hear his own condemned?

And it is proverbial that a person who habitually plays jokes on his friends does not enjoy being made an object of ridicule in his turn.

These are but examples of the very ordinary foibles of people who do not see themselves as others see them.

But graver defects are almost as frequently observable in the behaviour of human beings to one another.

It has been my unpleasant experience on occasion to hear a man bitterly denounced for conduct of which I knew him to be incapable.

I have taken pains to enquire into the matter and been able to prove his innocence completely.

Were his critics satisfied? Not at all. They grudgingly admitted that they had been misinformed, but one could see that they were actually sorry their charge was disproved. What a revelation of the state of their own hearts!

Their dislike of the man they slandered sprang from their jealousy of him, but they had made themselves believe otherwise.

DEAN INGE says somewhere that it is only those who half envy the wicked who want to roast them—a shrewd thrust at those who make a practice of sitting in judgment on their neighbours.

Is it the really high-minded who are the hardest on those who trip and fall?

No, never! It is always those who have plenty of sins of their own to repent of who lick their lips over a scandal.

A curiously inverted form of self-consciousness shows itself in people who pretend to make a mock of ideals.

It is pure vanity and pose, a sign of weakness and self-distrust, not of originality and force.

To be utterly honest with ourselves is one of the first essentials of true manhood.



Dean Inge

A VILLAGE TO BURN!

GHASTLY HOUSING HORRORS

A Smudge on Scotland's Honour

THE lives, the destinies and the conditions of life of a thousand souls in the mining village of Skares in Ayrshire are controlled by the colliery proprietors, William Baird and Co., Ltd., who also own steel and iron works and ships.

There are three rows of two-roomed houses in Skares, forty in a row, which accommodate the entire mining population, of whom about one-third are children. This gives an average of about eight people to a house.

In some of these two-roomed tenements more than a dozen men, women and children sleep and eat and live. The rooms are 12 ft. wide. One is 15 ft. long, the other 12 ft.

In front of the houses, about 20 ft. away, lie the washhouses, ashpits, closets and coalsheds. There is one washhouse for every eight houses, and one ashpit and closet for each four houses.

Water is supplied from street pumps, one pump supplying eight houses.

Terrible conditions

Each closet is connected to the ashpit. The liquid sewage passes to an open sewer which runs between two rows of houses. At times the overflow from the ashpits trickles over the ground to the gutters which run alongside the sidewalks in front of the houses, 4 ft. away.

The stench, even in winter, is terrible. In summer the villagers prefer not to keep open their doors or windows. Verminous insects swarm on a tropical scale.

The ashpits are emptied once every four or five weeks. The garbage and sewage taken from them is strewn over pasture-land at the end of the village, only a few yards distant from some of the tenements.

The liquid sewage flows down the open sewer to an open septic tank at the bottom of the village. This tank is emptied once a year, the contents being distributed over adjacent pasture.

The water, brought from a hillside burn through half a mile of pipes, varies from a light-brown shade to mud colour, according to the weather.

It frequently contains animal life visible to the naked eye. When filtered it appears to be clear, bright spring water, but the miners cannot afford to buy filters.

Isolation and misery

There is only one shop in Skares. This is a licensed grocery and general store, owned by the colliery proprietors.

Circumstances force the miners to buy the bulk of their provisions from their masters.

Oil lamps and candles are the only sources of illumination for the long winter evenings. A post-office, a telephone and an infrequent bus service are the only connections with the outside world.

There are practically no social amenities of any kind in Skares.

There are no gardens. The ground is barren and unclean. The open country which stretches all around is broken only by the outlines of distant hills, near-by coal dumps and grim colliery buildings.

The villagers are not allowed to keep dogs, pigs, rabbits or poultry.

The first row of houses was built in 1873, the last row thirty years ago.



Mr. George McTurk, C.C., Miners' Agent, who is fighting for improvement of conditions at Skares

The sons and grandsons of the first miners who came to Skares now work in their places in the pits.

Deplorable wages

In one house lies bedridden a blind old man of seventy-nine. He was born in London, in the house of Baron Rothschild, to whom his father was coachman. This old man's children and grandchildren work in the pits, while he strives to recall memories of the past. What a contrast!

The boys leave school at fourteen and go to the pits. There is nothing else for them to do. Their meagre earnings are of course needed to help feed and clothe them.

The girls go to domestic service or stay at home to help nurse the old people and the younger children until they marry. The cemetery, hospitals and workhouse are four miles away.

Coal, for which the miners are paid a fraction over 11d. per ton to get, is supplied by the masters to their employees at 16s. 7½d. This is by no means the best quality coal.

The rent charged for the two-roomed tenements, which cost £45 per pair to build, is 2s. 7d. per week. This is deducted from the miners' wages, together with 6d. for medical service, 5d. for hospitals and 1s. 4d. for National Health and Unemployment insurance.

In addition to these regular deductions, amounting to 4s. 10d. from a tenant's and 1s. 11d. from a boy's wage, there are occasional

deductions for coal, smith, sweep, glasses, explosives and lamps.

The highest-paid man in the mine can earn as much as 11s. per eight-hour shift. A deputy or fireman is paid 9s. 3d., while the highest rate for boys under eighteen is 6s. 4d. per shift.

There is only the coal industry in Ayrshire and most of the mines are owned by the same firm. There is no escape. These miners dare not complain.

Breeding disease

They go in daily fear of dismissal or the termination of their employment through illness or accident. Loss of work means starvation and the breaking-up of the home.

This little-known village is one of many in Scotland, but probably this is the worst of them all.

Our attention was directed to Skares on account of the number of continually recurring cases of diphtheria which have broken out there during the past twelve months.

Since the beginning of September, 1926, there have been seventy-two cases taken to hospital. Most of them are children and women. There have been two deaths. Eleven cases have occurred during the present month.

But for the precautions taken and the energy shown by Dr. C. A. Bignold, the County Medical Officer, the epidemic might have been much more serious than it is.

Although every effort has been made to identify the cause of the outbreaks, it remains a mystery.

The suggestion that the primitive methods of sewage disposal are at fault is answered by the fact that they have been in existence for many years, while the appearance of diphtheria dates back only thirteen months.

Meanwhile, the fever hospital at Old Cumnock is full of cases from Skares, and the hospital at Kilmarnock, twenty-one miles distant, is filling.

The conditions of human life at Skares have been described here with the greatest restraint. The law of the land should be amended to make such a state of things impossible.

What is wrong

And we believe the answer to the diphtheria menace is to be found in the words of one of the miners' wives, who says, "It's the hame that's wrang. If the hames were as they should be, the hospitals would be empty."

The pluck of these women is wonderful. They keep their rooms marvellously clean and tidy and they cover the hideous nakedness of their lives with a smile that brings tears to the eyes of those who have seen them in their homes.

The head of the firm of William Baird and Co., Ltd., left a fortune of nearly three million pounds.

Golden Secrets

Fortunes While You Wait

FOR sheer generosity and self-denial, it would be hard to equal the offer contained in a prospectus now being freely circulated by H. L. Cottrell and Co., of Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

The proprietor of this concern is a Mr. W. L. H. Cottrell, and his prospectus purports to convey "confidential particulars" of a "Commercial Trading Syndicate No. 251."

His reason for passing on the "confidential particulars" to the public seems to be that the syndicate needs capital amounting to £2,500.

The man in the street, therefore, may subscribe anything from £5 to £100; or, as the prospectus puts it, "invitations to participate are invited."

Quick return

An opportunity occurs, we read, for securing a consignment of Chinese groundnut kernels, and H. L. Cottrell and Co. are forming the syndicate for the purpose of financing and carrying through the deal.

Very frankly, the prospectus states that the exact amount of profit on this transaction cannot be ascertained beforehand, but we are informed that it is "confidently" anticipated that each £5 will earn 16s. on the deal.

The very next paragraph actually states that the company is prepared "to guarantee a profit of not less than 15s. for every £5 subscribed."

Now the whole operation, we learn, will be carried through by November 4, and settlement will be made definitely on that date.

Thus, in addition to being a gilt-edged investment, the proposition offers a speedy return for one's money.

Subscriptions can be made until a little over a month prior to the date given for the completion of the operation, so if we count upon the guaranteed 15s. return on £5, the return is 15 per cent. on a short term, or about 180 per cent. per annum!

Hardly likely

H. L. Cottrell and Co. state that they have been very fortunate to secure the offer of this particular consignment of Chinese groundnut kernels, as the price has been rising for some time.

There are, however, one or two questions we want to ask.

Why should any firm finding itself in possession of information which will enable it to reap a quick and satisfying profit go to the trouble of printing elaborate circulars to advertise the fact?

Why is it that it goes to the trouble of raising capital for its operations in dribs and drabs from people of whom it has never heard?

If it really has a money-making opportunity it could easily raise capital in the City on ordinary commercial terms, instead of offering rates of interest which are absurdly fantastic.

A NEW KIND OF ROGUE

THE "INFORMATION" INVENTOR

Michael the "Nark" Wangler

A N audacious individual, who is certainly not lacking in courage and self-confidence, is at present making a whole-hearted attempt to make fiction pay.

His name is Michael Collins and he does not believe in laboriously churning out long novels for a popular public. His tales are orally delivered, and devised only for the delectation of a small and exclusive circle.

He is what we may term an "information inventor," who likes to pretend that he is very closely associated with a notorious gang of jewel-thieves and housebreakers, whose coups are so cleverly carried out that their arrest is hardly conceivable unless "secret information" of their movements is obtainable.

In the guise of confidential "informant," then, Collins pretends to work in the same sort of way as a police "nark" or "split"—mixing with crooks as an ostensible confederate, but acting in reality as a foe by "squealing" on them—not so much to satisfy his own conscience as to line his own pockets!

Bold as brass

This, as we have said, requires considerable courage, and a few examples of Mr. Collins' methods will serve to show what a first-class, ironclad, courageous crook he really is.

The other day he walked boldly into a provincial police station and introduced himself as Mr. Jack Daly.

Stating that he had been "in" with a dangerous gang of motor-

thieves, for whom the police all over the country were eagerly seeking, he vouchsafed certain exclusive facts relating to their movements in that area, where a robbery had already taken place.

Then he casually remarked that he was the man who, a few days previously, had given the police in a Midland town information concerning the murder of Constable Gutteridge in Essex.

Necessary formality

His object, of course, was to obtain an advance of certain moneys from the police for the purpose of following up local enquiries, as, of course, he well knew that it is the duty of the police to examine every possible source of information.

Actually his allegations were entirely false, and by practising similar deception in towns all over the country he has succeeded in several instances in putting detectives who were led to believe that he was a genuine police "nark" to considerable expense in proving that he was a "shark."

On certain occasions Collins has not bothered to approach the police direct, but has gone to a local jeweller's shop for the ostensible purpose of "warning" the proprietor against the machinations of the notorious gang which, he alleged, was contemplating a raid upon his premises!

The raid was not "timed" to take place just yet, however, and, according to the story told by Collins, it

could be stopped altogether if the jeweller would act in accordance with his instructions.

Collins would then impress upon the jeweller the need for silence.

Of course, he would require a little ready money in order to pursue his enquiries, but doubtless the jeweller would not mind advancing something on that score!

We are able to state that Collins is actually a notorious thief, being known all over the country.

He has a seemingly endless list of aliases, and amongst the various names he has used from time to time are Jones, Daly, Gibson, Smith, and Stephenson.

Our own investigations go to show that he has specialised in various forms of crime, bringing the same degree of self-confidence and skill into play, whatever his pursuit at the time.

Many poses

A table of his accomplishments would be incomplete if it did not give him credit for being a house-breaker, a burglar, an expert exponent of various forms of theft, an adept at cycle-stealing and a past master in the gentle art of obtaining money by false pretences.

Apart from posing as a "nark," he has been known to fly to the opposite extreme and, by posing as a police officer, to have extracted money from victims by threatening them with arrest!



The late P.C. Gutteridge, whose unsolved murder has provided a clever rogue with material for audacious exploits

As a matter of fact, his audacity is best illustrated by the disclosure that he only came out of prison a little while back, and resumed his criminal activities in the manner described above, with scarcely any interval of rest.

Already his renewed activities have merited a further term of imprisonment, and it is to be hoped that he will not be allowed to pursue his dangerous practices unchecked.

The police have been put to much trouble in following up the false "information" which they were bound to do in the public interest.

A TERRIBLE JOKE ASTOUNDING FOOD-VOUCHER TWIST

MANY strange juggling feats can be performed with figures, but a recent achievement of the West Ham Board of Guardians leaves us gasping.

It has set out to demonstrate that 9 plus 3 equals 9, and has, apparently, succeeded in satisfying itself on this unique point.

Whether other people will share that satisfaction is doubtful.

It is certain that Mr. Edward Waughman, of 164, Walton Road, London, E., will find it difficult to look upon the achievement with anything but disfavour, for he has been treated in a most scandalous manner.

Stern Struggle

Mr. Waughman, who is in the region of sixty, is at present suffering from bronchitis, asthma and debility. He has been drawing relief from the West Ham Guardians at the rate of 10s. in cash and 9s. in food-tickets.

On this slender income he has been making shift to exist, living with his son, who is himself out of work and struggling to support a wife and five children.

When Mr. Waughman became very ill a week or two ago, the doctor attending him expressed the emphatic view that he must have some additional nourishment. Naturally, his son's slender resources being taxed to their uttermost, the problem of obtaining the additional nourishment was acute.

Cruel wangle

The medical man realised this, of course, and provided Waughman with an official certificate, setting forth the full extent of his ailments and stating that he was in need of one egg and one pint of milk per day for one month.

On the strength of this certificate, therefore, application was made to the West Ham Board of Guardians for a temporary allowance of a further 3s. per week to provide the nourishing foods so urgently required.

It was then that the guardians rose to the occasion by performing the weird mathematical feat already alluded to.

Mr. Waughman was instructed to hand in his original food vouchers

for 9s., and believing that the application was to receive sympathetic consideration, he did so.

Alas! his hopes were soon dashed to the ground. For, in place of his 9s. vouchers, he was given an ordinary food ticket for 6s. and a special voucher for milk to the value of 3s.!

It was in this way that the guardians sought to convince him that 9 plus 3 was still 9!

What could an aged invalid do in such circumstances but abide by the ruling of the authorities?

It was true that he had got his extra milk, but he had to go short of other foodstuffs in order to get it, so the benefit was exceedingly doubtful.

Representation was made to the guardians on his behalf, and it was pointed out that he was in a very weak condition, and had not nearly enough to eat.

Small debit

But beyond a brief acknowledgement of this letter from the clerk to the guardians, nothing more has been heard of the matter, and the

poor old man must exist as well a circumstances will allow.

It is difficult to understand the unfeeling attitude of the guardians in this singular case. We have mentioned that the medical man's certificate stipulated that Waughman required the extra nourishment for one month.

At 3s. a week this would have involved a total extra grant of exactly 12s. Would such a sum have crippled their finances?

Do the right thing!

Many people will think it a scandalous thing that an old man, racked, as Mr. Waughman was, by devastating illnesses, should be subjected to such petty treatment.

A month's extra nourishment is what was ordered him, and the guardians' strange method of fulfilling the requirements of the medical man's certificate are shabby in the extreme.

Mr. Waughman is still critically ill, of course, so there is still time for the guardians to make amends. Is it too much to hope that they will do the right thing?

A "DR." BY DEGREES

CURES AND BROCHURES

The "D.O." Do

SOME people, unfortunately, are very delicate, and medical services are much in demand. This is sometimes taken advantage of by unqualified "doctors." Caution is necessary.

THE extraordinary experiences which often befall poor sufferers who, instead of consulting qualified doctors, go to unregistered people who profess to effect certain "cures," is illustrated in the story of Mrs. Douglas, of Wanstead, E.

Some time ago this lady, who was suffering from neuralgia, went to a person named Edmund Loftus Macnaghten, of Weymouth Street, W., who describes himself as a "doctor of osteopathy."

In some of his literature he figures as "Dr.," and at the outset we would state that it must not be thought that he has any right to the distinction of "doctor" as understood by the General Medical Council.

His name will be sought for in vain in the Medical Register, nor has he passed through any orthodox course of training that would entitle him to recognition in a professional capacity by medical authorities.

Better—and worse

Nevertheless, Macnaghten treated Mrs. Douglas according to his knowledge of osteopathy. After two or three visits she felt a little better, but, we regret to say, the unfortunate patient later felt much worse.

On one occasion, indeed, when the lady's husband arrived home after she had been "treated" he found her in a state of semi-collapse, and promptly decided that she must forego any further treatment.

When Macnaghten sent in his bill, Mr. Douglas refused to pay on the grounds that the "treatment" was both unnecessary and unsuitable. Litigation followed, and Macnaghten finally appeared in the Bloomsbury County Court, where he sued Mr. Douglas for a sum amounting to more than £30.

On perusing some of the attractive brochures issued by Macnaghten, we find that his chief claims are that his treatment is painless and that no knives, drugs or electricity are employed.

Macnaghten's "treatment," briefly, consists of "moving" certain bones by a kind of manipulative process.

Disputed claims

His claims do not appear to have been given credence in court, however, for no less eminent a medical authority than Sir Herbert Waterhouse, consulting surgeon to Charing Cross Hospital, gave evidence against him.

Sir Herbert said that Macnaghten could not have done any of the things he claimed he had done in the case, and stated that, after examining Mrs. Douglas himself, he came to the conclusion that she was not even suffering from the maladies "diagnosed" by Macnaghten!

Dr. Frank Ramer, M.R.C.S.,

L.R.C.P., another eminent medical man, thoroughly concurred with all Sir Herbert said.

Although Macnaghten strongly upheld his views, Judge Hill Kelly gave judgment against him, expressing the opinion that "the services rendered by Mr. Macnaghten were wholly useless and that Mrs. Douglas was not suffering from the things Mr. Macnaghten thought she was."



Judge Hill Kelly

know a little more about Macnaghten.

A year or two back he got into touch with a crippled osteopath named Walters, and paid him a fee for a course of training.

After a few weeks, however, a disagreement arose, and although the course of so-called training was far from completed, Macnaghten left his tutor and, following a Yankee correspondence course, set up as an osteopath on his own account.

Tested claims

His "D.O." degree (doctor of osteopathy) was obtained from America—where "degrees" can be procured easily enough—at a cost of six pounds!

In the course of some enquiries which were made some time ago by a private detective agency, two men in perfect health went to Macnaghten to put his claims to a test.

One, who hinted that he was a sufferer from lumbago, was placed on a couch and subjected to "treatment," consisting of a series of movements of the leg joints, fingers and neck.

Macnaghten then expressed the opinion that the patient—who was not ill!—could be cured by six similar treatments. But, if further consultations were then required, he agreed not to charge any fees. All he asked was that the patient would recommend him when cured.

The patient, however, decided not to undergo any more treatment and was muled of half-a-guinea.

In one brochure Macnaghten cites a case within his knowledge of a young woman who had lain paralysed for nearly seven years being made to walk by an osteopathic surgeon in three minutes.

But what has he to say in the case of Mrs. Douglas, his own patient, whose experience we have cited?

GLAD-EYE GRANDPA

THE PATRIARCHAL PHILANDERER

Lothario from Lodz

A WIFE and ten children discarded and yet no pain's ment! This seems to be the sorry state of affairs possible for an alien because of legal difficulty concerning his own country.

THE highest criminal tribunal in the country has just allowed the appeal of an alien named Barnett Muscovitch, who had been found guilty of bigamy. It did so on a purely technical legal point because no expert evidence was available regarding a certain aspect of Russian law.

No doubt this was perfectly sound from an inflexible legal standpoint; but from the broader view of humanity it has proved a very cruel ruling, as the following illuminating details go to show.

Muscovitch gave his age to the court as sixty-five, and during the past forty years he has gained the reputation of being a regular Don Juan.

Pathetic letters

He came originally from Lodz, in Russian Poland, with a wife and one child. He was penniless when he first landed in this country, but by dint of perseverance he gradually contrived to scoop a little money together.

Then he opened a dyer's and cleaner's establishment in Whitechapel.

Although his family increased to ten children (which included three sets of twins!), Muscovitch was anything but a family man and philandered with one woman after another in a carefree manner.

As the years passed, he made frequent trips to America, and then his wife began to receive pathetic letters from women in the United States, who claimed to be married to him. Some of these letters are in the hands of the police and the Jewish Society for the Protection of Women and Girls.

Then Muscovitch left his wife and ten children and went through a form of marriage with a widow. The deserted wife complained to the police and learnt that Muscovitch was making an allegation to the effect that he had never been properly married to her!

Now, Mrs. Muscovitch claims that she was properly married in Poland by a Rabbi, in the presence of relatives. An affidavit sworn by a brother, now in America, testifies to this. But unfortunately this latter document arrived too late for it to be produced in court.

Easy way out

She also claims that she actually had her marriage lines in her possession for about twenty-five years, but declares that they mysteriously disappeared from her trunk. And all efforts to trace them have been fruitless.

Another document now before us is the birth certificate of one of her sons. Muscovitch himself lodged the necessary particulars with the registrar, and described the mother as Leah Muscovitch.

After all these facts had been brought out before the Recorder and a jury at the Old Bailey, a verdict of guilty was returned. What, then, was the reason for a reversal at the Court of Criminal Appeal?

Merely this—that there was no evidence which the Recorder of London was entitled to admit at the trial on the question whether Muscovitch's first "marriage" was legal according to Russian law.

Terrible blow

That is where Muscovitch scored. Amongst the Polish and Russian alien element it is a recognised fact that it is impossible to find any accurate records in countries of origin of happenings prior to about 1920, whereas the marriage in question took place in 1880!

This means that any Polish or Russian alien who chooses to do so can safely repudiate any marriages that he may have entered into abroad!

In the present sorry case the result has caused endless misery to the Muscovitch family.

Muscovitch has over twenty grandchildren, and so prostrate with grief is Mrs. Muscovitch that her health is threatened. She is seventy years old, and for a blow like this to fall after a lifetime spent in mothering a man's children is terrible indeed.

What can be said of a man who, at such an advanced age, repudiates a wife who has borne him ten children?

Although he is ostracised in the East End by those who know the truth, he seems to suffer from no qualms of conscience, but openly goes about with his new flame.

There are several points which we think merit the attention of the authorities.

Undesirable guest

It would be interesting, for instance, to know what particulars Muscovitch lodged with the Aliens Department when registering. And how was Mrs. Muscovitch described in his identity book?

If, as he alleges, he is not married to her, then it is reasonable to suppose that that fact is made clear.

On the other hand, if the information lodged with the Aliens Department is to the effect that she is his wife, then there would appear to be some discrepancy in the particulars given on the occasion of his last marriage.

In any case, one fact emerges very clearly from this tangled matrimonial tragedy. Muscovitch is not a desirable person to be allowed to remain in the country, and it is up to those authorities to whom he has made false statements to apply for his deportation.

CHAMPION HARD-COURT CROOK

A SWINDLING CONTRACTOR

Mr. Knight Out!

A LARGE number of unemployed labourers, who have a hard struggle at the best of times, have just been imposed upon in a most shameful manner by a heartless contractor, whose conduct merits severe censure.

Mr. Allan Knight is the contractor and he has lately operated from various addresses in London as a "hard tennis-court maker (red and green)," and as a specialist in "rock gardens" and "crazy paving."

His latest schemes have been crazy enough in all conscience, while his own heart would serve as an excellent substitute for granite!

From an address in Morat Street, S.W., Mr. Knight recently engaged a number of men to construct a hard tennis-court under his supervision at Edgware.

A Mr. Hodge, of Gladstone Street, Wadworth, was engaged as foreman. The labourers who were to work under him were offered 1s. 3d. an hour, or £2 15s. per week.

A rude awakening

The work was very hard considering the smallness of the wages offered, but most of the men felt that it was better than being idle.

And as Mr. Knight, who is extremely dashing and plausible, had hinted that he had many similar contracts in view, they also felt that they were at last in for a regular spell of employment.

But they did not know the kind of man with whom they were dealing. When the first pay-day arrived Mr. Knight did not put in an appearance.

Their anxiety and surprise can easily be imagined, and by noon, when the time came for knocking off, it was painfully clear that their dashing employer had no intention of favouring them with his presence.

Mr. Hodge, the foreman, endeavoured to obtain news of Mr. Knight at his private address in Morat Street.

A shock awaited him for Mr. Knight was no longer there.

Distraught victims

Upon interviewing the landlord of the Morat Street premises, the foreman learnt to his dismay that Knight had gone away owing a substantial sum for rent, and that latterly a number of creditors had been calling there in the unavailing hope of getting him to account for moneys due to them!

Mr. Hodge himself was in a sad predicament, with a wife and two hungry children waiting for him at home, with only a few coppers as the family resources, and with nothing in the larder for the Sunday's dinner.

His plight alone was pitiful enough and if he had been the sole sufferer Knight's conduct would have been utterly scandalous; but all the other men were in similar predicaments, and the dismal meeting on that cold Saturday night is best left undescribed.

One of the victims was an orphan lad who, having been out of work for some time, has been maintained by a poor working woman in South London, who had known his mother.

During the week he worked at

Edgware she advanced him his fare and supplied him with food to sustain him. On the Saturday he came home without wages, this kind woman had herself lost her job.

Another victim is a man whose wife is in a convalescent home at St. Leonards, where he sent her after a serious illness. He was hoping to defray the cost from the wages he expected to get from Mr. Knight; now he cannot even buy food for his two kiddies.

And there are other cases almost as bad.

When the dupes had discussed their troubles between themselves, they decided to approach the gentleman for whom the tennis-court was to have been made.

Shall he escape?

They discovered that he himself had been impudently duped, having parted with a sum to Knight as the latter had insisted upon payment in advance!

So, in addition to the loss of this money, he has been left with a half-finished tennis-court.

In the end, the poor fellows went to the police, from whom they learned that other people had lodged complaints there of a different kind.

The latter came from certain householders who had paid sums of money to Knight for the construction of tennis-courts and for other work, but who had been badly let down.

They had either received nothing whatever in return for their money, or the contracts had been bungled and the work left unfinished.



Sir Guy Stephenson, Assistant-Director of Public Prosecutions, to whose attention we direct this rogue's activities

Now, before Knight made his appearance as a duper of unemployed men, we find that he was working for a firm in Victoria Street, whose speciality was also the making of hard tennis-courts.

Not only did he mismanage the work entrusted to him, but the firm is anxious to have some explanation of his extraordinary conduct.

Moreover, since he left its employ a few weeks ago and launched out upon his own, it has received several complaints from fresh victims.

Most of the men involved in the Edgware fiasco complain that Knight has retained their unemployment insurance cards, a point which we refer to the authorities.

Is Knight to escape all punishment for his callous behaviour? We shall await the Public Prosecutor's reply with interest.

Some Remarkable Offers

How Is It Done?

A SOMEWHAT unusual proposition has just been put up to a gentleman who answered an advertisement in a daily paper offering a return of £1 a week on every investment of £100.

He was informed by a Mr. Furlow Green, principal of the Mercantile Loan and Advance Note Discount Company, that the business consisted of discounting advance notes issued to seamen by all the leading shipping companies.

The head office of the concern was given as Victoria Dock Road, Custom House, E., but the applicant was instructed to reply to a branch office at a private address in Longridge Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

Unheard-of interest

"Owing to the large amount of business to be done," wrote Mr. Green, "and the fact that I am in a position to turn my capital and that of my clients over each week, it is obvious that I can pay the £1 per week for every £100 invested, as advertised."

The gentleman could not see how any company engaged in the business

of advancing money could itself afford to borrow money from outsiders at such an unheard of interest as 52 per cent. per annum.

Moreover, as enquiry in shipping circles showed that the usual rates charged for discounting advance notes ranged from 5 to 10 per cent., he decided to let the matter slide.

A good miss

But, apparently, Mr. Furlow Green did not wish the applicant to miss a good thing, and in less than a week he wrote again, making a still more attractive offer.

He was, he said, prepared to engage several branch managers to start at a salary of £250 a year.

These posts were open to investors or any relative or friend who met with approval, and the investor would still be entitled to draw £1 a week on every £100 invested.

It is strange that a company which has "a large amount of business" should show itself so anxious to secure sums of £100 on terms so disadvantageous to itself, and perhaps the applicant in question is prudent in steeling himself against such tempting offers.

A Very Sad Affair

"Dole" Anomalies

SOMETIMES the anomalies presented by official rulings are too funny for words; but they are no laughing matter—there can be such a thing as a sad joke.

Take the case of David Edwards, of Wrexham, who is struggling (heaven knows how) to keep a wife and two children on 6s. a week.

He cannot draw anything in the way of unemployment benefit because the powers-that-be say the work which brings him in this meagre 6s. is not a "subsidiary occupation."

But a man may draw three times as much in respect of a spare-time job and yet be granted the "dole" as well!

Extraordinary view

Edwards is employed as a temporary collector for the Wrexham Guardians, and the 6s. represents commission upon money collected from emergency out-relief debtors.

He is able to carry out these duties at his own convenience so could very well make it a "spare-time" job if any other work were forthcoming. But he has been unable to find other employment—hence his application for the "dole."

The matter came up for consideration before a court of referees, and it was then that the extraordinary view held by the authorities was made known.

Serious anomalies

It was definitely stated that, in a "subsidiary occupation," a man might earn up to £1 and still draw a proportion of unemployment benefit. But for some reason or other Edwards' job was classed as a "full-time" one!

Now, this is manifestly unfair, and though it has been suggested that Edwards could dodge officialism by remaining idle all the week and only doing his collecting on Saturday afternoons, there is a serious aspect to be considered.

Not only will guardians be discouraged from giving part-time employment to men seeking work, but the men themselves will hesitate to take temporary posts when they know that by so doing they will run the risk of losing unemployment benefit.

The authorities should pay very careful attention to these anomalies without

LUMBAGO

"I have been cured of Rheumatism, which had troubled me for years, by using your Universal Embrocation." W.C., Gaborde Hill.



THERE is no better remedy for lumbago or other muscular complaints than Elliman's Embrocation—all stiffness yields to Elliman's; your pain is just rubbed away. Keep a bottle of Elliman's always handy, use it and feel immediate benefit.

ELLIMAN'S

EASES PAIN

INVALUABLE FOR LUMBAGO, STIFFNESS, SCIATICA, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, BRUISES, CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

For animals,
ELLIMAN'S
ROYAL
EMBROCATION
1/6 & 2/9

A FREE BOOK ON MASSAGE
A 20-page book on massage, with much useful information on the treatment of the complaints for which Elliman's may be used, sent free on application.

ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., LTD., Dept. M, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

For human use,
ELLIMAN'S
UNIVERSAL
EMBROCATION
2/- & 4/-
of all chemists.

PRACTICE LODGER
HURL DIVANE
LINEAL BEMOAN
FIUME RIDER MID
ERSE PENAL LODGE
ROT ALTER MINER
ENRAGE SEDAN D
RECLAT DETER V
TREDAN PIRATE
CIVET BISON PIN
AGES FLEET WILE
TEN PIECE CHEER
TREPAN ETCHER A
LEAGER HOAR T
EARNED TENDENCE

Solution
to the
Cross-word
Puzzle
in our last
issue.

This week's
puzzle is
on page 2

EXCLUSIVE DESIGN. GRAVES
Coach body, panel ends, upholstered Croquet leather cloth, leather lined hood, Storm Apron, 12in. Wheels, wired on Tyres, Wilfred's Cradle Springs, &c. In 3 Shades. Price £3:10:0
Terms: 7/- now, and 7/- per month. Full Approval. Catalogue Post Free J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

STRAIN

Miss Muriel George & Mr. Ernest Butcher, famous for the folk lore entertainments given before Royalty, and familiar to millions of "listeners in", write:



Bodily and Mental Weariness

"MAY we be permitted to say how very beneficial the use of Phosferine has been to us both. It has kept us "up to the mark", and helped us to be without that awful feeling of nervous strain that once would assail us before making a public appearance. Also we no longer feel the extreme bodily and mental weariness that relaxation after the performance used to bring. A short time ago we gave nine shows of considerable length each in two days, and were not unduly fatigued after them, for which we both thank Phosferine. It is truly a wonderful medicine and tonic." 21, Woodlands Gdns., Muswell Hill, N.10.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size Aldwych

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

RILEY'S make it possible for every home to have its own billiard table

Riley's "Home" Billiard Table shown in ordinary dining Table.



—so easy are Riley's terms of purchase that every home can now have its own billiard table. For a first payment of 14/- Riley's will send the popular 6ft. size "Home" Billiard Table on 7 Days' Free Trial, carriage paid, and take all railway transit risks. This is the full range of sizes:

4ft. 4in. x 2ft. 4in.	£7 0 0
5ft. 4in. x 2ft. 10in.	£9 0 0
6ft. 4in. x 3ft. 4in.	£11 15 0
7ft. 4in. x 3ft. 10in.	£15 0 0
8ft. 4in. x 4ft. 4in.	£21 10 0

Or in 18 Monthly Payments of £6.11/-, £14/-, £18/-, or £28/- respectively.

Riley's have another table for the Home—the COMBINE BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE. Can be had in various designs and sizes, and in Oak or Mahogany. Prices range from £22 10 0 Cash or Easy Payments. RILEY'S are also the Largest Makers of Full-Size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

Write for FREE Price List

This is the "Cubicle" design. 6ft. size, £34 10 0 Cash, or in 13 or 20 easy payments. LONDON: Dept. 20, 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.1.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

FARMERS are continually complaining that farming does not pay. But it should pay. Our contributor shows what is wrong with the industry, and from practical experience points out the only real remedy

A 600-Year-Old Man

by NORMAN ANGELL

IT is not the farming that is wrong with English farming; for our farming is among the best in the world, our animal husbandry still quite the best in the world. It is not even the land system, bad as it is, which can be held accountable in any large degree for the desperate state of agriculture. English farmers might own their land outright and soon find themselves in pretty nearly as bad a state as ever.

In America—America the golden—nearly every farmer, until quite recently, did own his own land; the tenant system was practically unknown. Yet under ownership the American farmer was even poorer than the farmer here, is at the present time as bankrupt, and is returning to tenantry.

Since it is not farming which is wrong with the situation one can understand the farmer's exasperation sometimes at all the lecturing that he receives.

"We shall never get any remedy," said a farmer recently voicing this exasperation, "until practical farmers take the matter in hand. We want a Parliament and a Government with more farmers in it"—a natural remark, but none the less a foolish one. For the farming side, the side which the farmers know, which crop suits which field, and so on, is best attended to on the farm, not at Westminster or Whitehall.

Out-of-date methods

But the economic success of the farmers' efforts depends upon a host of things which are not farming at all, and which farmers are not especially equipped to deal with—railway facilities, marketing arrangements, the cheaper manufacture of more suitable machinery, the distribution of cheap power and credit facilities.

Such things, and a host of others upon which the success of agriculture depends, would *not* be best done by farmers. It is in the things that are not farming, in the business organisations which are indispensable to the success of farming, that a hand might be given.

Note a curious contrast presented by an average small English farm. On the farming side the methods are miles ahead of previous generations. Mowing-machines have replaced the scythe, thrashing-machines the flail, tractors sometimes the horses, separators cream the milk, cream substitutes feed the calves, cows are subjected to the tuberculin test, chemicals destroy the pests, artificial manures are used.

But when all this science has been applied, and the farmer is ready to enter into the reward of his labours, he is apt to sacrifice that reward by a sudden return in all his business arrangements to the methods of the thirteenth century.

He still keeps to his grandfather's marketing methods and system of costings; still goes on market-days to the market-town, and pits his wits against jobbers and "rings," and haggles with a small group of neighbours.

Unequal odds

Analyse the business arrangements of a small English farm. The successful working depends upon a rather intricate example of what the economists call "the division of labour"—that is to say, one farmer usually does one part of a production—raising pigs or what not—and another farmer does another part.

The dairy-farmer does not usually raise his calves, nor grow his concentrated feeding-stuffs; he buys the latter and sells the former. So far this is a sound method and good business. One farmer is in a position profitably to raise "stores,"

but not to fatten them; he leaves that to some other farmer.

There is thus a perpetual buying and selling going on as between farmers, this one having at a given season more pasture than he has stock for, or stubble on which pigs might do part of their fattening, but poor facilities for raising the pigs.

How, under the existing arrangements, are the various parties put in touch with one another—a very obvious and elementary need of the business? It is here that the thing begins to break down.

The sure winner

There are no arrangements except those fourteenth-century ones I have referred to; the farmer who wants stock goes to the market and buys it, where, if he is first a farmer and in the habit of spending more of his time in his fields than at market ordinaries, he will be at a hopeless disadvantage; or he can have a jobber or a dealer visit him at his place where he will be at still more of a disadvantage.

Of course, the "dealer" side of it—that is to say, the host of middlemen who intervene—gets the best of it the whole time.

Take my own case, a very common one. As a small farmer, I want a couple of calves and go to market. Calves don't happen to have been brought in that day, or the price is double what it is likely to be at a market twenty miles away.

When I am at the market I am neglecting the farm. Half a hundred store pigs are kept several weeks longer than they should have been—and their profit eaten up—because I did not know that a near neighbour had potatoes and stubble on which they could have been fed.

Cut-throat business

And to sell small quantities of stuff—butter, fruit, vegetables—in those market-towns one also resorts to the mediæval method: selling to tiny shops, a score strong along a street, competing with one another; twenty persons performing an office that one could do as well, twenty families trying to live from middleman profits that ought not to be more than enough for one.

Imagine that there were a system of "clearing houses of information," or agricultural exchanges for farmers controlled by farmers.

I take up my telephone and say: "I want six calves of such a kind, what have you on your books?" And the reply comes: "Such-and-such a dairy has such-and-such calves and is asking such-and-such a price. Our lorry will be calling to-morrow for cream and could deliver you the calves in the evening."

Or the station might reply: "We have such-and-such calves in our yard now, and you can see them before buying." By filling up a post-card now and again I could let the station know just what I had for sale.

With the cheapening of the telephone a system of direct supply from country farm to city families could be organised. At the back of the telephone-book might be a directory of farms within a certain radius.

The housewife 'phones, "Can you send C.O.D. (and this system now actually working, but so little used, would solve the payment difficulty) to-morrow a pair of ducks, two dozen eggs, . . ."

And if the British manufacturer were quick to his possibilities in making for farms the right type of strawboard packing-boxes (a new market for him), other difficulties of detail would be overcome.

Of course, the small farm needs power—



Mr. Norman Angell

electrical power for chaff-cutting, grinding, pumping, pulping, for running washing-machines, as well as for lighting.

The lesson to learn

The Danish farmer who makes a living on a ten-acre farm gets power from a station owned (co-operatively) by himself, run on British coal which he has to import, at a cheaper rate than any British farmer can get power from British coal used in Britain.

The lack of organisation as between farm and farm and as between the farm and the city means that we English, who are the better farmers, cannot, even in the quality of our produce, do as well as foreigners who are worse farmers but better organisers.

You cannot, for instance, make the best butter or the best bacon on the farm. Both must be made in a factory, where things like ice and expensive machines can be used. The cream and the pigs can be best produced on the farm.

But the profit of the factory must be the farmer's profit, by the fact that he owns co-operatively the creamery or the packing-plant.

And this collective ownership might teach him a few principles of business which he must learn—costings, for instance. If you ask a manufacturer of hairpins or chocolates what his product has cost him, or what any detail of it has cost him, he can tell you to the least fraction.

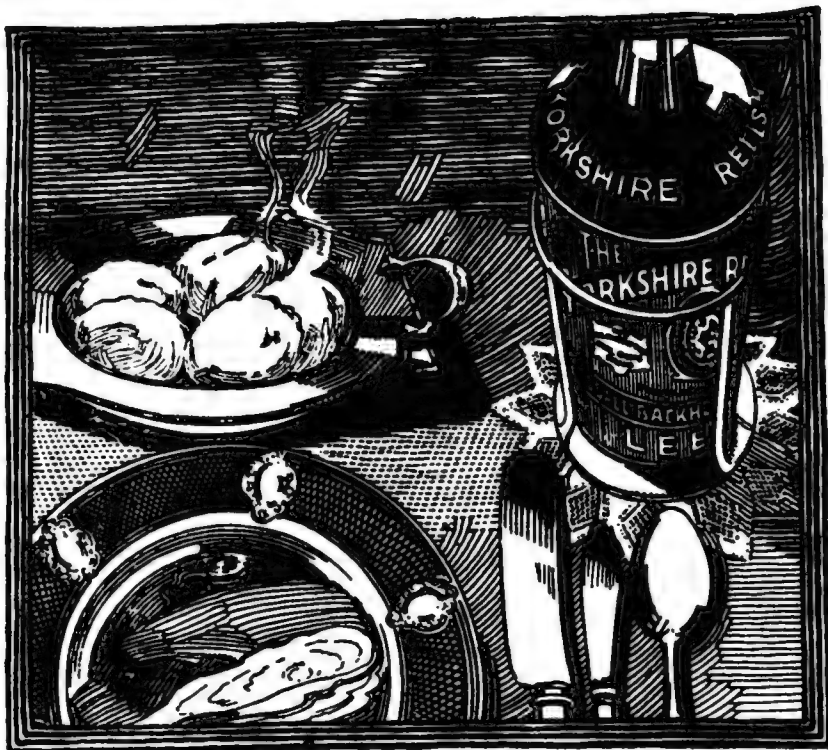
If you ask a farmer what a sucking-pig or a calf has cost him, in three cases out of four he will admit the completest ignorance, with the result that again and again he sells things for less than they have cost him, and goes on just because he simply does not know that he is producing them at a loss.

The fatal rut

Here outside research can help him a little. It is possible to get more generally known the fact that butter or milk or bacon in such-and-such circumstances, with feeding-stuffs at such-and-such prices, can only be produced for so much.

Farming can be saved, but at the same price at which industry can be saved—by the right kind of organisation. We have passed out of the stage in which organisation did not particularly matter, in which the peasant or farmer was his own market, consuming what he produced.

He is now dependent upon cities, railways, complex business systems, and must learn how to adjust himself to them. Salvation can be achieved, but by no easy and royal road, by no panacea and no acstrum.



Learn how you can really enjoy

Even the meals you cook yourself!

QUITE a lot of modern ladies say 'they just can't eat' the things they cook themselves; that cooking and supervising destroys all desire for food. If you are one of them, have you ever thought that very probably all that you need to bring back active appetite is *more spiciness*? Home meals are one thing; restaurant meals another, but the extra ingredient that makes the difference is very often the easily-put-right matter of *spices*. No one knows when the great flavouring virtue of spices was first discovered, but through the ages their popularity has never waned. The same savoury and ancient spices are the basis to-day of the great sauce that even West End chefs are glad to own as their favourite flavouring help—**YORKSHIRE RELISH**.

Why not be *well-informed* about Sauces?
Make this flavour-economy TEST:

Buy a bottle of Yorkshire Relish (9d.) and mark the date on the label. Use it regularly and see the new pleasure it brings to the whole family's meals. Watch the extra appetite that follows. Listen to the praise your cookery will win. Then when the bottle yields up its last lingering drop of flavour, *examine the date*. You'll be as amazed at the value of Yorkshire Relish as you were at its effect.



Yorkshire Relish

"The Most Delicious
Sauce in the World."

9d. per
bottle.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., : LEEDS

—WHEN?—

ANY DAY

YOU can invest your small savings any day because the Post Office is always open. All you have to do is to walk up to the counter and ask for so many Sixpenny Savings Stamps or 16/- Savings Certificates. No simpler method of saving and investing was ever devised. Your money is absolutely safe in Savings Certificates; it can be withdrawn with interest due whenever you want it. But it is better to leave it alone for it increases in 10 years by half as much again.

Savings CERTIFICATES

You can buy Savings Certificates in single documents representing 1, 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 Certificates, costing 16/-, £4, £8, £20, £40 and £80 respectively. They can be obtained from any Money Order Post Office or Bank, or through a Savings Association.

Buy Kraft Cheese —and get the best!

You like cheese at dinner. Try Kraft—you will like it better.

You like cheese sandwiches! You'll enjoy them more when you use Kraft.

And when it comes to cheese for supper, Kraft is unquestionably the wisest choice.

Kraft Cheese is more delicious—more nourishing and sustaining. And it is easier to digest. Buy Kraft—the cheese that everybody likes.

Insist on seeing the name like this on foil or carton—



KRAFT MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LTD. (of Canada)
HAYES, MIDDLESEX.

Kraft Cheese is sold in 1-lb. and ½-lb. cartons, or by weight or in Kraft portions.

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notoriety and, occasionally, Nonentities

DEAR SIR,—All sensible men will uphold your dictum that it is sometimes advisable to make a bargain. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and it is the extreme of folly to refuse to negotiate with those who chance to hold views opposed to our own. Only by following a policy of give-and-take can the workers inherit their kingdom.

JOHN BULL.

DEAR SIR,—For stealing sixpennyworth of fruit from your allotment, and for damaging the fence, Ernest John Davies, a skilled electrician and son of respectable parents, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. You have written the Home Secretary to the effect that the punishment is out of all proportion to the trivial offence, and that neither you nor your mother instigated the prosecution, which was purely a police affair. I thank you for your effort to undo so great a wrong.

JOHN BULL.

DEAR SIR,—When it was urged in defence of a girl accused of an offence in respect of a railway season-ticket that it was "merely a kind of thing that might occur to the feminine mind," you very rightly objected. The insinuation that there is such a thing as a "female" mind and that it is less responsive to the dictates of morality than the "male" mind does a great deal of harm. Cases of wrongdoing are to be decided on their merits. The law very rightly does not differentiate between sexes.

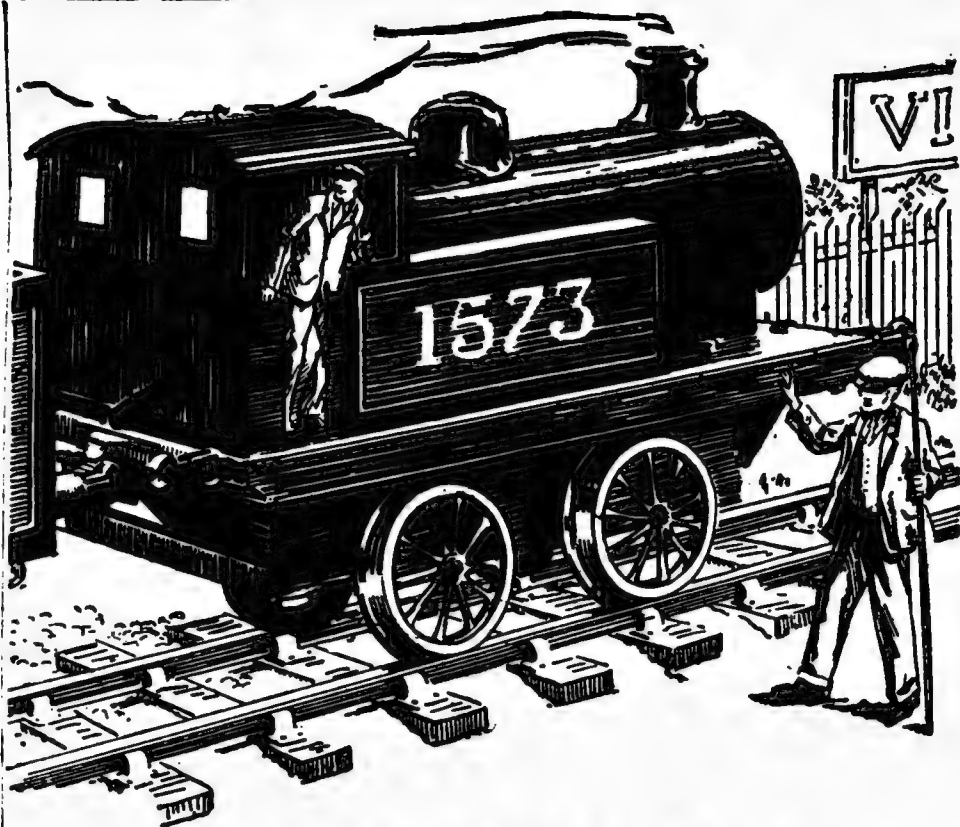
JOHN BULL.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER: "With an A1 mechanical progress in the world there is only a C3 moral progress." *Which doesn't say much for Church influence, does it?*



THE RETURN

Stanley: "Good heavens! I forgot all about 'em!"



"Tank" Engine 120 coupons

A beautifully finished, weighty B ng tank-type engine. With powerful spring action and reverse lever for shunting. It is supplied in L.M.S. or L.N.E.R. colours.



Post Coupons to : GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD. (Gift Dept. J.B.), 54, White Lion Street, E.1

DURHAM
DUPLEX
SAFE RAZOR

20 coupons only

Genuine
THERMOS
Flask

100 coupons only

'SIGNET'
FOUNTAIN
PEN

100 coupons only

Write for the B.D.V. Gift Book, worth 5 coupons. It contains 199 splendid gifts. Send also for the Free Train Gift Book. It contains full particulars of Bassett-Lowke and Bing free model railway systems.

B.D.V.

CIGARETTES

"—just like hand made"

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. Plain or Cork Tips. A Coupon in every packet. Coupons also with B.D.V. Tobacco—11d. per oz.

COMPARE THE VALUES
WITH OTHER GIFT SCHEMES
All Gifts post free.

Bassett-Lowke
DUKE of YORK
Loco.

260 coupons
Tender free

'MATCH'
FOOTBALL

180 coupons only

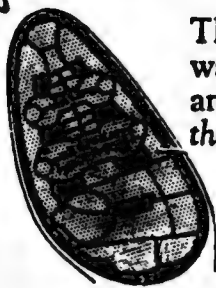
PURE SILK
STOCKINGS

140 coupons
only



Warmth and Comfort

These light rubbers keep in the warmth, keep out the damp and cold. Always invisible, they outlast three leather soles.



Phillips
stick-a-Soles
Ladies 2/6
Men's 3/6
With PHILLIPS SOLUTION

For
weight
and
size



2^D

Cadbury's

big milk bars.



See the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate

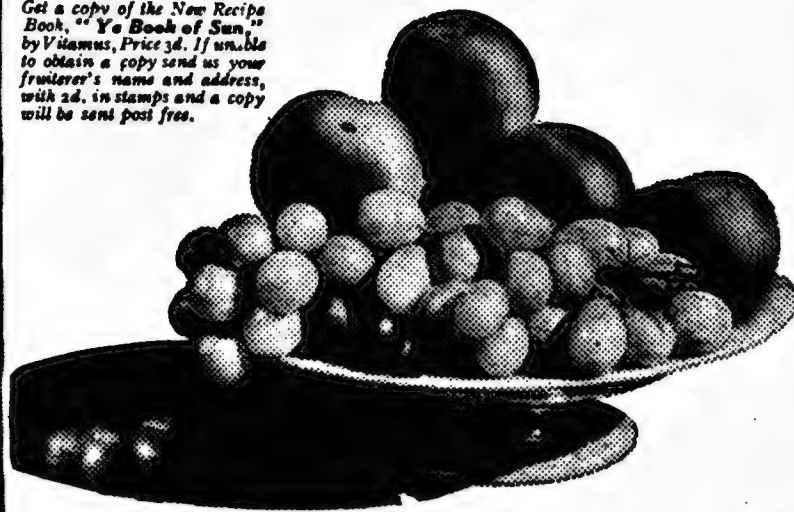
Eat More Fruit AND KEEP FIT

You enjoy sunshine. Did you know that the medical profession call fruit "stored sunshine"?

Apples and luscious Almeria Grapes, a joy alike to the eye and to the palate, are now in abundance at fruiterers everywhere.

Get the "sunshine" habit. Take some Apples and Almeria Grapes home to-day!

Get a copy of the New Recipe Book, "Ye Book of Sun," by Vitamus, Price 3d. If unable to obtain a copy send us your fruiterer's name and address, with 2d. in stamps and a copy will be sent post free.



Issued by the Fruit Trades Federations, Advt. Dept., 10-13, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

THE CABINET'S MYSTERY MAN

THAT £10,000,000-A-YEAR FABLE

Mr. Æsop Churchill

NOW that we are within a few days of the meeting of Parliament there is one question that above all others is occupying the mind of the electorate.

There is not a man or woman in the country who is not waiting anxiously to hear what exactly Mr. Winston Churchill and the Cabinet in general propose to do in the way of effecting the drastic economies in national expenditure which have been promised and promised and promised.

It was in April, 1925, that Mr. Churchill first said: "I believe that we ought to aim at a net reduction in the supply expenditure of not less than £10,000,000 a year. That is not taking an extravagant figure."

The only result of that very specific piece of financial optimism was that whereas Mr. Snowden's Budget was £795,000,000, Mr. Churchill's Budget was £826,000,000.

Even while these colossal figures in expenditure were mounting Mr. Baldwin stated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was determined to make "substantial reductions in the Estimates for next year."

WHEN next year arrived Mr. Churchill's Budget was £842,000,000! His next Budget, under which we are now groaning, was £833,000,000—but it was only balanced by mortgaging to an alarming extent the future resources of the country.

He cannot do that again. Robbing the hen-roost is a pleasant pastime; so is the game of robbing Peter in order to pay Paul. At both of these games Mr. Churchill has proved himself an expert.

There comes a time, however, when even the most expert player can no longer play either of these games, and that time has arrived. Unless the country is going to sink finally under a crushing load of taxation, there is no alternative left to the Chancellor but to insist on

not only drastic but huge economies in the spending departments of Whitehall, and to see that his insistence is translated into concrete deeds.

It is one of the mysteries of Whitehall why Chancellor after Chancellor goes down helpless before the rapacious demands of the Admiralty. Chancellor after Chancellor has threatened all sorts of dire pains and penalties if Admiralty expenditure is not substantially decreased; but the Admirals and the Sea Lords have always won in the end and have blandly presented swollen estimates instead of economies.

IF Mr. Churchill when he talks of "economy" has in mind the pruning of the social services which, expensive though they may be, are still totally inadequate for the country's needs, he had better think again.

Our social services are our national insurance against ill-health, ignorance and decay, and the electorate will not willingly see them tampered with.

They have already been starved beyond reason while the ever-increasing expenditure on armaments is allowed to persist unchecked.

To our mind there is nothing rational in a Budget of £833,000,000 when three-quarters of this colossal expenditure is to pay for past wars and prepare for future ones.

It is perfectly obvious that there is room for economy, not of thousands but of millions, if only the waste is tackled where it really occurs.

Unproductive expenditure is always very largely waste and no one can pretend that battleships and guns are productive of anything but disaster.

Mr. Churchill has an open field before him. Let him lay down the law to the real wasters of Whitehall and see that the law is obeyed both in the spirit and in the letter.



The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

GET ON!

Our Responsibility

IT is impossible to-day, outside a lunatic asylum, to find a man willing to say he believes in war. The utmost even the most swashbuckling militarist will admit is that while he wants peace he regards war, on occasions, as a regrettable necessity.

Therefore he believes, quite sincerely, that it is necessary for a great nation to stand prepared for the sudden emergency. But avowed militarists of any type are getting fewer.

Retired generals are openly advocating world peace. Statesmen are joining in a campaign of propaganda to further the objects of the League of Nations and disarmament.

Great Britain, through the League of Nations, is pledged to support world peace. She has given her word to help on, by every means in her power, the actual process of disarmament. No one is fool enough to suppose that process can be accomplished in one jump. It would be as wise to expect an infant to compete in a walking match.

Still, if the infant is lusty, one may reasonably look forward to it becoming a champion athlete, but only if it is first taught to take the first step.

So with this momentous business of disarmament. It is an entire misconception to suggest that it can be done in one fell blow.

But it will never be done at all unless the first steps are taken. Certain simple steps are ready for the British Government to take at once. One is the signing of the "optional arbitration clause" and another the announcement of Britain's willingness to negotiate all-inclusive arbitration agreements with any civilised nation.

Unless Britain so far shows her greatness, we cannot blame the world if it becomes first doubtful of her sincerity, and then resentful of her insincerity.

WRECKERS OF PROSPERITY

Regaining Business Sense

IF it be true that nothing succeeds like success, it is even more certain that nothing better teaches men the difference between success and failure than making practical experiments. Of all the teachers in the world none is more efficient than experience.

Just now business men throughout the world are being taught very rapidly by experience. In common with every other country except America, Britain found her trade shattered to the ground by the war.

Ever since we have been struggling to regain lost ground, rebuild and extend. And, quite plainly, a more sorry mess could not have been made of the job.

After ten years we have more chaos, unemployment, industrial unrest, and widespread discontent than ever before in our national history.

Workless men are not likely to be content. Men and women burdened beyond human endurance with taxation are not likely to be content. Workers faced with the high prices that mean a steady decline in their standard of living cannot be content.

Business men are restive; but at last, taught by experience, they have found the cause of the trouble.

Trade barriers are blocking progress and damming up all possible streams of prosperity. For years before the war those who pinned their faith to such barriers preached their doctrine of restriction to deaf ears.

After the war the chaotic condition of Europe gave them their chance. Eagerly they leapt into every

breach. By a little here, and a little there, at first furtively, then with open boldness, they took advantage of intelligences jaded by war weariness to put their policy into practical operation.

Everywhere terrific restrictions have been imposed and trade barriers erected. The list of "tariffs on everything" grows in length. Pains and penalties for simple trading are rigidly enforced.

This policy has worked well, but hardly in the direction its promoters hoped. The healthy flow of trade is slowing to a stop. It is dawning even upon the "reformers" that there is such a thing as reciprocity. When imports are prevented from entering a country, then exports are automatically checked.

It is a good thing that other countries beside our own are learning this lesson. Even in countries which have lately put their faith in the policy of raising such barriers higher and higher, a great movement for "tariff disarmament" is going on.

Governments unwilling to face dwindling prosperity are taking a hand in the game. But, as has been well pointed out in many an important Chamber of Commerce, an issue so grave and far-reaching as this cannot be conducted on parochial lines. It must be international.

It is perfectly obvious that if European prosperity is to become anything more than a memory, all trade barriers must come down.



Mr. Justice Branson

Should a Father Kill?

by A. G. GARDINER

NOTHING is more sacred than human life, and all the efforts of science are focused on its prolongation. If at times the question arises, Is it worth while? few will be found to say "No." Destruction of life is alike contrary to Christianity and humanity

still claim for man a life of the soul which differentiates him from the beasts that perish and which gives a sanctity to his existence that the law justly recognises. Finally, a human society would be unthinkable in which it was permissible for one person to put another to death as lightly as we put a dog which has broken its leg to death.

But when we have cleared away this false analogy there still remains in the judge's remark and the jury's verdict a serious question to be considered and answered. It is whether the law in relation to homicide does not call for modification.

At present it sets so high a value upon human life that it does not permit it to be taken "even with the best of motives." And the question implicit in the judge's remarks is whether there are not circumstances in which this rigid doctrine of the sanctity of life should not be modified.

Merciful and wise

In a word, are there not cases in which we have not only a right, but a duty to kill? There are two aspects of the matter. There is the humane aspect and the social aspect.

The first is illustrated by the Chester case. The vicissitudes of human life are full of such experiences, instances in which the victims of disease or accident are doomed to a lingering and painful death, in which there is no possibility of recovery and in which, it may be, even the sufferer himself may desire to be put out of his misery.

Is there no point at which the claims of humanity are so indisputable that the infliction of painless death should be recognised by the law not only as an act of mercy but of wisdom? In the abstract I suppose most people would say "Yes."

And yet when we come from the abstract to the concrete, an emotion rises within us that says "No." I have myself lately stood by the bedside of a man whose name is a household word in this country. He has been dying from the feet upwards for twenty years, until at last he lies like a stone, with nothing but the faculties of his

wonderful mind and spirit vital. And yet so triumphant is the dauntless soul of this man that it rides god-like over his poor dead body.

With that vivid experience in my mind I should hesitate to say that it was wise to confer upon any body of doctors the right to decide that a patient should die.

Christ or Nietzsche?

In any case that right would have to be hedged round with the most stringent safeguards, and subject always to the consent of the patient where the patient is conscious. Certainly no slackening of the law should be permitted which would cover even so distressing a case as that at Chester.

The extension of the right to any layman to kill his child, his wife, or anyone else without overwhelming professional authority would open the door to the most deplorable consequences. I am not sure that the wisest thing is not to leave the law as it stands. Then if, in extreme necessity, life is taken it will be taken with the full knowledge that the act will have to be justified before the law.

As to the second aspect of the subject, the right of the community to kill not for reasons of humanity but for reasons of social order and well-being, that is a more difficult problem.

No one will deny that there are many people alive who would be better dead—the congenital imbecile and the congenital criminal, for example. It was one of Nietzsche's chief grievances against Christianity that its doctrine of mercy preserved what he called the "botched."

I hope society will be slow to substitute the doctrine of Nietzsche for the doctrine of Christianity. When we acknowledge the right of the State to kill off its encumbrances we shall discover that the habit of killing will grow by what it feeds on, with very startling results.

The propagation of the unfit is another matter. I cannot doubt that society will go far in preventing this. It will say, "Thou shalt not be born," even though it hesitates to say, "Thou shalt die."

THE remarkable case at the Chester Assizes in which a labourer named Albert Edward Davies, charged with murdering his three-year-old child, was acquitted raises one of the most difficult of all the problems of a civilised society. Are there any circumstances in which one human being is entitled, without grave provocation, to take the life of another?

As the law stands the answer is "No." But in the case at Chester the jury in effect said "Yes." It is true that it evaded the direct issue by accepting the plea of the defence—that there was no proof that the child, which was suffering from a terrible disease, was still alive when the distracted father drowned it in a bath.

But this deceived no one. The man himself had admitted the charge. It was because the child was alive and in agony, without hope of recovery, that, unable to witness its suffering any longer, he ended its life.

Unfortunate comparison

And the effect of the jury's action is to justify him in the course he took. It is a declaration that in the opinion of the jury there are circumstances in which one person may legitimately take the life of another.

That is a momentous decision. It is the more momentous because the judge, Mr. Justice Branson, seems to have suggested it in his charge to the Grand Jury, in which he used these words:

"It is a heartrending story of a father who, driven to distraction by the suffering of his child, takes upon himself to put an end to its suffering. . . . It is a matter which gives food for thought when one comes to consider that had this poor child been an animal, instead of a human being, so far from there being anything blameworthy in the man's action in putting an end to its suffering, he would actually have been liable to punishment if he had not done so."

I think that this illustration was unfortunate. In all civilised society a line is drawn, and justly drawn, between the case of a human being and that of one of the lower animals.

Rigid doctrine

If a dog or a horse is seriously maimed it is held to be the humane thing to destroy it because it has no useful or happy life apart from the enjoyment of its physical faculties. But the human being has a life of the mind and the spirit altogether apart from the wholeness of the body.

For all the higher purposes of existence a man may lack, not one member only, but many members and still be a happy, efficient and valuable member of society. It is not many years since there used to be wheeled into the House of Commons a Member who had neither arms nor legs and who yet was a most capable legislator.

Moreover, in spite of our gorilla ancestry, we

The food profiteer was put in the pillory or the stocks in days gone by. Something of the sort is badly needed nowadays

IT has frequently been suggested by readers of this journal that speculation in foodstuffs ought to be made illegal and that all middlemen ought to be done away with.



Mr. A. F. Holt

It may, perhaps, be of interest to note that all "dealing" in foodstuffs was illegal in this country until well on into the nineteenth century.

In the past, men have been sent to prison and heavily fined, or merely sent to prison, or placed in the pillory or the stocks, or expelled beyond the boundaries of their home towns, for buying foodstuffs for the purpose of resale at a profit.

In 1766 a Royal Proclamation was published, which described people who bought agricultural

produce and put up prices by selling again as "oppressors of the poor and enemies of their country," and insisted that they must be fined and imprisoned as the law of England decreed.

Such a proclamation would be immensely popular to-day, but the population has been intensively increased since then. Existence has become so complicated that it is vain, in these days, to talk of the abolition of the middleman.

We cannot do without him. He performs a necessary public service. He acts precisely as does the "transformer" for an electricity supply. A current of 33,000 volts isn't much good for house-lighting. It must be reduced before it can be of service to the householder.

SO with food. If a producer is operating on a big scale he cannot deal direct with the consumer, or even with the small retailer. He must sell in bulk and get his money in the lump.

The average retailer cannot buy in bulk. If he has the capital and the accommodation, he has not the sale. The stuff would be left on his hands.

On the other hand, the wholesaler can buy in bulk, and so is able to supply the retailer, who, in

The Leech

A Staggering Confession

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHEN thieves fall out the honest man comes into his own. When the agents of industrial assurance companies expose their own methods in unmeasured terms, there is some hope that at last daylight will be let into a very dark business

DURING the past two years JOHN BULL has devoted much of its space to the exposure of the methods by which the industrial assurance companies delude and rob unsuspecting policy-holders.

These exposures have met with enormous support, and also with a certain amount of scepticism. I can understand that scepticism. Unless, like myself, you are brought into daily contact with the methods of the companies and their agents adopt, the extent, the impudence and the sheer brazenness of the exploitation that is carried on with impunity can scarcely be believed.

It is an unholy business. Its chief stock-in-trade is fraud, forgery and false pretences. It battens on the thriftiest section of the people by lies and misrepresentation.

These are, I know, strong terms. I will endeavour to justify them.

Early this year there died in Norwich a man who left a widow and a young son. There were two policies on his life, one held by the widow and one by the son. On his death £70 should have been paid by the company concerned. It said the policies were lapsed and refused to pay a penny.

Home lost—and restored

As a result of this refusal the widow had to sell her home bit by bit and eventually was forced to leave Norwich and reside with relatives.

The son, a lad of about eighteen, was left in such dire straits that he stole from sheer hunger, and was charged with theft at the police court and put on probation.

These policies were not lapsed. They never had been lapsed. JOHN BULL pointed this out to the insurance company—and months after the man died the company sent lapsing notices to the last known address of the widow and son!

Such a miserable piece of trickery availed the company nothing. The matter was pressed and the £70 was paid over. The result is that the widow and her son have been able to re-establish their Norwich home.

To my mind this miserable piece of business is so serious that if a criminal charge cannot be laid against that company for wrongfully retaining that £70 then there is something radically wrong with the laws of England.

Some years ago, in dealing with a peculiarly flagrant type of fraudulent policy, an insurance journal issued by the staff of a great insurance company said this:

"If the manager could break through the cordon of vested interests that bolsters up and hides the unscrupulousness he might eventually succeed in slaying the dragon.

"By 'vested interests' is meant all those who profit by the employment of the unscrupulous canvasser and are glad so to do, and are content to sit upon the office stool rubbing their hands with glee at his success; and yet, well knowing how the business is done, will, Pilate-like, wash their hands from his iniquity as though none of the responsibility is theirs."

"Legalised exploitation"

That was said by a man who of all men should know best how the business is conducted.

Only a week or two ago there appeared in another insurance paper a letter from an ex-agent congratulating that paper on opening a campaign against what the writer called "the system of legalised exploitation that the so-called benefactors of the public carry on."

This is a paper run by agents for agents. Again these men are the men who should know how their own business is conducted.

"Let the public know of the system," said the writer, "and if this does not stop it I suggest that every agent write his Member of Parliament and petition him to have an enquiry into the methods of different companies."

He goes on to call industrial assurance "bare-faced robbery of the people's money," calls the officials "unscrupulous" and talks of "their unquenchable thirst for more millions of the people's money so that they can boast of their



Mr. W. E. Moshford, head of "John Bull's" Industrial Assurance Bureau

twenty, thirty or forty millions, which really belong in most cases to the premium payers."

That is straight talk with a vengeance from one who has been in a position to know whether or not his words are true. Like the other quotation I have given, it makes anything JOHN BULL may have said pale into insignificance.

A peculiarly mean form of swindle that has not yet been exposed in JOHN BULL covers. I suppose, millions of cases up and down the country. It is the case of people who are induced to pay premiums on policies which are legally issued but in which the payer of the premiums has no legal interest, and so in the event of the death of the assured person cannot claim a single penny.

Vile and false pretences

In one such case certain persons insured their own lives, but after a short period decided to discontinue the policies. The agent thereupon visited an unsuspecting woman and induced her to continue payments on seven of these policies.

This woman had no possible insurable interest in these policies, but she believed what the agent told her. The agent collected not less than £70 in premiums, when, unable to continue, she was obliged to let the policies lapse.

A few weeks ago this poor woman died and left behind her four small children. To-day her funeral expenses are unpaid and her children are living in abject poverty, while the company concerned retains the whole of the £70 collected from her under the vilest of false pretences.

In a few days Parliament will reassemble. There will be a tremendous fuss made about what the Members are going to do for the people.

Every one of the 615 Members of Parliament knows all about this gigantic insurance swindle, but there is not one of them who has the courage to stand up on the floor of the House of Commons and expose this colossus of fraud for what it is.

Vain protests

At this moment there are millions of pounds in hard cash due from industrial assurance companies and societies to poor persons up and down the country who have no hope of ever recovering such money without assistance.

Their representatives in Parliament are silent, and thereby self-condemned. Of what use are their loud protestations made on public platforms that the desire of their hearts is to assist the poor and helpless while, right and left, the poor and helpless are being robbed daily and hourly of the money that they foolishly hope will some day stand between them and their direct need?

at the Heart

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

turn, supplies the public. The chain of producer, wholesaler, retailer, consumer is a perfectly legitimate one.

UNDER any order of society, we cannot do without these services, although under State ownership the wholesale markets would become "central depots," and the shops "retail depots," and the middlemen paid public servants. And the taxpayer then might have even more room to grumble.

What is wrong to-day is not that we have middlemen, but that we have too many middlemen. The people who ought to be pilloried are not the genuine tradesmen, but the gamblers who intervene between the producer and the consumer.

A wise Government would not seek to abolish middlemen; but it would see to it that it was impossible for any unnecessary middlemen to butt in between producer and consumer. It would ensure that when a producer sold his crop or his catch it went direct to the wholesale market to be passed on to the retailer.

It would prevent a crop from being sold two or three or four or five times—without handling—before it reached the ordinary wholesaler.

This is what not infrequently happens. It is not unknown for a consignment of fruit to change hands five times before it has left the station.

I have heard hundreds of stories from producers of what they have received for their produce and what the consumer has ultimately paid for it; just as I have heard the boasts of dealers who have forced down the market against the producer only to boost it up, a little later, against the consumer.

LORD KENYON, in a judgment in the King's Bench Division in 1800, said: "It is fit that all should have the necessities of life, and if the necessities are enhanced in price in consequence of combinations by any set of men . . . that part of the public without which the superior ranks cannot exist are put into a position in which the wisdom of no country will ever place them."

Yet that is the position in which the "wisdom" of our country has placed us. It is time our statesmen took some thought for the people they represent and saw to it that the citizens of this country were not deliberately robbed of the necessities of life.



Life Is a Pleasure!

Up in the morning—on Mondays and Tuesdays as well as on holidays—keen, alert, ready for the pleasures of the day! That is the meaning of "that Kruschen feeling"—that is the cause of the happiness found by the writer of the letter published below.

"I have recently observed in the Press several testimonials regarding Kruschen Salts, and feel I must add my praise of same. I have taken the 'daily pinch' for about one year, and this period has been a healthy, invigorating time, thanks to your Kruschen Salts which clear all impurities from the body and make the mind clear and the system ready for work in these hustling times. Your adverts. truly describe the good qualities of Kruschen, and personally I can strongly recommend them to sufferers from constipation, which was my great trouble, and is a great cause of depression, but same is now removed, and work is a pleasure, thanks to your Kruschen Salts."

D. C., Hackney, London.

18th July, 1927.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day.

Think what you get for a single farthing.

Not just one salt. Kruschen is a perfect blend of those six natural salts which are vital to your bodily well-being. The analysis is on the bottle.  TASTELESS IN TEA.

Every day you must have these salts, or things go wrong inside you. Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A large bottle contains 96 daily doses, enough to last three whole months.

Sole Manufacturers: E. GRIFFITHS
HUGHES, LTD.,
86, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.



DICE HOUSES: Astonishing Disclosures AN INFAMOUS STREET The Great Puk-a-Poo Menace

BETS on a racecourse or a dog-track are subject to a tax. A bet made at the street-corner may mean the police-court. A game of poker in a dwelling-house may mean a prosecution for keeping or "frequenting" a gaming-house. Even a lottery in aid of a hospital is not exempt from police interference.

As over the greater part of the kingdom betting is so hedged about with restrictions and "verboten," it is quite surprising to find one district in which a man, woman or child may indulge in a gamble untaxed without any risk save that of losing money.

That district includes Pennyfields, Limehouse Causeway and West India Dock Road. It is London's "Chinatown." There puk-a-poo and dice houses flourish. They are run by Chinese, who apparently care little about police interference.

White victims

Were these houses merely for the accommodation of Chinese gamblers, perhaps we could afford to ignore their existence. But their clients are almost exclusively white.

Seamen are finding themselves on the rocks, within a few days, or hours, of paying off.

Unemployed men and women are losing their unemployment pay, wives are losing their housekeeping money, mainly, so far as the men are concerned, at the dice.

The women prefer puk-a-poo, a Chinese game of pure chance, with the odds always enormously against the player.

A representative of JOHN BULL was recently taken on a tour of investigation by a man who knows "Chinatown" intimately. He visited a place in Pennyfields which was apparently a shop, but the only goods on the counter were puk-a-poo papers.

He picked up two of the papers—sheets about 6 in. square on which were printed eighty-five Chinese characters—and was told to take a brush which was standing in an ink-bottle and mark out ten of the characters on each of two papers.

Two women entered while he was doing this. Each picked up a paper.

"C.M. bank, two shilling," the attendant grunted mysteriously, marked the sheets with the letters, and handed them back.

To pass away the time until the result of his "gamble" was declared, our representative lifted a filthy blanket-curtain and passed into an inner room.

Sordid surroundings

This was an evil-smelling, bare room, which gave one an impression of an indescribable sordidness. It contained a table and a chair. On the table was a dirty cloth marked out in squares, each containing a certain number of dots.

In the chair was a Chinaman, who



The Rt. Hon. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., whose serious attention we call to the terrible state of things here set forth

had in front of him a saucer holding an upturned cup. Standing round the table were a number of men, mainly of the seafaring class.

They placed money on the various squares, each to his fancy. The yellow banker shook his cup and saucer, then lifted the cup. Three dice were revealed. He paid out the only winner, swept his winnings into a drawer and began to shake again.

So the game went on, men continually dropping in who placed money on a number, lost it, and went out again as casually as they called in at one of the "pubs" for a drink. This was merely one of a number of dice-houses visited. What describes one, describes all.

At one, the Chinese banker was referred to by the frequenters as "Brassy"; at another "Tommy" was apparently the banker's name; at another it was "Tall Tim," at another "Leon," at another "Short Tim." All were Chinese.

The addresses at which they carry on their anti-social activities are Nos. 25, 29, 57, 60, 61 and 31, Pennyfields.

Enormous turnover

Do the police know the names? Do they know the addresses? Do they, by any chance, know Fee Jay, who is supposed to own two houses in Pennyfields, and who, according to some residents in Chinatown, is a Chinese "boss"?

Have the police any conception of the amount of money taken from white people by Chinese, by means of dice and puk-a-poo?

The answers to these questions would be interesting, for one would expect the police patrol to notice the constant succession of visitors to the various houses.

One might expect them to see the

women entering the puk-a-poo houses eagerly—for who knows what depends on the result?—and leaving them with leaden feet.

There are twenty-three of these shops now running. As there may be a dozen "banks" in a day, the total turnover must be enormous. All these shops are controlled by one head. Who that head is, is perhaps known to the Chinese alone.

All the papers from the shops go to some mysterious centre where dice are thrown to decide the ten winning numbers.

A copy of the winning numbers is then sent to every puk-a-poo shop, so that it is not necessary to go back to the shop where one has made the bet.

Easy winner

Our representative walked into a shop an hour after he had made his bet and placed the papers for what was called the "C.M." bank (there is a new bank every hour or so) before the presiding Chinaman, who dipped his brush in red ink and ticked off two numbers on one sheet and four on another.

Had he had seven right out of ten he would have won, and the almost impossible would have happened.

The banker almost invariably wins at puk-a-poo, yet women take their sixpences and their shillings to the shops in the vain hope that a "long shot" will come off.

And, let this be repeated, the puk-a-poo houses are carried on openly. The dice-houses are almost as open to the public view. Our representative noticed this particularly at No. 60, Pennyfields. One enters this dice-house through a roughly boarded lobby and the dice-table is almost opposite the entrance.

One can stand in the ring of gamblers around the table and, by looking towards the door, see the police pass.

These gaming-houses are a curse to the East End. Women quite commonly lose their housekeeping money in them. Some try to hide their losses from their husbands by resorting to underground money-lenders hoping that their luck will turn.

Gone in a night

That is perhaps the worst feature of the gaming-house evil. The houses enumerated are purely gaming-houses; there are others, nevertheless, to which seamen, newly paid-off, are taken by women and stay to gamble, or they go to gamble and stay with the women.

What has been earned during months at sea disappears in a night in Chinatown. The women of the brothels are white. Their masters are yellow, and apparently they own them body and soul.

It is a tragedy; the tragedy that every Chinatown knows.

Every house in London's Chinatown which caters for vice must be closed at once. That is a job for the police. Will they do it?

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE

See "The People" next Sunday

BARRY'S LEAD THE WORLD FOR SHEER VALUE & QUALITY

The Barry reputation has been built upon sterling service. Only the most qualified cutters and tailors are allowed to produce your Suit or Overcoat. We employ no casual labour.

SUIT OR OVERCOAT *from* **40%** *TO MEASURE*

HERE IS OUR UNPARALLELED GUARANTEE. We refund 2/6 over and above the purchase price paid in the event of your dissatisfaction for any reason whatsoever. **ALL OVERCOAT ORDERS DELIVERED IN 4 DAYS (SUITS IN 7 DAYS).**

WHY BUY
READY MADE?

AN INDIGO DYED,
LONDON SHRUNK,
TWO-FOLD PURE
WORSTED YARN.
100% ALL WOOL
BLUE SERGE SUIT
TO MEASURE FOR
£3:3:0

An £8:8:0
BOND STREET
DINNER JACKET
SUIT
£4:7:6
THE PERFECTION OF
EVENING DRESS WEAR
ASK SPECIALLY FOR
THESE PATTERNS,
IF REQUIRED.

**THE MOST WONDERFUL
SET OF PATTERNS FREE**

Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Learn how to measure yourself in a few seconds with an accuracy rivalling that of the qualified tailor. We absolutely guarantee the result. **WRITE NOW OR CALL.** These calling may be measured in our Showrooms.



IN NAVY
BLUE
OR FAWN

Cash refunded if not approved.

S. A. BARRY & CO. LTD.
(J.B. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminals.)

BETTER THAN EVER THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY STORM COAT ON THE MARKET THE FAMOUS BARRICO

(THE ABSOLUTELY GENUINE OFFICERS 4-IN-1 MODEL)

Original Price

45/-

Special Offer

30% POST PAID

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, the new and improved raincoat which may be relied on in every climatic emergency. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oilskin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or hail. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether **BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED**

How I made £2 a week regular extra income for 3 years



Dear Sirs,

Just over three years ago I bought a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine, and it has proved a wonderful investment.

During the past three years I have received from you over £312 in wages for work sent you under my agreement, and have earned quite a nice sum by selling work locally. Your machine and work guarantee have proved a very great boon. I am able to turn all my spare half hours into money by having my machine always at hand. I bless the day when I first heard of your offer of employment.

Yours faithfully,

L. READER.

To: The South British Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

The above is a copy of a letter received from Mrs. Reader, the original of which—and many others like it—can be seen at our offices. These letters are proof that the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine can help you to a larger income.

It's the ex a money that makes all the difference. Your income may be steady but you cannot shut your eyes to the fact that something more every week would be a great help. The Golden Fleece Knitting Machine has enabled thousands of women who cannot go out to work to find profitable occupation by their own firesides.

How do they do it? Simply by knitting hosiery. Not by the old slow process of hand-knitting, but by using the up-to-date Golden Fleece Knitting Machine, which can turn out a pair of fine seamless wool socks in half an hour. Some experts produce a sock in ten minutes.

GUARANTEED EMPLOYMENT

Every Golden Fleece worker is guaranteed a constant market for the hosiery she knits. The South British Manufacturing Company who supplies the machine undertakes, for a period of three years, to purchase the entire output of hosiery knitted according to their instructions. All you have to do is to receive the yarn from the Company, knit it up into hosiery, and return them to the Company, when you will at once receive payment for the wages due to you, together with a new supply of yarn.

Also, think what a mother can do for her family in making all the hosiery and knitted wear they need. Incidentally she can save more than the cost of the machine by the money she saves by knitting for herself and her family.

£20,000 PAID IN WAGES

The South British Manufacturing Company has specialised in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks and stockings, which they sell through the shops. They enjoy a constantly increasing demand for home manufactured knitted socks.

During three years the Company has paid £20,000 to home workers for hosiery knitted in their own homes. Every worker has had the right to send his or her entire output of hosiery—knitted to instructions—and has received every week payment for the work done.

The Company has recently introduced a new line of boys' stockings, which are being advertised extensively and a big demand has already been created, with the result that the Company must have more workers at once.

500 WORKERS WANTED

Anyone who reads this offer and who has time available for home knitting is invited to fill up the coupon below and post it at once.

READ WHAT SOME OF OUR WORKERS SAY

Miss J., Kent, writes:—

"I now write to tell you what a blessing the knitting machine is proving. I only wish I had bought the machine earlier, as I realise now I should have been earning much more money. I only bought the machine a month ago—it is splendid to be earning money in so short a time."

Mr. W. (disabled soldier), Folkestone:—

"I have increased my takings every week, and a fortnight ago I got orders to the value of £3 10s. in one day. This morning I went out with samples and in three hours got orders to the value of £2 18s. 6d., and I could do the same almost every day. The machine pays for itself so quickly."

It does not matter where you live or whether you know much or little about home knitting. You should send to-day for the free book—"Make Money at Home"—which will tell you all about the Golden Fleece Home Knitting Machine and the remarkable variety of articles that can be knitted on it. It will tell you all about this money-earning opportunity. You will be surprised at the substantial amounts that you can earn even if you devote only a part of your spare time to this interesting work.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Experience is unnecessary. A complete and fully illustrated book which is sent with every machine makes it possible to understand and work the machine. Don't delay. Write your name and address now in the coupon attached. Enclose a 1d. stamp to cover postage and the book entitled "Make Money at Home" will be sent you by return.

THE SOUTH BRITISH MFG. CO., LTD.
Dept. 63K, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

"JOHN BULL" COUPON

To the
SOUTH BRITISH MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
Dept. 63K, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send me your illustrated booklet on Home Knitting. I enclose 1d. stamp to cover postage. This does not place me under any obligation.

NAME

ADDRESS.....

J.B., Nov. 5, 1927.

BIG SHIPPING SCANDAL

By R. WADDINGTON, M.P.

EVERYONE is concerned with the revival of British trade. Practices that have been rightly condemned by a Royal Commission still persist in hindering trade. Pressure must be brought to bear on the authorities to put a stop to them.

"FOR ourselves, we regard it as intolerable that British ship-owners should be in a position to initiate or countenance practices of a kind so directly inimical to British trade."

So runs the unanimous opinion of the Dominions Royal Commission in its Final Report issued in 1917.

It had been dealing with the practice of British steamship companies charging a lower rate to New Zealand from Hamburg and other German ports than from London on the same classes of goods. Also with similar practices to and from Canadian ports.

The members of the Commission were representative of the various Governments of the Empire. One would think that their unanimous condemnation of the policy of our shipowners would have had at least some effect.

It had not. The opinion of the Royal Commission was flouted. The practices condemned in 1917 continue.

The real problem

How long will the Government permit the existence of such obstacles to trade revival?

Do they continue to exist because the exporters of goods have such varied and detached interests that it is difficult, if not impossible, for them to combine in effective opposition to the shipowners?

If that is so, is that not a just and sufficient reason for some measure of Government supervision?

The real problem here is, I suppose, the possibility of getting the public to realise the importance to them, as producers and consumers, of a fair deal for British goods in their passage overseas.

Here are some typical examples of unfair deals.

Cotton piece goods to an approximate weight of one million "freight" tons are exported every year. Two "freight" tons, on an average, make an actual ton weight.

Turkey was, in pre-war days, a very good customer for Lancashire goods, and the demand is now reviving.

How does the shipowner help Lancashire to regain her trade?

Favouring the foreigner

He charges 75s. per freight ton from Liverpool to Constantinople. He will carry the same class of goods from Antwerp to Constantinople for 17s. per freight ton.

This difference is equal to 1s. 7d. per piece on a cloth which was largely exported from Lancashire, but which is now mainly supplied by our foreign competitors.

When it is known that a reasonably-sized mill will produce from 125,000 to 150,000 "pieces" in a year, it will be seen that a freight handicap on all the output of 1s. 7d. per piece means £10,000 a year!

That is how British shipowners can

unfairly handicap British trade in favour of the foreigner!

The freight from Liverpool to Alexandria is 55s. per ton; from Antwerp it is only 15s. per ton.

Take another part of the world. The freight rate of cotton goods from Liverpool to Buenos Aires is 100s. per ton. From Antwerp to Buenos Aires the rate is but half—50s. per ton. From Liverpool to Rio de

will sign an agreement not to ship any goods except by a "conference" line a rebate of 10 per cent. on the total freight will be paid twelve months later.

Years ago some Manchester merchants, in order to lower freight costs, sent goods to Antwerp and Hamburg to be there transhipped for South America. It was cheaper to do that than ship direct.

Official tyranny

The companies, finding out what was happening, at once issued a circular stating that "shippers are respectfully informed that in future shipments by such vessels will render them liable not only to a loss of rebates under the usual terms, but also subject them to an additional charge of 20s. per ton in the case of any shipments they may wish to make by the regular lines."

It is difficult to imagine a more glaring case of official tyranny than this, or one more calculated to retard our commercial progress.

The latest example is South Africa. For some months a freight fight has been going on in consequence of lower rates being quoted by a new line. The "conference" rates have been reduced on various articles from 35s. to 5s. per ton and others from 80s. to 30s. per ton.

The conference has the effrontery to announce that only so long as the other line is running will the low rates continue.

In 1922 the rate of freight from East African ports was 25s. per bill-of lading ton by the Dutch lines and 30s. by the British lines. Then an East African conference was formed, with what result?

In 1922 we had passed the peak of inflation and charges were coming down. Not so with East Africa. To-day the rate is 40s. per ton. To secure agreement with the Dutch the British shipowners increased the freight rates from 30s. to 40s.

Break it down!

What is the remedy?

Full publicity and the creation of some organisation to bring continuous pressure on the conference lines and on the Board of Trade.

The Imperial Shipping Committee was set up to deal with these grievances and to secure fair play for the exporter. Why does not the trader more effectively organise?

To make illegal the granting of rebates, as already has been done in America, South Africa and Australia, is the most important start, for the rebate system by tying exporters to the "conference" lines, eliminates that competition between shipowners which alone can lower the present handicapping level of freight costs.

The injury to British trade is continuous while the present system prevails. Who will help to break it down?



Mr. R. Waddington, M.P.

Janeiro it is 115s. per ton, from Antwerp to Rio 90s.

At one time Glasgow supplied practically the entire pig-iron requirements of the Argentine market. To-day the Continent has taken Glasgow's place, and one of the causes for this loss of trade is freight.

Shameful imposition

From the Continent the rate of pig-iron to Buenos Aires is 16s. per ton, and from the United Kingdom it is 22s. 6d.!

Galvanised corrugated sheets were at one time almost a monopoly of the British makers. To-day they are being supplanted by Belgian producers. And again the freights are helping the foreigner. The rate from England to Buenos Aires is 35s. and from Antwerp 20s.

Turn to the South American chemical market. The rate on bisulphate of soda is 60s. from British ports and 22s. 6d. from Continental.

Other chemicals suffer similar handicaps.

How is it that the shipowners exercise such control over exporters?

Well, the various steamship lines meet together and form what is called a "conference." The "tie" they impose on the exporters is that if he

Who said Friday was unlucky?

"John Bull's" Xmas Annual, price 6d., is out Friday, Nov. 11.

You're in luck! way!



Never mind that extra blanket

Eat Quaker Oats for supper and you'll sleep warm. You'll sleep well, because Quaker's nourishment is very easily digested. You'll wake fit and fresh, ready for a busy, energetic day. Quaker is all food.

You'll never tire of Quaker Oats. Its rich nutty flavour is always delightful and appetizing.

And it costs so little. Because of its concentrated food-value, because it is made from oats ripened in life-giving sunshine, Quaker gives most health and strength for least money.

Start with to-night's supper. Quick Quaker cooks in 3-5 minutes.

Quaker Oats

Quick Quaker and Quaker Oats
Two sizes of each kind

4½^D and 9½^D



(Except in Irish Free State)



Good with Everything

Everything is more inviting and made more appetising with H.P. Sauce—it gives the food such a pleasing flavour.

Used with bacon, cold meat, fish, cheese, tomatoes, sausages, or even those "left-overs," the difference is surprising.

H.P. sauce

H.P. is piquant yet mellow—totally different from any other sauce. If you have never tried it, for your own satisfaction send for a free miniature bottle.

H. P. SAUCE LTD.,
Astca Cross, Birmingham.

Fix it with **GLOY**
THE DAINTY PASTE



The handiest adhesive for home and office is Gloy. It is clean and economical. It never goes hard or sour. Every bottle is sold complete with brush. Get it from your stationer.

Prices: 11d. 1/4 3/-

A. WILNE COLLIER, LTD.
5th Avenue Works,
London, E.12.

Makes life worth living

SHARP'S

ASSORTED
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE

6⁰ PER 1/4

JOHN BULL'S
Great Offer to Traders

£700

in cash prizes for
WINDOW DISPLAYS

of goods advertised in "John Bull,"

Entries Pouring In.

Traders all over the country are entering for "John Bull's" Great National Window Display Competition. Grocers, Drapers, Chemists, Wine and Spirit Merchants, Tobacconists, etc., etc., see in the scheme a splendid way to stimulate trade as well as to pocket a substantial prize.

The simplicity of the scheme—the absence of irksome rules—the glittering prizes—have made a tremendous appeal. Window displays of goods are now appearing in villages and towns throughout Great Britain.

1st Prize
£500
2nd Prize
£100
3rd Prize
£50

50 Prizes of One Guinea,
One Thousand Diplomas
of Merit as well as Gold,
Silver & Bronze Medals

Why don't you enter for the competition and attract the crowds too? All you have to do is to select any one line of goods advertised in "John Bull" and make a display of it for a period of one week between now and December 31.

You then take a photograph of your display and submit it to "John Bull." Small shops and big stores stand an equal chance—it is not necessary to devote the whole of the window to your display.

Post the coupon below to-day—it will bring you a Special Free Outfit, so that you can commence at once.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM.

To JOHN BULL
National Window Display
Competition Dept. J.B.5.
85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me without obligation full particulars of the JOHN BULL Window Display Competition. I am a bona fide trader and attach my billhead, card or business notepaper.

Name

Address

Description of Business

Date 1927.
5.11.27. J.B.

Good Grocers
are displaying
Shredded Wheat
in their windows
to remind you to
buy a packet



Look for the BIG Packet

—it means most value for money

Everybody knows Shredded Wheat by the big packet — and every housewife knows that this big packet means extra weight, extra food and extra nourishment. Value for every penny!

Shredded Wheat is not a dainty dish that appeals merely to the palate — but a substantial, complete food that gives health and strength to every nerve, muscle and bone. It is the whole wheat — nothing more, nothing less.

Ready to serve—no cooking. An all-round economy and a fine food for everybody.

SHREDDED WHEAT

100% FOOD

EIGHTPENCE
(in U.K. only)

If you have not had an opportunity of trying Shredded Wheat send at once a postcard with name and address and we will forward a free trial packet.

Address: The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd. (Dept. 26), Welwyn Garden City, Herts.



5
for
10^d

DON'T FORGET
YOUR
MANIKINS
TO-NIGHT

Manikin enjoyment
never fails and care
vanishes every time
you light one of these
delightful smokes.

Mild as a May
morning, and as fra-
grant—yet inexpen-
sive—10d. buys 5—
and for a mere 2d.
you ensure half an
hour of perfect bliss.

Any tobacconist will
be delighted to sup-
ply you with a
packet.

MANIKIN
CIGARS

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

5 FOR 10^d

All Tobacconists
Sell Manikins

In Sunshine Ward
by PHILIP INMAN

A STRANGE DEATH NOTICE

I FIRST saw Mary Page when she was surrounded by a curious throng of men and women. She had been taken ill in the train and for some unknown reason she had been left in the station approach with the full glare of the public gaze upon her whilst some one had gone to summon the ambulance.

It was the crowd which drew me to her, and I arrived in time to see the death-like form lifted upon the stretcher. "Where are you taking her?" I managed to ask one of the ambulance men, and he mentioned the name of my hospital.

"We are in a difficulty about her," I was told when I asked how she was faring. "Her complaint has been diagnosed as —," and a high-salutin' medical name was given which I knew meant for that patient a serious and immediate operation.

"And what's your difficulty?" I went on. "We are unable to send for her relatives," came the answer, "as she refuses to give their address."

Pathetic doubt

I walked up to the ward and made my way to this girl's bedside. I told her that it was customary to have the name and address of the next-of-kin. Sadly she shook her head. "I have only got a mother," she murmured softly, "and I don't want her to be worried."

"I lost my only brother in the war," she said quietly, "and mother's never been the same since. It brought on a nervous breakdown, and she lost interest in everything, including me."

"But you are ill now," I reminded her, "and I think she had better be told." The patient smiled, a rather tragic smile. "I doubt if she would come," was her pathetic answer. "You see, I have not been living at home lately and we have lost touch with each other."

"Well, let us try," I persisted, and after a little more persuasion she consented to give me the address. This telegram was

at once dispatched: "Please come at once to — Hospital."

Three hours later she arrived, a spritely little woman, though dressed in deep black. Her face was alight and in her eyes shone a great hope. "You have sent to tell me my boy is here," she said excitedly. "Where is he? I always knew he would be given back to me."

The truth divined

For a moment I failed to grasp her meaning, and then like a flash the truth dawned. "No," I said tenderly, "it is not your son, but your daughter who is here, and I am afraid she is ill, very ill."

"My boy not here," she stammered, "and I thought, oh! I hoped —." She stopped, buried her head in her hands and wept bitterly.

It would have done more harm than good for this woman to have gone into the ward in such a condition, and so that girl had to be carried in to the operating theatre when a tender word and a mother's kiss might have made all the difference.

Whilst the fight went on over her life Mrs. Page told me of her heart's sickness. Her only son Fred was reported missing in the European War, but she had never felt that he was dead. In that belief she had visited every military hospital expecting one day she would find him.

"His room is still waiting for him," she told me, "and he will find it just the same as when he went away."

It is nine years since the Armistice, and yet here was a woman whose heart yearned for the restoration of her only boy. War—what a cruel monster it is!

When the operation was over I enquired from the surgeon if he thought Mary Page would live. "It's extremely doubtful," he replied, "but she's young and that might pull her through."

Before I left the hospital that night I made further enquiry. "She appears to be sinking," I was informed, "and her mother is with her." The next



Philip Inman

morning the report was "No improvement."

About eleven o'clock the patient's lips started to move, but no words came. Then, into her eyes appeared a strange light like the glow of another world. For a moment she seemed inspired. "Fred, oh Fred," she whispered, "how wonderful."

When Mrs. Page heard these words she must have divined the truth. "My boy is dead, I know it now," she breathed. Then she added feelingly, "Please God, make my girl well again."

The patient turned her eyes in the direction of that voice. "Mother," she said, "you here." "Yes, dear, I'm here." And late that afternoon when Mary Page opened her eyes again, she had safely weathered the crisis.

The Sentence of the Court

BLUNDERING PLUNDERING

The "Axe" versus a Jemmy

ENDEAVOURING to camouflage the dark designs of a cat burglar beneath the outward aspect of an elder of the kirk, Ramsay MacDonald pleaded "Not guilty" of harbouring felonious intentions.

"The venue of this offence," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "was Abergwynfi, and it is not improbable that the accused selected this locality in the hope that the police, rather than cope with obvious difficulties of spelling and pronunciation, would let the case go by default."

"At Abergwynfi, Mr. MacDonald announced, 'Make no mistake about it; we are going on with the surtax.' Fortunately, there is much virtue in an 'if,' and unless the accused can convince us of his qualifications to rule us we are not likely to give him an opportunity to rob us."

"The whole idea of a surtax on incomes over £500 a year is based on the dictates of laziness rather than the principles of logic. Heaven knows, taxation in this country is already sufficiently high; but the accused, instead of proposing to reduce public expenditure, threatens further to reduce private incomes."

"Even the capital levy possessed the merit that it was to be used for reducing the National Debt; but it is proposed that this levy on savings shall be used

for encouraging our squandermaniacs. We ask for an 'axe' and are offered a tax."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that Mr. Watchdog had carefully refrained from mentioning that the money raised was to be used in developing social services. Even so-called robbery might be justifiable if its proceeds were devoted to worthy ends. The real opposition to this scheme came from a small group of millionaires and their satellites.

"If only millionaires are opposed to this absurd proposal," said Mr. Justice Bull, "the Labour Party will have no difficulty in carrying it. But I refuse to accept the insulting implication that an ability to distinguish statesmanship from cheap-jack political trickery is possessed only by the wealthy."

"I do not know whether to describe the originators of this idea as hopeful plunderers or hopeless blunderers, for the proposal was carried in the absence of Mr. Snowden and Mr. Graham, former Labour Ministers at the Treasury."

"It is doubtful if the former can even attempt to reconcile his statement that lack of savings is hindering our trade recovery with a proposal designed still further to diminish savings and to drive

some additional nails (or 'tax') into the coffin our half-baked economists are preparing for British industry."

"If our social services are inefficient, let Governments spend on these some of the money they now squander on armaments. One thing certain is that the withdrawal of £100,000,000 (which amount, we are glibly informed, will be produced by the surtax) from industry will greatly increase unemployment."

"You cannot make a country richer by making its citizens poorer. The idea of bribing one section of the community by impoverishing another section is very much like setting fire to Smith's house so that Jones can warm his hands at the blaze."

"The prisoner appears to think that the earning of money in excess of a comparatively modest amount should be made a 'capital' offence, punishable by sentence of debt."

"There is something singularly irritating about the unctuous manner in which, with one eye on Brown's vote and the other on Robinson's bank balance, he murmurs, 'Let us prey.'"

"The prisoner shall be deprived of his Court uniform and shall wear a deer-stalker cap, a mask and rubber gloves until he can reconcile his pious platitudes with his Bill Sikes-like attitudes."



Headache gone in 5 minutes!

YEAST IS LIFE

AN eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B.

YEAST VITE IS RICH IN VITAMIN B.
When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

THIS Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker, and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins and other valuable ingredients. Prescribed by leading medical specialists. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour.

Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets will relieve :-
Headache, Neuralgia, etc. . . . in 5 minutes
Indigestion, Flatulence . . . in 5 to 10 minutes
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 15 minutes
Influenza Colds, Fever . . . in 24 hours

CAUTION.—See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

Irving's Yeast Vite Tonic Tablets
OUR GUARANTEE.
Obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us and we will refund the money by return of post.

IRVING'S • YEAST • VITE • LABORATORIES
CECIL HOUSE, FOLSBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.



From £4 job at Colliery to £10 POST as SALESMAN

Mr. C. was originally a draughtsman in a colliery, earning £4 a week, but when he joined the College in April, 1927, he was on temporary work at a very small wage.

Wallace Attwood trained him in Salesmanship, by post, in his spare time, and after training found him a good post with a large engineering firm. In the student's own words:

"The position is an important one and at the outset is worth £500 a year. Add to this the fact that the firm are purchasing a new car for me and paying all running expenses—it will therefore take very little imagination to visualise what sort of job I have obtained."

Do YOU Want More Money?

Thousands of men who are worth their salt have been helped by Wallace Attwood to get out of routine jobs, poorly-paid jobs, and get into the healthy, open-air, enjoyable and well-paid career of a Travelling Salesman. Many Attwood-trained men are now earning their £400, £500, and even up to four figures per annum. After training, every man is introduced to progressive firms with actual salaried vacancies for Travelling Salesmen.

The essentials for acceptance by Wallace Attwood for training are backbone and grit. If you know you have these, post the Coupon below (or send postcard) for a free copy of the same booklet which gave the colliery man his chance.

Wallace Attwood College
(Dept. 122),
26, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1

WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE undertakes to :-

1. Give you the most complete postal training in Salesmanship, including Practical Demonstrations.
2. Train you to sell your services, and introduce you to SALARIED Positions with firms of repute, as Travelling Salesman (not shop assistant).
3. Ensure your success during your first three weeks "on the road" by special manuals and advice.

The service we offer you is the result of training 20,000 people for business.

FILL IN AND POST TO-DAY
THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE
26, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.
Please send me free, your 44-page illustrated book, "The Foundation of Salesmanship."

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
Please write in pencil. 122



Adventures of the BISTO KIDS.

So near and yet—

There came from the restaurant car Such a savour, they felt they could lick it. They were near it and yet were so far, For the Kids hadn't got any ticket. But both of them knew, It was perfectly true, That Bisto had helped in that wonderful stew, But to let them be near, yet so far from the car, I really don't think it was cricket.

BISTO
for Soups, Stews
and all Meat Dishes



IN PRIZES for LIMERICKS

When you're eating 'Diploma' you know
It's an all English product, and so
You're getting the best
That will stand every test

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £25 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to: **WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD. (Dept. 7), TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.**
Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Monday, Nov. 14.
Result: Saturday, Dec. 3.

PRIZEWINNERS Competition No. 28.

- £25—Mrs. E. MONTAGUE, Francarth, Dolphin Road, Slough.
"And her cook 'bored' the labels, they say."
£10—Mr. A. E. HOOPER, 38, Baldry Gdns., Streatham, S.W.16.
"Then she tore up her will straight away."
£5—Miss L. BUCKLE, Hollywood, Rothschilds Road, Linslade, Leighton Buzzard.
"First a 'judge' then an 'advocate,' eh?"
£5—Mr. F. HOWARD, 50, Hanover Square, Bradford, Yorks.
"And 'by gum' she could 'put it away.'"

A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor

Diploma
The **ENGLISH**
CRUSTLESS CHEESE



Note Tape Opener.

3d. per portion
1/4d. Box of Six.



Eyes of Youth

Many a child begins school life under the heavy handicap of defective eyesight—frequently quite unsuspected. The eyes of youth are infinitely precious; safeguard them by careful and skilled examination before their life-work begins in earnest.

Any optician who shows this sign will give you a free copy of a book, "Signs that Show Your Eyes Need Help," or you can obtain it from the Secretary, at the address below.



Issued by
The National Council for the Preservation of
Eyesight, 97, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

TRY THIS SIMPLE PLAN

If you have a child who pulls faces at ordinary milk, don't let him go without what is necessary to his health and strength. Take a thin slice of bread or a biscuit and spread it nice and thick with Nestlé's Milk. In this way he will get plenty of milk in the safest form in which you can give milk to any little boy or girl.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Words Winged to Women

AN INCREDIBLE OMISSION

by MABEL HORNER

THAT the servant who has been faithful in a few things shall be made ruler over many is more than a bit of poetic justice. It is a wise and business-like principle that, generally applied, would do more than any other to "clean up the world."

BEFORE me lies a pleasant and cheerful little album of hope that has just arrived by post. I call it an "album of hope" because it is a record of another year's achievement of Social Work for Women under the direction of "Colonel" Catherine Booth.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth was the pioneer of all such work undertaken by the Salvation Army. Her heart ached for what another great preacher has called "the poor tempted children of the street" and out of love and abounding pity the practical help has grown.

"By its works of love and mercy, both in peace and in war," said His Majesty King George lately, "the Salvation Army has become honoured and endeared to the hearts of the nations of the world."

Another tribute to this work for women comes from the Queen. "I am commanded by the Queen to tell you," wrote Sir Harry Verney to Mrs. Booth, "how greatly pleased Her Majesty was with her visit. . . . She will always remember this happy occasion," referring to a visit by Queen Mary in person to see for herself the women rescued and helped at the headquarters in Mare Street, Hackney.

Saved on the brink

How necessary is that work the story of Jessie will show. Jessie was a village girl tied down to irksome duty in humdrum country life by the necessity of nursing an invalid mother. When a married man offered to give her a run in his car the temptation of a little pleasure was too strong to be resisted.

The mother died and neighbours were astonished that Jessie refused any longer to stay at home. The truth was that at fourteen she was about to become a mother and she ran away to Brighton to drown herself.

But on her way to the pier she fell in with a Salvation Army officer and soon her trouble was poured out to sympathetic ears. Jessie was taken to a home and started again on the way to life instead of meeting death in the waves or drifting to the streets.

"Unmarried mothers are not prostitutes," says Mrs. Booth; "but let us not forget that it is from the unmarried mothers who do not receive help when they are first betrayed that the sad army of prostitutes is recruited."



Mrs. Bramwell Booth

She should know. The Salvation Army has received thousands of expectant unmarried mothers in Great Britain and Ireland, of whom some were under fourteen and many under sixteen. In one year it has supplied 307,299 beds to homeless women and its midnight appeals to women last year numbered 4,896.

Five hundred and fifty-seven women and girls in danger were assisted or restored to their friends, bringing up the total of women helped since the work started to 1,558,583, the provision of temporary beds to 8,590,314, and meals to 15,466,661.

Yet, when the Home Secretary appoints a committee to "clean up the streets," and see what change is needed in the laws of prostitution and solicitation, he calmly ignores this colossal work and leaves its author out of account.

It is the most amazing Governmental omission ever made. It is an insult to humanity and intelligence. But there is another omission quite as bad, if not worse.

As everyone knows, morality is the first human virtue to go to the wall during war. When war breaks out then does immorality flourish exceedingly, both in private and on the streets. The inclusion of women in the Army Forces made imperative the need for women police. In civilian walks of life they were equally necessary.

Grave omissions

During the last terrible war it was difficult for any woman to walk alone in the evening and not be accosted. Men who wished to keep respectable tell the same tale on their own account.

The help of the women police during those dreadful years was beyond all praise. They were a refuge to the innocent and a restraint to the froward.

They are still doing this good work, and Commandant Mary S. Allen, O.B.E., probably knows as much as any man living about the danger of the streets and how best girls and women may be protected.

Her reputation is world-wide. She is a recognised authority and has travelled widely in response to invitations from other countries to detail and explain the work of women police.

But apparently Sir William Joynson-Hicks does not know this lady, for he has not invited her to join his committee. There has been plenty of criticism about some of the people who are on that committee, and there will be more.

I am more concerned at the moment with his grave omissions. They can and must be rectified.

Women all over the country, who want to see justice done, must demand that Mrs. Bramwell Booth and Commandant Mary S. Allen be appointed forthwith.

POLISH AND PANIC

Startling Truths for Housewives

BY every canon of custom and common sense, great preachers, in addition to their gospel of hope, are expected to thunder against sin. They may pity, but they must rebuke, the sinner.

It is better than sentiment. It is sound sense. For anyone with half an eye can see that in the long run wickedness does not pay. Even a venial sin, such as carelessness, may end in tragedy.

That we all know and expect. But we experience something of a shock when we find positive virtues bringing down the same unpleasant results.

It is, for instance, a very real evidence of good-heartedness when a man is a lover of animals and birds. The smaller and weaker the subject, the greater call it makes to strength when in distress.

The price paid

We put our reader, Mr. William McLean, of 24, Llanarth Street, Newport, Mon., among this gentle-hearted class. If he sees a living creature hurt, he does not stand idly by or pass along leaving some other fellow to help it.

Thus, when a young bird unable to fly, fell from the eaves of his house, his instant thought was to restore it to its nest. Hastily fetching a ladder, he set it against the wall and picked up the fledgling. But on the very top rung of

his ladder he was just a few inches short of his objective.

In stretching up to reach the nest, he lost his balance and crashed to the ground. He was quite badly injured, suffering a fractured leg and a fractured bone in his left forearm.

Total incapacitation for three months is pretty serious to a man who is a ship's cook, and who must depend on the earnings of his wife's little general shop when trips are scarce. The cheque therefore which JOHN BULL was able to send was a wonderful help.

It would be ungallant to suggest that

£5 for a Few Words

Write on a postcard the name and address of a Window Display competing in JOHN BULL's Great National Window Display Competition which attracts you most and a short description of it. Send the postcard, with your own name and address, to JOHN BULL, "Stars" Department, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A Prize of £5 will be awarded weekly for the best description sent in. All windows competing show the JOHN BULL "Star." The winner this week of the £5 is Mr. Jack House, Jr., 871, Cumbernauld Road, Riddrie, Glasgow, E. Article displayed: "Bird's Custard and Jellies."

men have any monopoly of virtue, therefore we gladly record that woman's faithfulness to duty sometimes takes the form of overwork. They do more than clean their homes. They polish them to a high pitch of perfection.

Warning and advice

But Mrs. K. E. James, of Thistlecroft, Hershams, Walton-on-Thames, forgot that this perfection has its dangers. Sensing something burning on the gas stove, she hurried across the highly polished lino, slipped and fell really heavily, injuring bones in her forearm so that she was out of action for several weeks.

Mrs. A. Taylor, of 13, Co-operative Street, Barnoldswick, is another reader who believes in polish and follows the old Yorkshire custom of making it herself, of turpentine and beeswax. She likes a good lot, and melts it together in a bucket which she puts on the gas-stove.

But one day the whole lot caught alight. Mrs. Taylor's screams brought her husband running. The burning bucket was carried out, but not before both husband and wife were burned.

Happily Mr. Taylor was registered, and the handsome JOHN BULL cheque received helped recovery materially.

Is this sufficient warning? If so, are you registered? If not, spend two minutes and do it now.

YOU CAN PLAY THE PIANO TO-DAY-TRY IT NOW!

Here is an Illustration of your Piano or Organ Keyboard. Go to it and play for yourself the first 14 notes of "Auld Lang Syne."



BASS. This part is for the Left Hand.

We Teach You FREE!

You Merely Pay for
the Necessary Music.

THERE is only one system of Pianoforte tuition in the world by which you can learn to play tunes, with both hands, after but one short lesson in your own home and on your own piano—that is the Naunton National Music System.

It makes no difference whether you are young or old; whether you have had previous lessons or not, you can play the piano to-day by this marvellously rapid and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties, and no dull or wearisome exercises or scales to worry you.

Failure is Impossible!

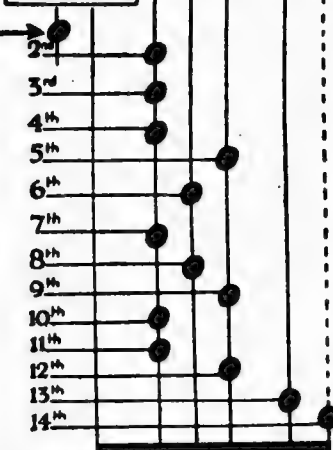
You cannot fail, it is so simple. All you have to do is to sit at your piano with our music in front of you and play at once—your favourite classical compositions, sacred music, songs, dance music—anything you desire. Our first lesson will show you how. We have taught many thousands of people of all ages, all over the world, to become successful pianists.

STRIKE THIS NOTE FIRST

This one—
This one nex.—
and so on.

Strike
these
notes
on
your
Piano.

LOCK OF PIANO



They are the first 14 notes of "Auld Lang Syne" written in the extremely simple Naunton National Music System.

HERE ARE THE SAME NOTES WRITTEN IN THE ORDINARY NOTATION.



Necessitating the key signature of six sharps, which is the most difficult key used in ordinary music. You can play these 14 notes easily now we have shown you how. Send the special coupon from this advertisement, and get your first Naunton Book; it will show you how to read and play in any key complete compositions on your piano or organ with both hands.

This part is for the Right Hand. TREBLE.



Prove the Simplicity of the System YOURSELF!

Ordinary old-fashioned methods entail costly tuition, which becomes increasingly expensive as you progress. To this is added the cost of music and the years of drudgery.

By the Naunton National Music System you learn to play FREE. . . . You merely pay for the necessary music, and there is no drudgery whatever. If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods, or are afraid to begin because of cost and drudgery, take advantage of the special offer we make to-day, and fill in the coupon which appears in this advertisement. By return of post you will receive our Special Instruction Book, containing eight popular tunes which you can play at once. This book also tells you how you can easily, quickly and pleasantly become a really good pianist. Do not miss this opportunity.

Fill
in this
Coupon
NOW!

For Your First Book.

To the Manager, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, 27, High St., New Oxford St., London, W.C.2.
Being a reader of JOHN BULL and desirous of testing your system, I send herewith postal order for ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE in return for which please send me your "Special Instruction Book," containing eight tunes, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NAME

ADDRESS

J.B. 5/11/27

We have received from delighted students and Musical Authorities Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials.

Here are a few selected at random. You can see the originals in the Reception Hall at our London Offices.

Mr. FREDERIC MULLEN, well-known composer of Educational Music, says: "You have discovered a method of teaching music without the usual drudgery. This, in my opinion as a writer of educational music, removes one of the greatest obstacles with which beginners have to contend."

"A DELIGHTED PARENT" writes: "I am perfectly satisfied with the progress my daughter is making with her music under your system. . . . My daughter can play better than several we know who have been learning two or three years."

Mr. CHARLES ANGLIFFE, Musical Director and Composer of many famous works, including "Nights of Gladness Waltz," writes: "Its logical lucidity must in time revolutionise our present system of musical orthography. Had I but known it years ago, it would have smoothed the paths of hundreds of young students who have passed through my hands. This benefit, however, is open to beginners to to-day and they will do well to avail themselves of its wonderful help."

A PUPIL—Sixty years of age—writes: "I am getting on grand. Sixty years of age and I can play forty pieces of music perfectly."

ANOTHER PUPIL writes: "I wish to thank you for all your kindness. I am delighted at being able to play. I had quite made up my mind that I was too old to learn even though to amuse myself."

Mr. HUBERT BATH, one of the greatest musical authorities of to-day, writes: "My attention was drawn some time ago to a wonderful idea known as the Naunton System. I have looked into it and can say, as a musician, that, were I in the position that I was when commencing to study my art, the Naunton System would have saved me a deal of trouble, study and difficulty."

"I consider your method a killer of complications"—R. J. BELLAMY, Member of the Sol-fa College, Holder of Society of Arts and Midland Institute Certificates for Theory, Harmony and Counterpoint.

Mr. BENNETT SCOTT, the composer of over 3,000 of the most popular songs in Great Britain, writes: "I consider Naunton's National Music System the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

FREE DEMONSTRATIONS DAILY
—at 3 p.m. and Mondays
and Wednesdays at 7 p.m.

NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM,
27, HIGH STREET, NEW OXFORD STREET,
Next Tottenham Court Road Tube Station,
LONDON, W.C. 2.

Issued by the Associated Schools of Music & Recreation, Ltd.

Human Documents

Afraid to Confess

Wife's Hard Lot—The Jilter Pays—A Moral Right

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being set to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I AM a married woman, thirty-five years of age, and I suppose in the ordinary course of events I should be at the height of physical vigour and enjoying the happiness which a good husband and a family of bonnie children bring a woman.

"I have one of the best husbands, and I would do anything to save him pain. Yet though in years I am in the prime of life, I feel like a woman of sixty.

"In appearance, I am old beyond my years, and I know that the disease which carried off several of my relations has laid its hand on me. At times I am in such agony that only the thought that if I were to seek relief by my own hand I might never see my loved ones in the future stays me from suicide.

"My mental torture, however, is worse than all my bodily pain. I am undergoing terrible punishment in the torment of a burdened conscience.

"I HAVE a large family of children, but there is one of them who is at once my greatest joy and my greatest grief. My greatest joy because it is all that is left to me of a love now dead, my greatest grief because a cloud of shame hung over its birth. It is not my husband's child.

"It is delicate, whereas the others are all robust. I love the little one as only a mother can.

"But can you realise how painful it is to me to notice that my husband lavishes more affection on this child than on the others for the reason that it more resembles me than do the others?

"I feel I do not wish to die with this burden on my conscience, but I fear that if my husband were to learn the truth, even on my death-bed, he would send the child away, though it broke his heart.

"It does not seem just that either my trustful husband or my weakling child should suffer for my sin. If I were to die without confessing, my secret would be buried with me. Yet I am afraid to die unforgiven and afraid to confess."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your tragedy is not less poignant because it is of your own making and might have been averted if you had confided in your husband in days gone by. In fearing that your husband would send the child away if he knew your secret you probably underrate his love both for you and for the innocent child which you conceived in sin. All the same, why brand an innocent child with the consequences of your own sin? Far better say nothing.*

"I AM a married woman with five little children. My husband, who earns quite good wages, gives me 50s. a week, which I think everyone will agree is little enough to provide everything for a family of seven.

Guest of Dishonour

"I could bear the worry of pinching and scraping for my own flesh and blood, but my husband has a bosom companion, a single man, whom he brings home to supper four or five nights a week.

"On Saturday nights they go out drinking together, and come back drunk, sometimes as late as three o'clock, and then my husband makes me get out of bed to prepare a meal.

"His friend stays the night, and I have to prepare breakfast for them on Sunday morning. After that they go out again,

and come back in the afternoon drunk and then I have to give them dinner.

"When I tell my husband during the week that I am short of money, he carries on dreadfully. He says that 6s. a week should keep him easily, and that it costs no more to entertain his friend, as what feeds one will feed two.

"His own people have tried to persuade me to leave him, but I don't want to break up the home for the children's sake.

"If his friend were hard up and had no home I would help him gladly, but he is earning good wages himself, and has a comfortable home with his parents."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your husband must be either culpably thoughtless or the soul of selfishness. It might bring him to his senses if you took him at his word and rigidly rationed him and his friend to whatever you could provide for 6s. a week. It might also make his friend realise that he is a guest of dishonour. If your husband cannot be made to realise his obligations otherwise, it would be better for you to leave him.*

"WHILST stationed abroad in the Army, I became acquainted with a foreign girl whose tale of distress rather touched me. Her outward appearance and the shabbiness of her dress spoke volumes, and after I had listened to her tale of woe I thought she was

deserving of sympathy.

"We corresponded and went out several times together, and I helped her to get a situation with some English-speaking people and provided her with an outfit of clothing and everything she needed.

"Then we were ordered to another foreign station, and before we left this young woman pleaded with me to marry her, and although I had a fiancée at home, I yielded to her persuasion and we were married by a local official.

"I sent my wife home to my parents, explaining the circumstances, and asking them to be kind to her.

"Now there is an awkward sequel. I believe my parents did everything possible for my wife, but she became insolent and troublesome and eventually, having discovered that she was by no means so innocent as she had led me to believe they turned her out of the house.

"I expect to leave the Army shortly, but I am given to understand that, owing to my wife's behaviour, I shall no longer find a welcome at home.

"It hurts me to feel that I am cast off by my parents through trying to do what I thought was a good turn to one in distress, who has now shown that she cares nothing for me."

"HUMANIST" says: *It seems to me you flatter yourself in describing what you did as "a good turn." What about the fiancée at home whom you jilted. You may have exaggerated the extent of the estrangement from your parents, but, unless your wife is unfaithful to you, you must carry out your obligations.*

Keep Warm

THE best way to keep warm in winter is to have a warm heart. If your heart is glowing, you will see that your neighbour's heart is glowing, too. You can light empty grates and warm cold hands by subscribing to "The Greatest of These ——" Fund. (See page 38.)

"A FRIEND of mine has lately been left some money, but he is so worried as to the way he came by it that he has almost resolved to give it up to the person to whom he thinks it rightly belongs.

A Will and a Way

"He was next-of-kin to a man who was far from friendly with him, and who, he feels sure, would not have allowed his money to come into my friend's possession if he could have avoided it, but he was cut down in the prime of life without having made a proper will.

"After his death, a rough draft of a will was found, unsigned, which clearly shows his intention of leaving his money to a woman friend.

"My friend, the next-of-kin, is in somewhat poor circumstances, and this windfall would be a great help to him.

"He cannot make up his mind, however, whether he is justified in keeping it or whether it should not go to the person indicated in the rough draft which was found after his relative's death.

"Can you help him to decide the point?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is a matter for his own conscience. If it is troubling him, there is a way though there is no will. Let him draw the money as next-of-kin, and hand over half of it to the person whom he regards as having a better moral claim to it.*

Gambling Fever

"My son is gambling mad. He devotes all his spare money to betting and I am seriously concerned regarding his future. He has recently been promoted to a position in which he handles a lot of money, and I fear temptation may prove too strong for him. Should I warn his employer?"

"Humanist" says: *No. Warn your son. You can point out the futility and extravagance of his hobby, and help him to overcome his obsession, but it would not assist him in any way to make his employer suspicious of him, possibly quite without cause.*

Ministry or Matrimony

"I have long felt called to enter the Christian ministry, but the girl I am courting tells me she feels she could never adapt herself to the duties of a minister's wife. It seems, therefore, that I must either miss my vocation or follow it and sacrifice happiness. Which should I choose?"

"Humanist" says: *If you are dismayed by the prospect of self-sacrifice before you have even entered the Christian ministry I am inclined to doubt whether it is really your vocation. All or nothing should be a Christian minister's motto.*

A Timely Warning

"Because I would not become definitely engaged the man who was courting me is drinking himself silly with whisky, and says that only my promise to marry him will make him stop. I do not like to feel responsible for his downfall. Should I relent?"

"Humanist" says: *Certainly not. Your refusal is an excuse, not a reason, for his drinking. If he were worthy of you, he would prove it in a more manly fashion. As it is, he has displayed the weakness of his character in time to save you from what might well be a matrimonial tragedy!*

The Practical Gift

'BLACKBIRD' SELF-FILLER

The boy or girl who receives a "Blackbird" as a gift will be envied among his or her companions. For the "Blackbird," although one of the most moderately priced of presents, has a happy quality of pleasing and impressing the recipient with a sense of its high value and obvious usefulness.

Self-Filling
"Blackbird"
7/6, 10/6, 12/6
Non-self-Filling
6/-

Postage U.K. 3d. extra.

OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Illustrated List post free.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95, Regent Street, W.1; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

BETTER THAN SALTS OR PILLS

When you're constipated take Feen-a-mint, the laxative you chew. It's the chewing does it—the only medicine distributed by the saliva throughout the entire system ensuring thorough cleansing.

No griping

Not habit forming

No taste but the Mint.

Get a 1/3d. box from your chemist to-morrow. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

Mrs. J. Furman, 84, Broadways Road, Birmingham, writes, on 26th July 1927: "I have been buying Feen-a-mint regularly since last February, and cannot praise your wonderful cure for constipation too highly. They are the finest things I have ever used. I have been a great sufferer for 27 years and if people would only give them a trial they would not regret it. Feen-a-mint has been a real boon to me and I recommend them to all I come in contact with." (No. AD.11241/2)

Feen-a-mint

THE CHEWING LAXATIVE

FREE SAMPLE

Send 11d. Stamp to

FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LTD.

Bush House, London, W.C.2



DEADLY WINTER IS FEARED

Sunless Summer Increases Throat & Chest Troubles— Safe Handy Remedy

PUBLIC health has been gravely affected by the lack of vitalising weather. Even in July and August there were 1,000 more deaths than in the same months last year.

A well-known London doctor says:—"The outlook for the Winter is alarming. I expect a high death-rate from pneumonia, bronchitis and affections of the lungs. Already the first 'flu epidemic is getting a grip on the Country." The value of Peps for throat and chest is unequalled.

WONDERFUL SOOTHING FUMES

When dissolved on the tongue, these remarkable Peps tablets have an immediate soothing and curative effect on the membranes of the throat and larynx. Incipient disease is cut short. Phlegm is loosened and expelled; pain and tightness are relieved, and real chest comfort and new chest strength follow a course of this handy scientific medicine.

Peps are unique for their direct breatheable action and for their freedom from morphia, chloral, laudanum, etc. The discovery of Peps has proved that coughs, colds, and bronchial complaints can now be cured without recourse to risky opiates and narcotics.

Get a 1/3 or 3/- box of Peps from your chemists to-day and refill your pocket phial (see free offer below) as desired. Slip a Peps tablet into your mouth at the first sign of cold or throat infection. Let your children suck Peps on their way to school and give them at bedtime.

FREE PHIAL OF

Peps

A Handy & Useful Gift,



To enable users to have Peps always close at hand, a neat little aluminium pocket phial has been devised to contain four of these silver-jacketed tablets. You may have one of these dainty phials (already filled) Entirely Free by addressing postcard (rd. stamp) to Messrs. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, and mention the Free Phial offer in "John Bull," 5.11.27.



DON'T BE LATE FOR THE
£1000 for 1/3
CLOSING WEEKS
WOMEN'S HOSPITAL
BALLOT
in aid of
THE ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON HOSPITAL
£2000 IN PRIZES
94 MONEY PRIZES

PRIZES:

1st Prize	-	-	-	£1,000
2nd "	-	-	-	£500
3rd "	-	-	-	£100
4th "	-	-	-	£50
20 Prizes of	-	-	-	£10
20 Prizes of	-	-	-	£5
50 Prizes of	-	-	-	£1

The PRIZE MONEY has been deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

Do not delay, but send at once for a ticket in this Ballot, which is being run in aid of the first hospital in the British Empire founded and staffed by women.

If you already have a book in your possession, we advise you to return the counterfoils with the money to us as soon as possible in order to lighten the last minute rush which is bound to occur.

TICKETS
1/- each

Send for a book of 12 Tickets to sell to your friends, 10/-

SEND IN YOUR BOOKS.

Address all communications to **THE MANAGER, WOMEN'S HOSPITAL FUND,**
 20, Corner Buildings, 47, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

Only **26** DOWN

Nothing more to pay for one month.

Model No. 607.

The Choice is YOURS

Model No. 603.

3 Popular Models

For only half-a-crown down you can have your pick of these three genuine British-made Mead gramophones replete with all the new season's improvements. The balance you can remit in easy monthly instalments while enjoying the use of the instrument.

Our new No. 607 mahogany-finish Floor Pedestal Model (shown in this advertisement) stands 40 inches high and embodies an aluminium "Silver-tone" sound box which yields a clearer, sweeter and much louder tone than reproductions fitted to rival makes which cost more than double the price we charge for our No. 607 Upright Cabinet Model.

SENT DIRECT FROM FACTORY
 PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID
 ON 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

We also manufacture 40 different types of Table Grams and gramophones with massive exterior metal horns from 38/- cash to record buyers. Any of these you can have on very low easy monthly instalment terms.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL.

Write TO-DAY for the biggest and most beautifully coloured art catalogue ever issued—IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS. Also ask for list of Jazz Sets, Saxophones, Melodeons, Banjos, etc., at low factory cash prices or on exceptionally easy payment terms.

Mead

COMPANY (Dept. G250), SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM

£10 FOR £6 THE WORLD'S GREATEST 3-SPEED CYCLE OFFER

Read the specification and be fully convinced.

B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR

DUNLOP Roadster

RENOLD CHAIN

MIDDLEMORE'S

Three Coil Spring Saddle

Frame enamelled and lined.

Lady's or Gent's Model same price. Carriage Paid. Terms: 8/- down, 2 8/- monthly. Full Approval.

Write for Catalogue Post Free. J. G. GRAYES Ltd. Sheffield



10 YEARS WARRANTY

Price £6

HERE'S THE LATEST! —COD LIVER OIL IN TASTELESS TABLETS

**Great Flesh Builder for Skinny,
Weak, Run-Down People.**

No more need weak, thin, unfortunate children cry in protest when the nasty fishy-tasting, horrible-smelling Cod Liver Oil is brought out.

Medical science progresses rapidly, and now you can get at your Chemist's real, genuine Cod Liver Oil in sugar-coated tablets that young and old can take with ease and pleasure.

Even the run-down and skinny grown-ups who ought to take Cod Liver Oil, because it really is the greatest vitamin food and builder of healthy flesh in the world, will be glad when they read this welcome news.

Of course, Doctors have been prescribing Cod Liver Oil in Tablets under another name for several years, but it is only now that one can walk into a Chemist's and get a box of these flesh-producing tablets just as easily as a bottle of cough mixture.

Thin, run-down, anæmic men, women and children who need to grow strong and take on flesh are advised to get a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets, and if you don't gain 3 lbs. with 30 days' treatment as prescribed, just get your money back.

Just ask for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets; any good chemist will tell you that they are wonderful flesh and health builders and don't forget that they are wonder workers for feeble old folks.

Only 1/3 and 3/- the box at  any Chemist's.

In case of difficulty send to McCoy's Laboratories, Norwich.

BANISH RHEUMATISM

SWOLLEN joints, stiff limbs and back, twittings in the muscles, the constant pain day and night are all signs that Uric Acid poisons are depositing razor-like crystals in the blood, which are continually tearing away at the nerves. This is why you suffer pain. Forty years of successful results are proof that there is no quicker, surer means of curing for ever all rheumatic conditions than a short course of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Your chemist sells this world-famous doctor-recommended remedy in the 3/- size, under definite guarantee of satisfaction or money back in full. If you desire to make a free test, to prove that in twenty-four hours you will see results, simply send your name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept K.1), Croydon, when your health package will at once be forwarded without any obligation. 

**DE WITT'S
KIDNEY
& BLADDER PILLS**

Our Letter Parliament

The Octopus of Greed

Yankee Bunkum—Dogs or Diggers?—Workers as Partners

THE articles by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson in JOHN BULL reveal conclusive proof that world-wide gambling in the people's food has reached such gigantic proportions as to constitute, next to war, the greatest menace which confronts us to-day. It is the octopus of greed, made virile by the feasts of war-profits, growing ever more powerful until its loathsome tentacles have enveloped the source of every commodity in life. So surely is it sapping the vitality of the nations of the world that the nations' League might well be requested to demand universal Government action.—*Smallshaw.*

Stinging Pirates

We can grow more than enough sugar, at a lower cost than we are paying now for it, in Mauritius alone. Mauritius is one of our colonies, and is eager for our trade, yet every year we put millions into the pockets of foreign pirates, who sting us for all they (or we) are worth. Again, what is happening to the sugar refineries for home-grown beet, for which millions have been paid in subsidies?—*E. W. S., Gillingham.*

Could be Worse!

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson has not taken into consideration the fact that an import duty was imposed on foreign sugar during the war. If he deducts this, he will find that the actual price of sugar is not over 12½ to 15 per cent. more than in the "piping days of peace."—*B. T., Wisbech.*

What Humbug!

A man who restricts his labour to make his job last longer is looked on as a hound; if he has a bet on a horse or a greyhound race he is wicked; but if he holds up, by cornering, or restricting growth of commodities in any form, to force up prices, he is a man of business, a genius, a merchant prince. What hypocrisy, what humbug!—*J. H., Lancashire.*

Consumers' Councils

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson has shown us how restriction not only of fruit and tea, but also sugar, is organised. The only solution is to form JOHN BULL consumers' councils in every district, which would watch prices and boycott those who charge unduly.—*M. A. R., Sunderland.*

The Real Sinners

Some of your readers' comments in "Letter Parliament" are a gross libel on middlemen, who are a conscientious body of food distributors. We are paying 31s. 6d. per cwt. for sugar and selling it to the public at 3½d. per lb. Out of this profit we provide bags and pay for the labour for wrapping. The men who deal in shiploads are the real sinners, who get more profit per pound than we who do all the work.—*W. J. C., Middlesbrough.*

Union is Strength

Surely in the interests of industrial peace the whole of the British Press should follow the example of JOHN BULL, thus creating a public indignation which would compel our lethargic Government to protest vigorously against international food restricters.—*J. S. S., Gateshead.*

Frustrated Plot

France has recently experienced an aspect of the "Huge Sugar Plot" exposed by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson. French sugar manufacturers had planned to export vast quantities at a loss in order to raise home prices. On the Prefecture of Police invoking an article of the Penal Code dealing with the repression of fraud, the scheme failed. Would that we had an international code to punish gambling in food!—*M. H., Sussex.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Paying a Debt

Have the public any idea of how much they owe to JOHN BULL for its constant battle in their interests? It is up to us, its readers, to tell our friends. "If only papers would fight the food profiteers and the food ringers as JOHN BULL does there would be no 'huge sugar plot.'"—*Widow, Clydeside.*

Loss and Gain

Mr. Philip Whitwell Wilson, in "The Cauldron of Hate" (JOHN BULL, October 22), makes a brave attempt to justify America in refusing to join the League of Nations. He quotes the number of her young men lost as 65,000. He omits the millions of money won. Had America sent her sons to fire her own ammunition, her sons lost would have been millions and her sterling won nil, and England would not now be submerged in debt.—*John Pounds, Ilants.*

Lordly Rights

In a small town of 2,000 in Sussex the entire area and dwellings belong to "my lord." His mansion is enclosed by a wall 6 ft. high and 18 miles in circumference. Quite recently a pathway through the same has been closed so that the public have no means of entrance but by invitation. His river which flows through the district could be used for power to illuminate the district with electric light, but the proposition is turned down. Permission has been asked to erect factories, but is refused.—*Fairplay, Bristol.*

Grow Our Own!

The article by Mr. John Straight in JOHN BULL, October 22, should make everyone think. On another page Mr. E. Roffe Thompson tells us that another sugar ramp is in the offing. Surely here is a grand opportunity to bring a large proportion of the 13,000,000 acres mentioned by Mr. Straight into cultivation by growing sugar-beet. Thus would a good deal of unemployment be solved; the housewife would benefit, and the farmer would gain in having a valuable cattle-food from the beet pulp.—*H. J., Mon.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DAILY NEWS":—"At 4.50 a.m. a still small voice TAPPED AT MY DOOR and said, 'It's nearly five.'"

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (Advt.):—"Lost, black kitten; 2 BLACK STRIPES DOWN BACK."

"HULL DAILY MAIL":—"The children brought 335 eggs and THESE BUNCHES OF FLOWERS were afterwards distributed between the local charities."

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS":—"Miss ——— acknowledged her stepmother's introduction of the goddess BY AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE BLOW."

"SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO":—"Long stretches of the British coasts WERE FOX-BOUNDED DURING THE NIGHT."

"HULL AND LINCOLNSHIRE TIMES":—"The local motor garage proprietor conveyed the bride AND CHURCH in his saloon car."

The Secret

Thousands of tons of Continental produce arrive in England daily, to be sold by auction for whatever it will fetch. Naturally, home-grown stuff cannot compete. The reason Continental cultivators can endure such low returns is that they've got the land! Cheap production and no tariffs count.—*Hodge, Jersey.*

What Can Be Done

I took over a piece of land last March which had not been cultivated for three years. Tools, seeds and manure cost £2 10s., the rent of the land 14s. This grew enough vegetables for myself, wife and three children, and I have sold £3 10s. worth beside, and have enough left to last the year out.—*H. C. B., Cheshire.*

Tomfoolery!

It is proposed that the South Wales miners shall "hunger march" to London very shortly. As a member of the last "hunger march," some five or six years ago, I advise the miners to stay at home. Genuine protests are all right, but under the banner of Communism they are sheer tomfoolery and hardship.—*Bunkum, Lytham.*

Wardrobes for Workless

Many an unemployed man seeking work loses heart as he realises the handicap of a shabby suit. Could not the Salvation or the Church Army act as a clearing-house for second-hand clothes, to be supplied at a small fee, or where necessary free, on a promise of repayment at a few pence a week when work is obtained?—*Workless, Bristol.*

Sport or Food?

In a northern city 170 allotmenters are to lose their plots because the land is sold to a greyhound racing company. Allotments produce something of value, greyhound courses do not, and the allotment-holders are justly raising their voices at this corner of England "going to the dogs."—*T. W., Middlesbrough.*

Where Are They?

The Home Office Committee which considered the treatment of juvenile offenders published its report in the early part of this year, after spending almost two years enquiring into the subject. Where it was found impossible to grant bail it recommended the use of remand homes provided by State funds. Yet we are still sending youngsters to prison with hardened criminals.—*A. O. P., Manchester.*

Insurance Unfairness

I agree with Miss Mabel Horner, how writes about the unfairness to girls who are unemployed having to accept any job they are offered by the exchange. I know of a typist offered a situation as a domestic servant. She refused it, therefore the unemployment benefit was stopped. Another case was of a shop girl who found herself ineligible for any benefit. She was told that her parents could easily keep her. The whole thing requires readjustment.—*F. G., Aberdeen.*

Partners All

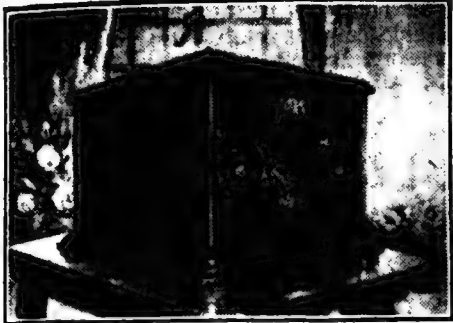
Mr. Arnold Freeman Holt asks, "Co-partnership—can anyone argue against it, except the extremist?" The answer is No. Firms like Cadbury's Rowntree's, Fry's, Lever's, Player's, etc., who have adopted this system know it to be a success. All are paying good dividends, all the employees, or partners, are happy, no strikes or lock-outs. Pity our mine-owners and miners cannot see things in the same light as the above firms. Then there would be no talk of mines not paying or miners starving.—*H. R., Notts.*

ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF NEW GENERAL RADIO CABINET RECEIVER

Orders pouring in daily

Huge factory working to capacity

THE new General Radio cabinet receiver is so unique—so unquestionably the finest wireless set offered to the public at any price—that



orders have been pouring in daily in hundreds since the first announcement appeared in the press.

The huge new factory opened a few months ago by General Radio for the manufacture of these new sets is working to capacity all day and far into the night, and even with that the supply of sets cannot keep pace with the demand.

WORTH WAITING FOR

Orders are being dealt with strictly in rotation, and although orders placed now will not be delivered for a week or two the set is so altogether wonderful that all discerning buyers are glad to wait for it. In the meantime you are advised to write for a catalogue and get full particulars of the new General Radio set.

FEATURES THAT CAUSED A SENSATION IN THE RADIO WORLD

No accumulators to charge! A Filonator is supplied instead, rechargeable at home simply by dropping in a tablet.

New "Magnetic Cone" Loud Speaker, giving truly wonderful clarity and sweetness of tone. New "Vernier" Vario Coupler makes tuning-in easier and more selective than ever before.

New 1.4 volt valves give double power and double life.

Loud Speaker and all accessories in one beautiful cabinet of polished walnut.

No increase in price of £12 (or 20/- down and 20/- a month for 12 months).

Installed FREE anywhere in the country.

SEND TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE L12.

GENERAL RADIO

GENERAL RADIO COMPANY, LTD
1 to 42a, Bravington Road, London, W.9.

Showrooms:
105, Regent Street, London, W.1.

YOU NEED NOT FEAR WINTER ILLS when ASPRO is in the Home

FACTS

ASPRO is
Woman's Best
Friend.

Possibly the greatest users of ASPRO are women, for whom ASPRO has a special charm on account of the different periodical experiences they have to go through from time to time. They surely know just what a wonderful soother and pain dispeller ASPRO is. Millions of women now throughout the world regularly use ASPRO, the safe, sure and effective pain reliever, who before had to resort to dangerous drugs, narcotics and opiates. The understanding woman uses ASPRO.

**Why ASPRO
Stops a Cold or
'Flu in one
night.**

Colds and 'flu all commence with feverish conditions. You generally get weak at the knees and feverish in the head. Watery eyes accompany these distressing features. If you stop the fever you stop the cold. ASPRO reduces the fever, so you nip the cold and the 'flu in the bud. High temperatures can be brought down in four minutes with ASPRO. Two or three tablets when you are getting a cold will usually smash up any cold or 'flu attack.

**Why ASPRO has
a Universal
SALE—**

The one big reason why ASPRO has a universal sale is because it has a universal use. It helps all, from children to parents. It stops all kinds of aches and pains. Is the quickest flasher of colds and influenza ever discovered. It relieves rheumatism in one night and saves many a good tooth if it is taken for toothache. You don't even have to lie up to take ASPRO. You can take them in trains, trains, offices, underground, underground, anywhere with quick results—it is the same. No harmful after-effects.

**Influenza
Stopped**

Mrs. F. P. writes to say that a doctor told her that ASPRO would shift 'Flu out in 24 hours, and she proved that he was right. Never tired of telling her friends about it.

ASPRO consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO BRINGS DEFINITE RELIEF IN 5 TO 10 MINUTES FOR

6d.	HEADACHE	IRRITABILITY	NEURITIS	1/3
Per Packet	NEURALGIA	ALCOHOLISM	GOUT	Per Packet
	RHEUMATISM	AFTER-EFFECTS	PAINTS PECULIAR	
	SLEEPLESSNESS	INFLUENZA	TO WOMEN	
	LUMBAGO	COLDS	NERVE SHOCK	

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. Pty. Ltd., SLOUGH, BUCKS. Phone. SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Cease to worry about winter ills—there's no need—now that ASPRO is here—provided, of course, you have ASPRO in the house. ASPRO'S power of protection is wonderful. Two ASPRO tablets with a hot Lemon Drink or Whisky will smash up a cold or influenza attack in one night. Neuralgia, that painful winter bugbear, ceases to exist to the person who takes ASPRO. One moment you either cry out with pain or feel like it—the next, after taking the tablet, you're free—left with a joyful feeling of exhilaration and peacefulness.

YOU CAN GET WELL!

There are many persons who would be alive and well to-day but for the action of some foolish individual who convinced them that they couldn't get well. It's everybody's right to be well, and they can be. It matters not whether a case looks hopeless or not. Nature is the healer, but Nature unaided fails because the neglect of natural rules of health fills up your system with impurities. These impurities cause pain. The medicine you need to remove the pain is one that disperses or removes the conditions that cause it. A medicine like a dangerous drug that dopes and deadens the mind is the worst thing to take.

ASPRO stops the pain by a soothing process, and it does not deaden the mind nor harm the heart, neither does it create nausea—nor craving. After it has been ingested in the system ASPRO dissolves Uric Acid—and is a powerful antiseptic. Thus it attacks two frequent causes of pain and illness which may show themselves in a hundred and one conditions of complaints. THAT'S WHY ASPRO has the largest sale of any medicine on earth—it helps all—its use is universal. It should be in every home to help and serve man, woman, and child. WITH the help of ASPRO you can start to get well to-day.

LIVING PROOF

**Wards Off
Influenza** P. A. Smiley states: "Highly delighted to inform you that ASPRO always staves off Influenza attacks." Wishes us success.

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

GRAVES WIRELESS BARGAIN

This highly efficient 2-Valve Loud Speaker Set is the finest Wireless Value ever offered

Volume and quality of tone are unsurpassed. Simplicity itself. With coils for long & short wave-lengths. CABINET of polished Oak. A component of highest quality. Dull Emitter Valves, with patent valve holders &c.; H.T. Battery, 2-volt accumulator; Loud Speaker to match the cabinet, with improved magnetic system; and complete Aerial Outfit. 27-17-6. Terms: 10/6 now, 10/6 Monthly. Catalogue Post Free. J.G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield



BREECHES

1/6 WEEKLY PATTERNS FREE FROM MAKERS. CUT TO MEASURE. From Bedford, Whitechapel, Treads, etc. We save you pounds. Breeches and trousers from 10/6. Other garments equally cheap. Book, Patterns, Pictorial Measure Form, etc., sent post free. Please state wants when writing. Satisfaction guaranteed. CALDERE CLOTHING CO. (Dept. J.B.) Hobden Bridge, Yorks.

FLOOR COVERING

81 SQUARE FEET FOR 15/-

BETTER QUALITY
LOW PRICES

Damp proof and long wearing, 2 yards wide. Huge stocks. Also large selection of Linos, Inlaid, etc.

FREE SAMPLES and coloured list post free on receipt of post card. Money returned if not delighted.

ROLL'S STORES, 86, Grays Inn Rd., London, W.C.1

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

We offer you the FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee stylish well-fitting garments.

TERMS: Our Bargain Prices are for deferred payments. Send a small amount with order, and complete purchase in monthly payments. Full approval in your own home. Patterns Post Free. Send post card for styles & patterns cut from 50/- the actual cloth. Suits from 50/- J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



YEARS OF
PLEASURE
FOR 1/6 WEEKLY

1/6 Weekly secures one of my famous Gramophones fitted with all latest improvements. 1 Pack Free and Pay Carriage. Free Trial. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Ask Catalogue Free. Write today for particulars of my FREE GIFT OF RECORDS. GEORGE KING, (Dept. G.B.) COVENTRY, Ltd.



Douglas Stuart

Duggie's generous terms remain unchanged during THE JUMPING SEASON.

MANCHESTER NOV. H'C'P DAILY S.P. LETTER BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

No Limit on Singles, Doubles, Accumulators.

MOST LIBERAL ODDS COMBINED WITH SECURITY FOOTBALL

LISTS ON APPLICATION.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

WRITE TO-DAY—DON'T DELAY.
5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

FOOTBALL

For ABSOLUTE SECURITY, FAIR DEALING and PROMPT PAYMENTS

Send your Commissions to
White, Fisher & Co.,
144m, West Regent Street,
GLASGOW,

WHO ARE
HERE TO-DAY AND EVERY DAY.

WRITE FOR OUR COUPON,
FIVE LISTS TO PICK FROM.

Become a "Whitefisherite,"
AND BE SATISFIED.

YOUR WINNINGS
ON YOUR BREAKFAST TABLE
AND NO DEDUCTIONS WHATSOEVER

RACING AS USUAL.

Daily and Weekly Settlements.
WE NEVER QUIBBLE
ESTD. 31 YEARS

NEWBURY FOR THE 'GET OUT'

Cambridgeshire Controversy—Burnside for the Autumn Handicap— Watch Athboy—Winners for Windsor—Crack Two-Year-Olds

LITTLE did I think, when I mentioned in my recent notes that in tight finishes at Newmarket the onlookers more often than not cheered the wrong horse home, that I was summing up a picture of the Cambridgeshire.

I DO not intend to add to the controversy raised by the three leading jockeys, and the judge's revision of distance, except to mention that Beary, on my each-way selection, Orbindos, who was inches behind Insight II., thought that Mr. Macomber's horse had won. I wish he had, as we must have drawn our place money.

ORBINDOS ran a great horse, and is one of the most genuine in training. He was not well placed in the draw, but overcame this difficulty, and in the closing stages the issue appeared to rest between him and Insight. Punters who follow Gwilt's four-year-old will not regret it.

I MADE a particular note of Fohanaun, certain to win a good handicap or two for Mr. Joel, and, of the smaller fry who will probably run again this season, Caustic. This half-brother to Embargo was flying high in aspiring to a Cambridgeshire, but he ran well and finished sixth.

NEWBURY gives us a chance to recover our big-race losses. The chief event, the Autumn Handicap, contains a number of Cesarewitch horses, but I shall look elsewhere for something fresher. I coded Tiber for the Hwfa Williams Memorial Stakes, only to see him beaten by the length of a cigar. He could win this event if he liked to put all in, but he is a bit of a dog.

HIGHER up in the handicap, I like the look of Burnside. He has won his last two races at headquarters, and the galloping nature of the Newbury course should suit him. I suggest a first stake on Sir Walter Gilbey's horse, and an each-way saver on Tiber.



Steve Donoghue, who will probably ride Burnside

I HAVE been waiting patiently for Athboy. Gilpin's youngster has been taken out of a few engagements lately, but his name crops up again in the November Nursery on the opening day at Newbury. He should be backed if allowed to take his chance. Elphenor, who was backed for pounds, shillings and pence last week, should be noted for the Beekhampton Handicap. Two to catch the eye on Saturday are Pheldon and Gracella.

MY disappointing friend, Tabennite, is engaged in the Black West Plate at Windsor, and may turn up at last. Mr. and Mrs. Easterbee made the long journey to Newcastle when he ran recently. He finished close up fourth. I am going to give Frankly another chance in the Frogmore Nursery, and I suggest African Smoke on the second day.

NEXT to the Cambridgeshire, the defeat of The Hermit II. was the biggest sensation at Newmarket. I understand that Mr. Macomber is not

WEISSDORN is staying in England to meet an engagement at Liverpool.

RUM AND COFFEE will do Turner's stable another good turn before long. She was caught on the post in the Worcester Autumn Handicap.

KING'S COLOUR should be noted for the Reading Nursery.

THEIMON—engaged this week—was heavily backed when left at the post last time out.

PORTLAND, who scored for code followers at 5 to 1, will win again.

MERRIMENT won for us at a nice price early in the season, and is likely to score again before the curtain falls. Ran well in the Fordham Welter.

Follow GREAT SAND.

taking on the English, French and German two-year-olds in the Hurst Park race this month with the son of McKinley. The colt retires for the season, and will be trained to meet the whole of our 1928 Classics open to him. As The Hermit was born in England, he is only eligible for the Grand Prix de Paris of the French series.

COMTESSA MADELINA, the champion filly from the Fatherland, who has won eight successive races, is a certain starter for the Hurst Park race, and the Germans are very emphatic in their view that they are now in a position to challenge English and French supremacy in racehorse breeding. "Der Tag" did not come off with Weissdorn, but we shall see.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Everton, Huddersfield, Newcastle, West Bromwich, Northampton, Motherwell.

5 HOME.—Everton, Manchester U., Stoke, Rochdale, Motherwell.

4 HOME.—Huddersfield, Nelson, Millwall, Celtic.

3 AWAY.—Aston Villa, Preston, Lincoln.

3 DRAWS.—Tottenham v. West Ham, Bradford v. Halifax, Falkirk v. Kilmarnock.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Everton, Newcastle, Motherwell, Bury, Glasgow Rangers.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Motherwell, Preston, Durham v. Darlington.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUE I and II).—Everton, Huddersfield, Newcastle, Stoke, West Bromwich.

FORECASTS FOR NOVEMBER 12.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Aston Villa, Burnley, Leicester, Liverpool, Sunderland, West Ham.

AWAY WINNER.—Everton.

DRAWS.—Bury v. Newcastle, Portsmouth v. Blackburn, Sheffield U. v. Huddersfield.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Hull, Leeds, Manchester C., Notts Forest, Port Vale, Preston, Swansea, Wolverhampton.

DRAWS.—Fulham v. Stoke, South Shields v. Grimsby.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Crewe, Darlington, Doncaster, Halifax, Hartlepool, Lincoln.

AWAY WINNERS.—Tranmere, Wrexham.

DRAWS.—Bradford C. v. Nelson, New Brighton v. Rochdale.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Charlton, Coventry, Merthyr, Newport, Plymouth, Queen's Park, Rangers, Swindon, Walsall, Watford.

AWAY WINNER.—Northampton.

DRAW.—Gillingham v. Brentford.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Aldrie, Cowdenbeath, Dundee, Glasgow Rangers.

AWAY WINNERS.—Queen's Park, Falkirk, Motherwell.

DRAWS.—Clyde v. Dunfermline, Hearts v. Celtic.

A Straight Tip. Buy
"The Sporting Life"
For All Sport. 2d. Daily.

IF the Totalisator comes, in the dim and distant future, now that the Jockey Club has expressed an opinion in its favour, course bookmakers may be inclined to be more generous when offering odds against the outsiders. Otherwise I do not think they have much to fear.

WHEN a bookmaker gives you 20 to 1 on a long-shot, or even money the favourite, you know where you stand. With the Tote you are up in the clouds to a great extent. In France, where the "Pari" reigns, if you subscribe to a service you receive little slips of paper showing you how the betting is going, but a big stable commission, astutely placed at the various booths just before the closure, can alter the complexion of affairs.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

N J D A I M S B V O W L F 3

Y 2 H U R C K G E Z Q X T P

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers, read those above or below the line as the case may be. 3 Z I F X U Y H would read PORTLAND.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, November 2, to Tuesday, November 8.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

DAVID COPE

AND

ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.

25, NORTH ALBION ST.,
GLASGOW.

LETTER COMMISSIONS ACCEPTED FROM
1/- UP TO ANY AMOUNT IN ACCORDANCE
WITH OUR RULES.

NO LIMIT AND WINNINGS BY RETURN.

PLACE BETTING

ONE-FOURTH THE ODDS 1-2-3 WHEN 8
OR MORE RUNNERS: ONE-THIRD THE
ODDS 1-2 WHEN 5, 6 or 7 RUNNERS.

FOOTBALL

NOTHING BARRED. NOTHING STARRED.
123 TEAMS. 6 Different Lists.

Apply at once for
CHALLENGER (CREDIT) COUPONS.
20/- to the £ ALWAYS.

Football Fancies

THE heroic game played by Hutton in the international match against Ireland, when he played for a considerable time with a fractured arm, has had an unfortunate sequel. The popular West Ham goalkeeper may be unable to play for six or seven weeks. This loss to the club is naturally a severe one.

THE peculiar anxiety to obtain the assistance of Scottish players is still an obsession with English clubs. Within the last few days both Notts clubs, Sheffield Wednesday and Bradford City have added to their playing strength by importing men from over the border, and Huddersfield Town are "angling" for Docherty, the Douglas Wanderers forward.

WE fail to see the wisdom, or necessity, for such happenings. Teams like West Ham have proved that the cultivation of local talent is profitable, and if other organisations adopted the same policy, local support would be greatly advanced.

EVERTON is a fortunate club indeed. It possesses in Dixie Dean the finest centre-forward in England, and in Tom White it has a reserve who should go far in the game.

WHITE Dean was assisting England. White played for the club against West Ham, and scored two goals. A tall, well-built boy, he is only nineteen years of age.

IT seems almost impossible to believe it, but there now seems little doubt that Derby County has been offered £10,000 for Cooper, the latest international full back, and has refused to allow the player to leave its service. This is the biggest offer ever made in the history of the game. To what is it all leading us?

AND in this connection, one hears remarkable rumours of the anxiety of clubs to obtain the services of Goddard, the talented Queen's Park Rangers centre-forward, and of the huge sums they are willing to pay for him.

BUT the popular Shepherd's Bush club has now emerged from a very trying period, and it is rather amused at the idea of lessening its effectiveness by letting Goddard go.

THE London teams are still more than holding their own in the various sections of the League, and it would really appear that Chelsea is making a most determined effort to gain promotion.

MUCH of its success is due to the fact that Andy Wilson, its Scottish international forward, is again playing in his very best form. And the "best" of Wilson is something at which to marvel.

THE TOTALISATOR

(Founded 1900.)

Head Office: ST. ANDREW SQ., EDINBURGH.
TELEGRAMS: "TOTAL, EDINBURGH."

LETTER COMMISSIONS POSTMARKED UP TO SET TIME OF RACE ARE SOLICITED.

STARTING PRIZE GUARANTEED AS A MINIMUM IN DAILY POOLS.

DAILY or WEEKLY SETTLEMENTS.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP—
DERBY CUP.

SECOND POOLS, SINGLES

DOUBLE EVENT CLOSE NOVEMBER 9.

MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HDOP.
Second Pool closes November 10.

RACING. FOOTBALL. GREYHOUNDS.

Full particulars sent on application to either London or Edinburgh.

Credit Accounts—London Office:
18, HOWICK PLACE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

Phone: Victoria 7024.

Grams: "Parimute, London."



Knife thrusts of Rheumatism Gout & Sciatica

WHY must you suffer such agonies?

There is just one cause of Rheumatism, Gout and similar troubles—an excess of Uric Acid in the system. Uric Acid is present in every human body, but normally the kidneys are able to break up and expel it. When Uric Acid accumulates to excess, the kidneys are unable to cope with it, and the accumulation results in a choking of the tiny blood vessels and stiffness and swelling of the joints. Twinges of pain, slight at first, gradually becoming more pronounced and more severe, are the result.

The secret of this wonderfully successful new treatment is that its action on the kidneys influences the renal cells so that Uric Acid passes easily. Gradually there is a breaking up of Uric Acid in the joints, tissues and blood, and the result is the disappearance of the pain.

Unlike many treatments which have been offered to the public, this medicine affords not merely temporary relief from pain but a permanent cure.

Because of the analgesic effect of this medicine, it has a remarkable effect also on cases of Neuralgia, Sciatica, and other nerve affections.

In the case of all the ailments named, this treatment has almost immediate effect; with the first dose the pain diminishes in severity. With continued treatment it disappears entirely. Yet, in spite of its power, the medicine has no ill effect on the natural processes of the body, which go to build up and maintain health.

FREE TREATMENT FOR READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

Now, readers of JOHN BULL are offered, free, a remedy proved so successful that it is prescribed privately by over 100,000 doctors all the world over.

All you have to do is to send us the coupon below. No money is wanted. This is a genuinely free offer to enable you to prove for yourself the remedy that has brought freedom from pain to thousands of sufferers. Send the coupon to-day.

—Send this Coupon—
for Free Treatment

To H. R. NAPP Ltd.,
3-4, Clements Inn,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me a free supply of the cure for Rheumatic Ailments offered to readers of "John Bull."

Name.....
J.B.I.

Address.....

(Use 1d. stamp & leave envelope unsealed.)

Grand Old Nurse

Knows One Skin Cure
That Has Never Failed

"I HAVE known Zam-Buk for 20 years as a sure skin remedy—in fact, ever since it saved my poisoned finger from amputation after I had run a needle through it," says Nurse Annie Dickens, of 95, Hawthorne Street, Knowle, Bristol.

"Zam-Buk is splendid for soothing and drawing out inflammation and poison, and it grows new skin wonderfully. Recently I attended a boy who had fallen from a wall. Three months in hospital still left a nasty leg wound which went down to the bone. I sponged, then dressed the place with Zam-Buk. Inflammation soon disappeared and after further treatment the wound was healed.

"Then I used Zam-Buk for a girl with a bad abscess on her neck. It drew out all poison and soreness, and completely cured the abscess. There was also a little girl nearby who upset a frying pan and got a severe scald on her arm. I applied Zam-Buk, which soothed the pain and soon grew new skin.

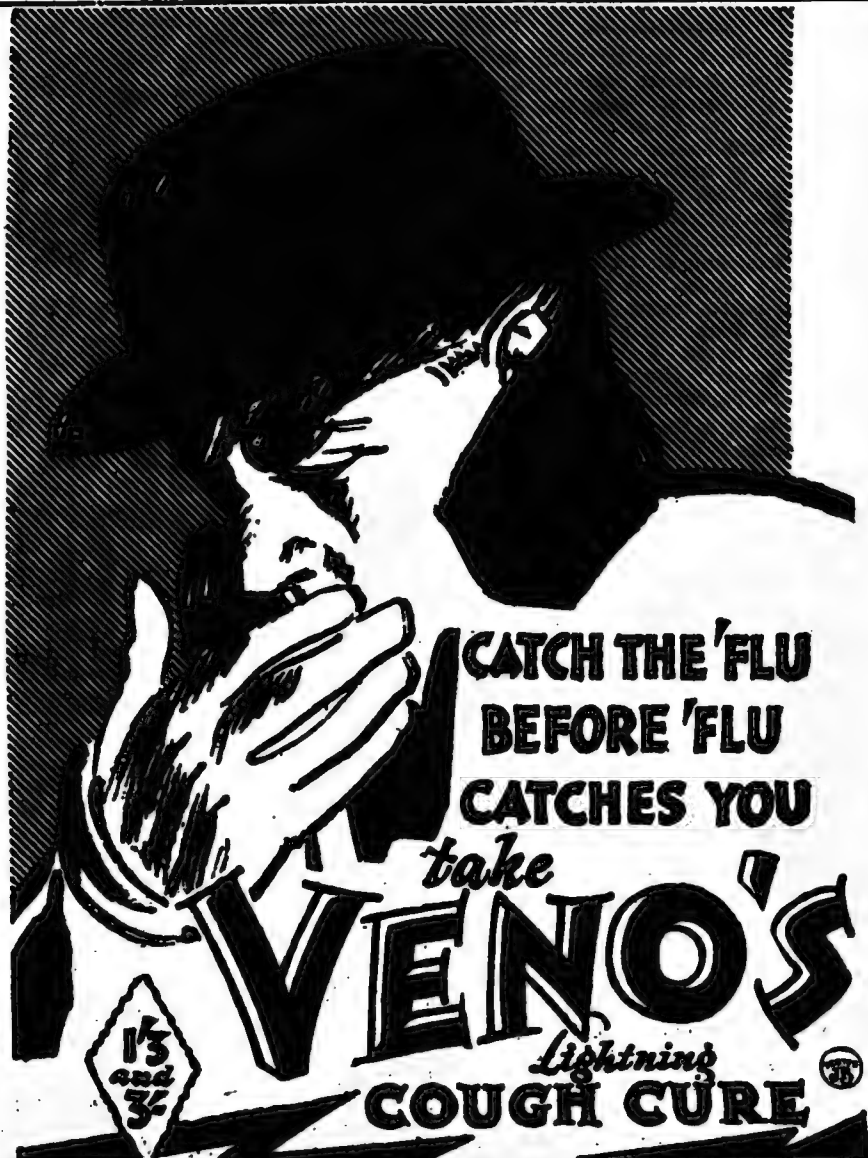


"People are always coming to me and I recommend Zam-Buk because it is the marvellous skin medicine that has never failed any of my patients."

Unequalled for cuts, scalds, eczema, "chaps," chilblains, pimples, ringworm, ulcers, piles, etc. 1/3 and 3/- box.

Zam-Buk

THE GREAT CURATIVE BALM.



To Sufferers from INDIGESTION

The following facts about Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges should strongly appeal to sufferers from indigestion who have failed so far to find an effective remedy.

They are made by Savory & Moore from a formula of Dr. Edward Jenner, one of the most eminent physicians of his day.

They act by counteracting ACIDITY, which is the main cause of most digestive troubles.

They give relief, even in chronic cases of indigestion, when other remedies have been tried without avail.

They are particularly useful in relieving HEARTBURN and FLATULENCE at night, which are so frequently the cause of SLEEPLESSNESS.

It is generally found that after a short course of them digestion is so much improved that ordinary meals can be taken without the least discomfort.

They are quite harmless, containing nothing in the nature of a drug, and can be used with confidence by young and old alike.

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention JOHN BULL, and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

HEAD COVERED WITH ERUPTIONS

Caused Scalp to Burn.
Healed by Cuticura.

"My trouble started with little pimples which broke out on my head and were inflamed. Later they grew larger and broke, and my head was covered with sore eruptions. I could not sleep for the irritation, and as the eruptions dried up they scaled over and caused my scalp to burn."

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after the first application there was a marked improvement. I purchased a tablet of Soap and a box of Ointment and before I had used them all I was healed." (Signed) V. Payne, 28, Estate St., Oldham, Lancs., Eng.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes.

Soap 1s, Ointment 1s 3d and 2s 6d, Talcum 1s 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 25, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

RHEUMATISM CURED after TWO YEARS AGONY!

London.
Sir,—I suffered from Rheumatism in the knee, and as I work in a foundry amongst wet sand I have had a bad time. I have only taken one 3/- box, and am pleased to tell you I have had, after two years' suffering, a good sleep every night. I feel years younger, and my shopmates ask me why I get about so much now, as I was always afraid to move quickly on account of the pain.—Respectfully yours,

W. GERROTT.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY. 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box, from Boots, Tinsbury White & Co., Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas Street, London, E.C.1.

URACE THE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

"They laughed at first—"

but when I began to play—a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spell-bound. When the last notes died away the excitement on their faces! "Who was your teacher?" "How do you get that lovely singing tone?"

So writes a student of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started without knowing a note. The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or, if already a player, I'll MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere.

SEND ME a p.c. for my FREE Book and Form for FREE advice. Mrs. Miss or Mr. and one word—Advanced, Moderate, or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER 381, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Cycle to business in comfort and ease

Specify for your machine the unequalled luxury of a

or the less expensive service of a



SADDLE

Read the Brooks Book and "Challenge" Folder, Post Free. I. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD., 92 Criterion Works, Birmingham.



SADDLE



JOHN NOBLES

Wonderful Winter Coat Bargain.

MODEL S1080.—Built on tailored lines, its distinctive features are the neat side panel effects and the original pockets made in triangular tab effect as sketch, with most attractive result. Three small buttons trim each sleeve and the new front belt applies the finishing touch. In particularly pretty shades of Shrimp, Dull Rose, Caramel, Chestnut and Reseda; also in smart Navy and Black. Stock sizes: 34, 36 and 38 inch busts. 42, 44 and 46 inch lengths at back.

PRICE 20/- POST ONLY PAID

Model S1043.—Brown Conny Fur Cloak with Marmot markings, and lined with Silk. Just the correct finish for this 6/6 type of Coat. Price only

ON APPROVAL.—If a deposit is forwarded, this model will be sent on approval.

FREE! Write TO-DAY for John Nobles's Winter Fashion Catalogue—84 illustrated pages of the dress ideas of the Day. SEND AT ONCE.

JOHN NOBLE Ltd. (Dept. 55), Brook Street Mills MANCHESTER.



DECIDE

TO-DAY to keep free

from Colds & Catarrh

The Common Cold, too frequently the forerunner of more deadly diseases, is a menace to your health. Keep free from Colds and Catarrh by using Nostroline Nasal Specific. Just touch a little "Nostroline" inside the nostrils morning and evening. Antiseptic and germicidal, "Nostroline" prevents infection at the point of attack. Its pleasing, soothing vapours protect and heal from nostril to lung. Decide now to keep free from Colds and Catarrh. Get a 1/3 "Nostroline" from the Chemist and use it straight away. See that your loved ones use it too.

NOSTROLINE Nasal Specific

From all Chemists. Price 1/3 & 3/-

Stops HEAD COLDS, NASAL CATARRH, SORE THROAT and HAY FEVER. Prevents INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, DIPHTHERIA, MEASLES.

Free sample on request from F.10.

NOSTROLINE LABS., CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

HEADACHE NEURALGIA-TOOTHACHE

Anti-Kamnia will soothe away any severe pain and give immediate relief. Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Neuritis, and other pains which attack men and especially women vanish when one or two A-K Tablets are taken. Doctors and Dentists have been prescribing them for over 35 years. A-K Tablets arrest Colds, Grippe, Fevers and promote sound natural sleep in cases of restlessness and wakefulness. Millions used annually. Prices 1/3, 3/- and 7/6. Your nearest Chemist sells Anti-Kamnia. Write for Free Sample.

Anti-Kamnia

Quick Relief from Pains and Aches

AK-FREE COUPON

Please send me free of all cost Trial package

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(AM98 Dept) 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1



She Had a Shiny Nose!

A little perspiration from dancing and she found her complexion ruined. Her powder would not stay on. Her nose shone and her skin looked greasy. Frequent use of the puff seemed of no avail. She did not know that just a little Mousse of Cream in her powder would have made a world of difference. Mousse of Cream is an exclusive Tokalon process (Government Patent No. 218154). It makes the powder stay on in spite of heat, gusty winds, rainy weather, or perspiration from dancing in warm rooms. It prevents your nose from getting shiny and makes your skin as smooth as satin. Poudre Tokalon is the most popular and by far the most widely used face powder. Millions of boxes are sold every year. Try it to-day and see how different it is from ordinary powders. 1/- a box, or handsome "Refill" type compacts for 1/6 each. Compact "Refills" 9d. In all Shades. At all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Poudre Tokalon

Mousse of Cream Face Powder

Severe CHEST Trouble CURED Child's Life Saved.

Portsea, Portsmouth.
Sir,—We have a family of five and have always been sufferers from chest troubles; in fact, one child, a girl of five, who 17 months ago we were told would not last another winter as she was so bad, and was not to go to school again, was given your Balsam of Aniseed, and she has now been at school 11 months without missing a day.—Yours thankfully,
Mr. and Mrs. F. E. YEATES.

Powell's BALSAM OF ANISEED

The CERTAIN CURE for COUGHS & COLDS. 1/3, 3/- & 5/- BOTTLE. From Boots, Taylor, Timothys White, Whitehead, Harrods, Selfridges, and all Chemists and Stores. Issued by T. J. Powell Ltd., London, S.E.

YOU CAN HAVE IT RIGHT AWAY For 1/9 NOW

I guarantee to please you because I supply QUALITY instruments only, guaranteed for FIVE YEARS. Any Horn, Hornless, Table Grand, Portable, Pedestal or the famous "ROBEYPHONE" sent on 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. First instalment secure; immediate delivery. Thousands of testimonials. Money refunded if dissatisfied. WRITE FOR MY FREE LISTS AND CHOOSE A QUALITY INSTRUMENT AND AS MANY RECORDS AS YOU LIKE.

Chas. T. Robey Ltd. 10, DEAN ST. COVENTRY.



JOHN BULL Replies



THE Editor may be slipping on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

THERE would be far fewer long faces about, the possessors of which are carrying about with them a load of trouble, if only the facilities of JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service were accepted. Simply write particulars (in ink), send stamped, addressed envelope, and trained experts will show you how to brighten your outlook. Don't think your trouble is too involved for them—it isn't!

H. M. (Camberwell).—"Clothes make the woman." And break the man.

E. O. (Tow Law).—"Where do they find film faces?" Between the ears.

J. S. (Stockport).—"I am always reading." Don't you ever leave off to think?

BUNTY (Golders Green).—"Many film actresses are unmarried." Twice, and even thrice.

S. L. (Sunderland).—"Flour is to be still dearer." No wonder they call it self-raising!

A. G. (Glasgow).—"I make my living with my brains." What you require is more capital.

H. J. (Leeds).—"I am investing in a little music shop." You ought to do a record business.

R. I. (Grimsby).—"Why don't they broadcast golf matches." Think of the innocent children!

A. D. (Ayr).—"I let myself go when I sang that song." Bet the audience didn't try to stop you.

M. G. F. (Newark).—"A little worry is good for people." So long as it does all its crying in the daytime.

BESSIE (Lancaster).—"A spice of temper helps business." But rage won't make a raging success of it.

O. C. (S.E.19).—"It's darkest before the dawn." While reading your letter, we were lulled before the dawn.

W. E. K. (Newquay).—"It is difficult to get a really capable office boy." We have had some capable of anything.

Mrs. D. (Lancaster).—"My husband thinks everybody but himself is a fool." He must be a very cautious motorist.

LILY J. (Baltham).—"He assured me that he never judges girls by their looks." And did you feel very much relieved?

G. H. J. (Guildford).—"I always rely on luck." You'll find luck only comes to those who rely on themselves.

C. M. (Bradford).—"They wouldn't let me be bailed out." How foolish, since they charged you with being too full.

N. P. (Huddersfield).—"A dancer has succeeded in accomplishing forty revolutions." She should be a success in Mexico.

J. H. (Hastings).—"I lost a big fish through having a rotten line." Drop a good one to *Bullets* and land a Christmas dinner.

Miss L. (Hampstead).—"I think my neighbours must be the most narrow-minded set on earth." What have you been up to?

M. G. (Forest Hill).—"It's queer how you can meet the same man again and again in London." Especially if his account is overdue.

L. M. (Lincoln).—"Though she broke off the engagement she refused to return the ring." Evidently she had no fault to find with that.

H. N. (Cheltenham).—"He has grown much more talkative, I notice, since he became a widower." Making up for lost time, naturally.

F. P. T. (Manchester).—"I wish to qualify for a dentist." Eat a lot of sweets and forget to brush your teeth, and your ambition will soon be gratified.

A. N. (Swindon).—"I am what I am." The position seems hopeless.

J. P. (Cardiff).—"I think I am as good as most men." No harm in thinking.

V. N. (Fairfax).—"Where is the population most dense?" From the neck upwards.

Miss O. (Bow).—"I find life dull." Then try and brighten it with a little cheerfulness.

Miss V. (Kew).—"And finally he says he'll name a new rose after me." It must be a Rambler.

Mrs. G. (Hove).—"Which platform does the 10.30 from Victoria leave?" All of them.

A. W. (Kendal).—"My wife never changes her opinion." She will if you agree with her.

B. B. (Harpender).—"I kissed her, but only for a lark." Then you deserved to get the bird.

S. B. (Armsley).—"I feel entitled to pat myself on the back." You won't find that push you far.

Miss F. (Ramsey).—"I know I am very far from perfect." Far be it from us to contradict a lady.

N. W. (Stratford).—"He called me everything but a fool." One can't remember everything, can one?

D. D. (Cambridge).—"The car immediately turned turtle." Small blame to it if it had turned fish with the weather we've been having.

T. S. R. (Portsmouth).—"I am the best-dressed man in our office." Owing to your tailor, we guess.

J. W. (Wigan).—"I want to do something to rouse the workers." Why not start selling alarm-clocks?

Miss V. (Worthing).—"You'll see me soon in an entirely new departure." Don't come and we shan't.

T. H. (Tunbridge Wells).—"If I am at all out of order tell me where." Sir, we are no veterinary surgeon.

B. K. (Towcester).—"I've made up my mind to take a wife." Really? And what does her husband say about it?

"STAR" (Golders Green).—"This year we shall have a chorus of over fifty." Last year we thought they looked over sixty.

EVA (Islington).—"My fiancé never looks at other girls." Perhaps he is afraid that some of them will recognise him.

D. E. (Bristol).—"I asked him where I should go, and he simply pointed." If he pointed down his meaning was clear enough.

"WIDOW" (Acton).—"If men like freedom why do they make second marriages?" Because the trap is seen differently.

J. K. (Rushford).—"Excuse still another question. Is hot water laid on in your office?" Yes, and if you call you'll be in it.

P. M. C. (Rotherham).—"I haven't yet heard the result of my speculation, but I hope I shall get some intelligence soon." Well, you need it badly enough.

F. J. (Bolton).—"I hear that horse-races are likely to be run at night on illuminated courses." It will be a bit unfortunate for the dark horse, won't it?

C. M. (Deptford).—"I believe in being natural." We believe in being sharp.

R. P. (Norwich).—"My opinion is sound." Unfortunately, it's nothing else.

A. B. S. (Leeds).—"I know just where I stand." We know just where you lie.

T. L. P. (Northolt).—"Don't you admire aviators?" We certainly look up to them.

I. W. (Perth).—"There are more beauty-parlours than ever." But no more beauties.

N. R. (Poole).—"There is a woman plumber in the town." Are you the plumber's mate?

MOLLIE (Saltire).—"What is the new skirt length in London?" Quite a good bit over two feet.

I. D. (Luton).—"He stole oats out of the sack. What shall I do to him?" Give him the sack.

G. F. (Halifax).—"The drunk pleaded a Scot had treated him." He deserved imprisonment for perjury.

B. E. M. (Birkenhead).—"All men are good liars." Oh, no. Some have to brief counsel.

T. D. (Acton).—"Thank you for seeing me when I called. I should like to see more of you." But there isn't any more of us.

S. J. Y. (Northampton).—"I will tax your memory." We knew there was something left untaxed, but couldn't remember what.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



THE reason why all your neighbours now use Mullard P.M. Valves with the wonderful P.M. Filament is easily found—ask them! They know and so will you the moment you introduce even one Mullard Valve into your set. Amazing quality of performance and length of service have made Mullard radio universal radio.

When buying Radio—buy Mullard.

Mullard MASTER-RADIO

CHRISTMAS DINNERS INCREASED!



50 BULLETS HAMPERS

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE

£250

150 BULLETS TURKEYS

300 SURREY FOWLS

SECOND PRIZE

£50

THIRD PRIZE

£25

10 PRIZES OF £15

10 PRIZES OF £2.10

500

THIS WEEK

Winners will receive these prizes shortly before Christmas

200 Prizes of 5/-
500 Prizes of 2/6
6000 Target Prizes

Young Man's £250

"I HAVE proved that if competitors send in the right sort of *Bullets* they will get the prizes," says Mr. W. F. Ware, of 15, Gas Street, Wellington, Som. He has just won the First Prize of £250 in Competition No. 653 with the excellent *Bullet*—*Britannia's Job—Nurse Treasury—Treasure Nursery.*

Mr. Ware started competing in *Bullets* No. 635, his subsequent wins being one half-crown and two "Targets." This big success is certainly a triumph for youth for he is only twenty-three years of age.

Christmas Fare

"Fit to grace any table," was what one winner said of his *Bullets* Turkey last year, and this year's Christmas Dinners will more than maintain that "John Bull" standard of excellence.

The Christmas Dinner problem will be solved for 500 competitors in this week's contest. In addition to a First Prize of £250, a Second of £50, a Third of £25, and many other cash prizes, 50 Hampers are again offered, *Bullets* Turkeys are increased in number to 150 and Surrey Fowls to 300.

"Something to suit all the family."

"A lovely bird."

"In splendid condition."

These comments from last year's winners speak for themselves—a good *Bullet* will bring a Christmas Dinner to your table!

The result of Competition No. 654 will appear in our issue published on Wednesday, November 16th.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 657.

THE NATION'S RIGHT TIME TO GO
HER BELOVED GUILTY OR INNOCENT
TRYING A GOOD ONE
LOVE OF MONEY FIGHTING MAN
WHEN ONE WAS YOUNG THE COMING GENERATION
OUR FAITH SECRET OF BEAUTY
HOW TO ECONOMISE TO OUR CREDIT
CAUTIOUSLY WHAT THE PARSON SAID
WHEN EVERYBODY'S NO MORE
RICH WHAT IS A DOG?
PRICES

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17**. All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **657** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed to "Bullets" No. 657, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 656.

The original Cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 653 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Wellington, Somerset.

SPECIAL NEWSPAPERS' PRIZES.
Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newspapers from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 656 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Examples for "Bullets" No. 656

**OUR HEROES
BALDWIN'S PROBLEM
MY SHARE
NEEDS ATTENTION
IF I WERE FORD
CAUSED A SENSATION
ECONOMY CAMPAIGN
WHAT THE WINNER SAID
HOUR OF NEED
COMING OF AGE
BILLS
SHOULD BE STOPPED
GREAT HELP
MAKES ME JUMP
IDIOTIC
MOTHER'S BOY
WAITING FOR HER
NO CHANGE
WAY WE'RE GOING
FOGGY
ON MONDAY MORNING
HER NEXT
INTERESTING
EARLY BIRD
MISERABLY
IF SHE LOVES HIM
KICKING
A DRAWBACK
FRIEND OF THE FAMILY
FUNNY IDEA
WHY FATHER'S A TEETOTALLER
WHAT IS A CRIME?**

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the Examples below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. These specimens will guide you:

Example:—WOMAN OF YESTERDAY

Example:—A SHARPER

Example:—STARVING

Bullet:—UNDERCLOTHING WAS Under CLOTHING.

Bullet:—SWORD—WON'T CUT PRICES.

Bullet:—DISGRACE TO ALL UNCONCERNED.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 656, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 10.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(656) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 10.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(656) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 10.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(656) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 10.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(656) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

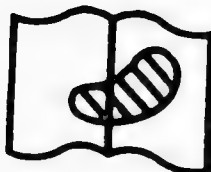
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

STILL MORE

CHRISTMAS DINNERS

NEXT WEEK





The happy homes are those in which the old proverb is understood; and to understand it on washday means to use Rinso.

Rinso makes the beginning easy and the end swift and perfect. Rinso is straightforward, too. It washes every way. Rinso is made to save you trouble.



Rinso washes every way
COLD or HOT or BOILING

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED,
LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

R256-100



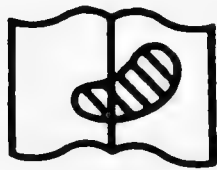
JOHN BULL

XMAS
ANNUAL

6

10 JOKE
PICTURES
THE BEST ARTISTS

15 COMPLETE
STORIES
BY FAMOUS WRITERS



EVERYTHING

The
G.E.C.
your guarantee

ELECTRICAL

Electrical Xmas Presents for the Home!

*Suggested by
Miss Magnet*

FEW gifts are more certain to delight the recipient than a "Magnet" Electric appliance—a Cleaner, an Iron, a Toaster—any one of the "Magnet" range.

What woman would not find lasting pleasure in these handsome appliances? They save such a lot of work, are easy to use and consume very little current. Choose "MAGNET" this Xmas, the All-British Household Electric Appliances.

"Miss Magnet" invites you to visit the "MAGNET" Electric Home, Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2, where every form of household Electric Appliances can be seen demonstrated under practical conditions for cooking, cleaning, heating, washing, etc.

"Magnet"

REGISTERED TRADE MARK
HOUSEHOLD

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

ARE MADE IN GT. BRITAIN BY THE G.E.C.

"MAGNET" Household Electric Appliances are demonstrated
and sold by Electrical Dealers, Stores and Ironmongers.

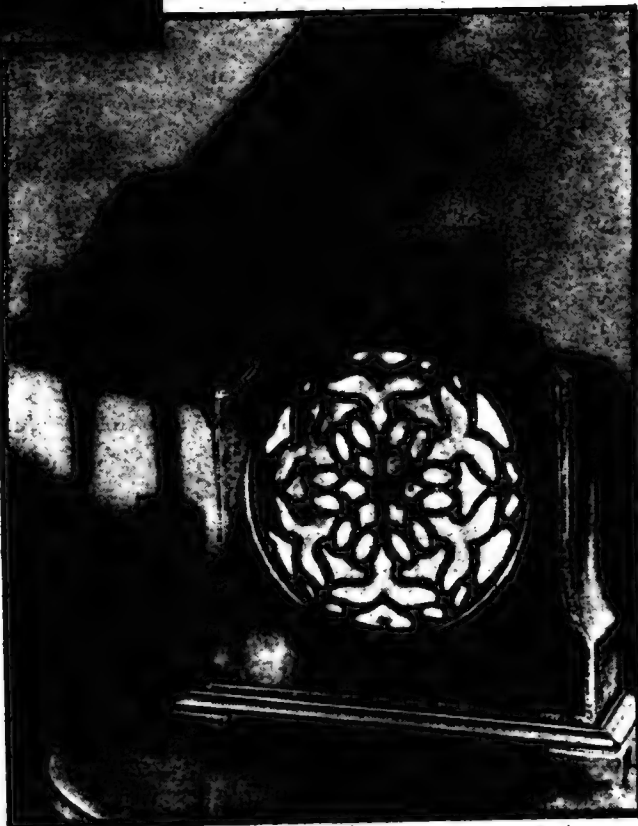
Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

AMPLION- CONE SPEAKERS



"Open Type" AC3 £3 : 15 : 0
"Junior" Type A.C.1 .. 52/6

For beauty and
tone and fidelity
of reproduction



"Chippendale"
Mahogany
Model AC9
£7 : 0 : 0
Other Cabinet
Models from £4

Ask
your radio dealer
to demonstrate
the **AMPLION**
Cones and you
will then under-
stand why they
are known as—

The Natural Tone Loud Speakers

Advertisement of Graham Amplion, Limited, 25, South Row, London, W.1.



EVERYTHING

The
G.E.C.
your guarantee

ELECTRICAL

Electrical Xmas Presents for the Home!

Suggested by
Miss Magnet

FEW gifts are more certain to delight the recipient than a "Magnet" Electric appliance—a Cleaner, an Iron, a Toaster—any one of the "Magnet" range.

What woman would not find lasting pleasure in these handsome appliances? They save such a lot of work, are easy to use and consume very little current. Choose "MAGNET" this Xmas, the **All-British** Household Electric Appliances.

"Miss Magnet" invites you to visit the "MAGNET" Electric Home, Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2, where every form of household Electric Appliances can be seen demonstrated under practical conditions for cooking, cleaning, heating, washing, etc.

"Magnet"

REGISTERED TRADE MARK
HOUSEHOLD

**ELECTRIC
APPLIANCES**

ARE MADE IN GT. BRITAIN BY THE G.E.C.



**"MAGNET" Household Electric Appliances are demonstrated
and sold by Electrical Dealers, Stores and Ironmongers.**

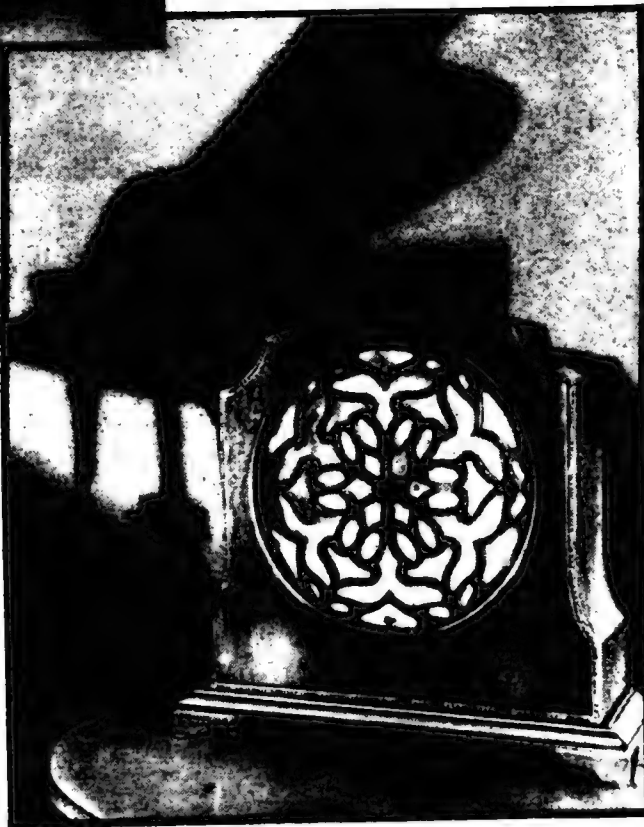
Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

AMPLION- CONE SPEAKERS



"Open Type" AC3 £3 : 15 : 0
"Junior" Type A.C.1 .. 52/6

Ask
your radio dealer
to demonstrate
the **AMPLION**
Cones and you
will then under-
stand why they
are known as—



"Chippendale"
Mahogany
Model AC9
£7 : 0 : 0
Other Cabinet
Models from £4

The Natural Tone Loud Speakers

Announcement of Graham Amplion, Limited, 25, Saville Row, London, W.1.



WHEN SENDING
Write name & address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

A CHRISTMAS BARGAIN STORE AT YOUR DOOR

PAY FOR YOUR OVERCOAT AS YOU WEAR IT.
Most wonderful bargain of the Year. Made from ALL WOOL Cheviots in Greys, Browns and Fawns in Light, Dark or Medium Shades, in 3 following styles. D.B. Chesterfield Semi-Fitting or Belt all round or S.B. Raglan. These are not semi-made Coats altered to fit you, but EACH ONE IS CUT AND MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. Pay 7/- with order and 6/- monthly until you have paid in all 42/-.
Irish and Colonial orders cash only. Before placing your order elsewhere, send for Catalogue, Patterns & Self-measurement Form. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Established 25 years.

J. B. THORNE & CO.
34, LANGHAM ST. LONDON, W.1.



A 3-SPEED CYCLE
2' - 1 Sturmer Archer 3-SPEED ON 7 DAYS' APPROVAL Our Price £5 - 15 - 0 Weekly.
The famous B.C. All-British Special Three-Speed Model, guaranteed 20 years. Fitted with Sturmer Archer 3-speed Gear, Hutchinson Super Cord Tyres, Coventry Roller Chain, B.S.A. Bottom Bracket, Brampton Hubs, Three Coil Spring Saddle, and our own special rust-proof Frame with usual parts heavily nickel-plated. Sold on the money-back guarantee and supplied only by **THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO.** Dept. J.B.X. SOUTHAMPTON.



5-17-6
Curr. Paid U.K. or £1 down and 11 monthly instalments of 9/11.
Beautifully finished Oak, with famous Collaro DOUBLE SPRING 3-record Motor and new Metal Sound Chamber. Perfect tone, great volume. Send NOW for FREE LIST.
Cabinet Gramophone Co. (Dept. J.B.X.), 73, Cannon Rd., London, N.W.1. Also 149, High St. (17), E. Ham, and 21, George St., Croydon.

Improved FULLOTONE
The Gramophone of Amazing Volume Model 14



WRITE FOR THIS ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE

SHOPKEEPERS & BEGINNERS Pocket these Profits

FOR Drapery, Boots, Grocers, Hosiery, etc., we specialize in supplying quick-selling lines for Small Shopkeepers, Marketmen, Tailors, and Clubholders. Keep your customers and get repeat orders by selling "Halfpenny Brand Goods". Satisfied customers are keeping us busy. May we serve you?
FOUNDERS WAREHOUSE CO. Dept. J.B.42-46 Houndsditch, E.1.



35/- Play Yourself -
DON'T LISTEN TO OTHERS!
Be the popular "turn" at all the Xmas Parties. You can learn to play the latest tunes in one day on the "STROH" JAP FIDDLE.
British Made. Send in your order now and be all ready for Christmas. You stand no risk—cash returned if instrument is unsatisfactory. Write for free illustrated book No. F.B. 11.
Geo. Evans & Co., 94, Abney St., London, N.W.1. **SELF TUTOR GIVEN FREE**
Special Concert Model 60/- Down 5/- each.



SUIT-OR-OVERCOAT 1/6 TO MEASURE
Suits in Derby Twuch, Worsted, Whipcord, Serge, etc., or Overcoats in Tweed, Box Cloth, Nap, Velour, Melton, and Check-backs, to your choice. All the finest materials, very latest styles, cut and fit guaranteed, and delivered free within 7 days. Send for self-measure form, and Free pattern book, stating clearly whether for suit or overcoat, or both.
Made to Measure from 32/8

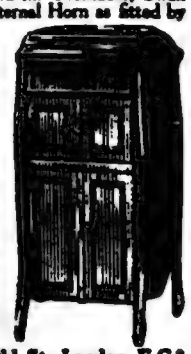
Don't forget cut & fit guaranteed.

"The B. & C." Co.
(Dept. J.B.X.), Universal Providers, SOUTHAMPTON



MAKE OR BUY A GRAMOPHONE 100% cheaper than others. Mechanical Parts of a 1st-class RIFANCO-Phone: Double Spring Motor, 12-in. Turntable, Swan Tonearm, Superior Sound Box, Internal Horn as fitted by other firms in £10, £20 Gramophones. All bar the wood. Net Cash **£1:18:6**
This set supplied with Polished Oak or Mahogany Cabinet as shown, or with Jacobean Pedestal £4:15:0, or with S/S Motor £4:10:0 Nett Cash. Carriage paid in U.K. 7 days' trial. Money back if dissatisfied. Other sets from 18/-. Machines 30 models, Sideboards, Pedestals, Portables, etc., from 19/6. Motors 9/-. Lists Free. 64-page Catalogue of Accessories with Instructions How to make Gramophones, 3d. Established 24 years. 1,000 Testimonials.

Regent Fittings Co., 8D, 120, Old St., London, E.C.1.



PETS FOR YOUR HOME
Talking Parrot with Cage from 30/-
Guaranteed Young Singing Canaries 10/-
Special Bargain Offer. Singing Canary in Presentation Cage 16/-
WRITE, 'PHONE or CALL:
CHAPMAN'S
17, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.
Phones: 5272, 5273, 5274, 5275 Museum. Entire Satisfaction Guaranteed.



SEND NO MONEY

WRITE NOW
as a reward post free our FREE BARGAIN LIST of the MOST MARVELLOUS REDDING VALUE EVER OFFERED. Have the "CENTO" BARGAIN REDDING SALE on FREE APPROVAL—1 pair warm heavy all-wool LAFRANCK Blankets, 1 heavy Woolly Underblanket, 1 pair pure white hemmed sheets, 3 pillow cases, 1 bolster case, 1 "Muster" quilt, 1 Wedded quilt satsum panelled, etc. All double-bed size. EASY TERMS from 1/6 weekly. Satisfaction or money refunded. WRITE NOW: GEO. SMITH (Chapman Junction) Ltd. Dept. S.S. London E.W.11.



8 1/2 SQ. FT. for 15/-
FREE SAMPLES OF LOVELY PATTERNS
The cheapest and best floor-covering, in rolls two yards wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard wearing.
Write for Coloured Lists.

ARTOLEUM
BETTER THAN LINOLEUM
J. LLOYD'S.
(Proprietors: Photex Papers Ltd.), 83, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.



MOTOR & MOTOR CYCLE TYRES
AND ACCESSORIES—ALL MAKES.
By EASY PAYMENTS
NO INTEREST CHARGES.
NO ENQUIRIES MADE.
Up to £2 - Deposit 5/- and 5/- Weekly.
Between £2 & £4 " 7/6 " 7/6 "
" £4 & £5 " 10/- " 10/- "
SPECIAL QUOTATIONS FOR LARGER AMOUNTS.
LONDON CAR CO., LTD.,
52, Theobald's Road, W.C.1 Note our change of address.

HARDING'S INVALID CARS
have earned the gratitude of many hundreds of invalids.

Bath Chairs, Merlin Chairs, Stair Carrying & Folding Lever & Rotary Chairs, from 56/-
From £12 Carriage Polo

Profusely Illustrated CATALOGUE FREE

R. A. HARDING,
Head Office & Showrooms
1 Manvers Street
BATH
CASH or TERMS



MAIL ORDER MARKET

GUARANTEED OFFERS WITH SEASONABLE APPEALS

YOUR PROTECTION

JOHN BULL guarantees satisfaction or money back for every thing advertised here. You can send your money as safely as buying across a store counter, so post your order to-day.

FURS

WHY PAY MORE
AND PAY MORE?
BUY YOURS AT WHOLESALE
PRICES AND
Save 50% of Cost.

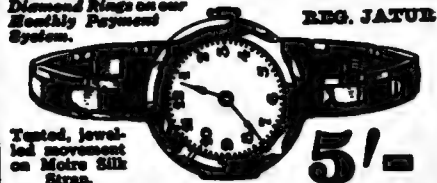
This Beautiful Natural Fox Trim, complete with fine mounted head as shown, sent for 2/- deposit, balance 2/- weekly or 4/- fortnightly, which ever suits you, 12/12/27 to paid. **SEND 2/- ONLY**

SEND NOW FOR FREE
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE LIST

SEND 2/- ONLY

SOLID GOLD HALL MARKED

Send for Catalogue of
Diamond Rings on our
Monthly Payment
System.



Tested, jewelled movement on Moire Silk Strap. **5/-**
Warranted 10 years. With Order, Balance 1/- a month
On Solid Gold Expanding Bracelet **25.0.0**
SOLID GOLD GENTS on leather strap **25.10.0**

Watch delivered on first payment.
THE JATUR CO., LTD. (Dept. B.J.)
Jewellers & Silversmiths,
69, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4

THIS SUPERIOR CHARLESTON

UKULELE

Ideal for
Winter
Evenings



15/-

COMPLETE PLAYING
AND TUNING OUTFIT.

Entertain your friends with this Jazz Instrument—the cause of Europe and America. With Self-Tutor you can play these haunting Plantation Melodies in one hour. Handsome instrument, mahogany-polished Cedar, natural Cedar fingerboard, rosewood pegs. Deferred payments if required, 1/- down and 2/- weekly. **SEND TO-DAY.**
F. HAND & CO., 22, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

PAROLEUM

72 sq. ft. for 15/-

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM
Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/- Longer lengths pro rata.
All rolls are two yards wide.
B. J. ANDREWS & SONS,
25, Carter St., London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

ENLARGEMENTS

LIFE SIZE
ONLY
1/9
Send any Portraits or Holiday Snaps, etc., and we will return in a few days, Post Free, a beautiful enlargement that will really delight you, size 10cm. x 16cm. or smaller if desired. Groups the same price. Great care taken of original. 3 Enlargements for 4/9.

GREENS
(Dept. J.X.),
14, New Oxford St.,
London, W.C.1.



MISS BETTY BALFOUR.

ACROBATIC DOLL

The most remarkable novelty of the Season. Constructed of steel ball joints and sockets. All joints come apart. Will last a lifetime. No clockwork to get out of order. Stands 5' high.

ENDLESS AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG AND OLD.
PRICE **2/9** EACH.
ONLY **2/9** Postage 4d.

Fully dressed, 2/11.
Extra Heads 1/- ea. (50 varieties)
Charlie Chaplin, Mutt and Jeff, Mr. Pickwick, Cowboy Airmen, Policemen, Soldiers, Sailors, etc., etc.

S. T. CORRY & CO.,
25, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

Free 7/6 Novels

To all JOHN BULL Readers joining the Postal Library.
"The Golden Journey" Kathlyn Rhodes
"Satan Finds" E. W. Saul
"Gates of the Morning" H. de Vere Stacpoole
"The Tremendous Event" Maurice Leblanc

Send p.c. to-day for Gift Book offer No. 12, and particulars of Postal Library Service to the Librarian (Dept. J.B.), Ashington House, Fulham, London, S.W.6. Small entry fee allows NINE books at a time. Exchanges when required at a trifling cost, delivered to your door. Full length editions, cloth bound, pocket size. The best Love, Adventure, Detective, Mystery Stories, Literature and Classics.
48 HOURS SERVICE.



CARNIVAL B.B. NOVELTIES

BUY BECK'S BRITISH.
BEST AND CHEAPEST.
Hats, Balloons, Streamers, Novelties, Crackers, Decorations, Fireworks, Fancy Dresses, Grease Paints, Crepe Paper, etc. We are the actual Manufacturers and the Cheapest Carnival Firm in England. We supply Hats and Novelties for 100 guests from 10/- inclusive. Secretaries of Clubs, Hotels, Shops, Dance Parties, etc., should write for Large Illustrated Catalogue No. 8 Wholesale. Free to all.
Beck's British Carnival Novelties,
159, Oxford St., London, W.1

BLANKETS

Soft, Warm, White Fleecy Blankets.
Good weight. British made. "Faiwyn" brand. Satisfaction or money returned.
Single bed, 60 x 70 ins. ... 7/11 per pair.
Double bed, 66 x 78 ins. ... 9/11 per pair.
Extra large, 66 x 88 ins. ... 12/11 per pair.
One Mass guest towel FREE to all who order 2 or more pairs.
Send order with remittance or C.O.D. instructions to
PATRICK & WYNDHAM HARDING, Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.), 11, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

7/11
Carriage Paid

6 TEASPOONS FREE

to every purchaser of 6 Sheffield made

STAINLESS KNIVES

Firth's Stainless Steel Blades and White Xylonite Handles. 6/6 per dozen. Post & packing 6d. extra. **B. WOLFE,**
22, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.4.

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes. How much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room X.2) 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.



£8.20 EASILY WORTH 12 GNS.

Carriage paid U.K. or 12 monthly payments of 15/-.
Mod. 7. Beautiful Lacquered Pedestal in gold and many brilliant colours on nicely finished mahogany background. Double-spring 3-record motor. Electric Sound-box and new type sound chamber. Deep Mel-low tone and ample volume, easily worth 12 Gns. Catalogue of Gramophones, Motors & Accessories, free. Handbook "How to build own Gramophone." 3d.
"HARMONY" GRAMOPHONES Dept. N.
368, York Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18



YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets

THE LIGHTNING PICK-ME-UP

Confirmed by the stars
of the theatrical world!



ETHEL LEVEY says:—

"I am very much opposed to patent medicines, and after much hesitation I was persuaded to try 'Yeast-Vite' when I felt I could not carry on, my vitality and strength having completely failed me for the first time for ages. I am delighted to tell the world six tablets made me feel a different human being, and I may add that this is the first time in my 27 years on the stage I have permitted any patent of any kind to use my name. I recommend this to all."

Ethel Levey

Irving's
YEAST-VITE TONIC TABLETS
will relieve:—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., .. in 5 min.
Indigestion, Flatulence .. in 5 to 10 min.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression,
in 10 to 15 min.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc.,
in 10 to 15 min.
Influenza Colds, Fever .. in 24 hours

GEORGE GRAVES says:—

"Thanks to 'Yeast-Vite' I am again 28, smile when it rains, forget all financial worries, writs, jury summonses, etc. I now jump for joy when I see the Yellow Peril from the Inland Revenue, and only yesterday kissed the Income Tax Surveyor."

George Graves

OUR GUARANTEE.

Obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

ELLA RETFORD says:—

"I cannot speak too highly as to the wonderful qualities of your tablets. They seem to be able to cure all of the petty ailments of the body. If I feel run down they quickly act as a marvellous tonic. They are the quickest cure for headaches that I know of, and I do not know of a better blood purifier. In all sincerity I recommend them to everyone."

Ella Retford

Irving's "Yeast-Vite" Tonic Tablets contain no harmful drugs. They are guaranteed to be safer, quicker, and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins, and other valuable ingredients. An eminent specialist has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B. YEAST-VITE is rich in Vitamin B. When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

CAUTION—Beware of Imitations! See the name 'Irving's Yeast-Vite' on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

1/3 per bottle of all chemists

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, "CECIL HOUSE," HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1
Medical Yeast Specialists. Write to us for particulars of all Vitamin B Yeast preparations.



John Bull

XMAS ANNUAL

CONTENTS

Cover Design by Gilbert Wilkinson.

Stories :	PAGE
"THE SHARE PUSHER" .. by Edgar Wallace ..	10
"HARD TO WAKE" .. by K. R. G. Browne ..	14
"THE WAY OF REDEMPTION" .. by Pearkes Withers ..	16
"WHAT MADE THE DRAGON DRAG OFF?" by Ashley Sterne ..	18
"THE GHOST OF THE GRINDERS" by Will Scott ..	22
"THE BAD MAN OF COWCAKE CREEK" by A. A. Thomson ..	27
"A TEXAS CHRISTMAS STOCKING" by Antony Grey ..	31
"SECRETS OF THE NIGHT" by M. O. Sale ..	36
"SANDY'S SACRIFICE" .. by C. Hedley Barker ..	40
"LUCINDA ELLA" .. by Will Dacey ..	44
"ONE IN A THOUSAND" by Geoffrey Williamson ..	48
"INTERVENTION" .. by Dale Collins ..	52
"MRS. MAY'S GOOSE" .. by Thomas Le Breton ..	58
"THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR" by Vernon Woodhouse ..	62
"CRUFF'S CHRISTMAS CARGO" by Mabel Horner ..	64

Features :

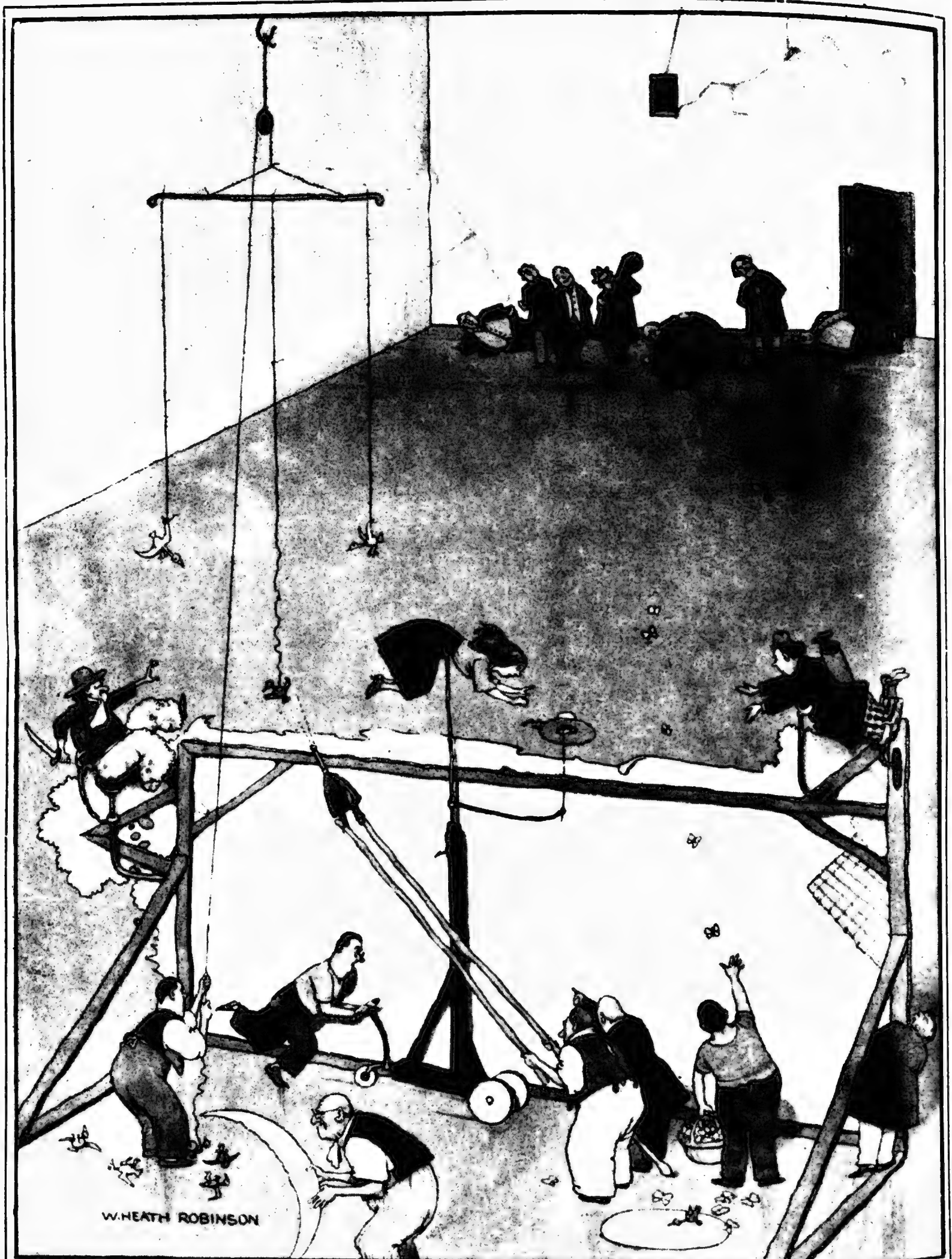
"FILMING A NEW THRILL FOR THE MOVIES" by W. Heath Robinson ..	8
"BULLY CRACKERS"	9
"THE MAN'S SHOP" .. by Gilbert Wilkinson ..	34

Illustrations and Humour by :

Frank Whitburn, Stan Terry, Tom Aitken, Ricardo Brook, W. J. Turner, Leo Cheney, Wilson Fenning, Chas. Harrison, R. Simmons, A. C. Barrett, George Whistler, Trevor Evans, G. S. Sherwood, A. R. Cane, Peter Fraser, Seymour Hurley, Howard K. Elcock, Jack Gorge, Field Smith, Lance Mattinson, Leslie P. Marchant, Arthur Ferrier, Edgar Spenceley, Austin Malloy, Harold Beards, Lindsay Cable, Jack M. Faulk, J. C. B. Knight, Starr Wood, Tom Cottrell, Herbert Hyde, Thompson, Norman Keane, Hart Harvey, Lupton M. Webb, Sindal, Cottingham, Frank R. Grey, Fitz, Rick Elmes, A. E. Beard, Edwards, Ogil, Edwin Morrow, Bertram France.



HI, LEND ME SIXPENCE!



FILMING A NEW THRILL FOR THE MOVIES.

Turn it sideways and see how it would appear on the screen.

Drawn by W. Heath Robinson.

JOHN

IF we
we
able w

"TH
I
For fa
And
Yes, th
For
When
And

"NO
co
Christ
this ta
it's on

TWO
But w
'os

IT is
jo
this y

THE
A
your

—all

I HA
n
speak
I loo
attra
I app
But I

DO

En
For i
Yo

Bully Cracker

THE world is a great Christmas Cracker;
Mankind are the children who pull,
So here's Christmas joy to each girl and boy
And a thumping big share to John Bull!

IF we can only have the sort of weather
we had last summer, what a season-
able winter it will be!

"THIS season," said the actor's child,
Is a time that I feel sad in,
For father's Widow Twankey
And my mother is Aladdin.
Yes, these are very puzzling times
For me and my young brother
When Mother's Father's strapping son,
And Father's Mother's mother!"

"NO," said the sceptical little boy,
coming home from church on
Christmas morning, "I don't believe all
this talk about Satan. Everybody knows
it's only father!"

TWO lovers on a ladder
Were hanging mistletoe,
But when he tried to steal a kiss
so
They found themselves just so.

IT is believed that several pantomime
jokes will celebrate their centenary
this year.

THE man who plays "Christians,
Awake!" on a saxophone under
your window will probably awake—



—all the heathen instincts you've got.

I HATE Christmas. It is the supreme
moment of my existence. Everyone
speaks well of me. Everyone likes me.
I look my best. I am the centre of all
attraction. There are loud cheers when
I appear. No one could be more popular.
But I hate Christmas. I am a turkey.

DON'T be too solemn at Christmas-
time,
Enjoy your share of folly,
For if you stand on your dignity,
You'll probably sit on the holly!

"PAPA," said Little Willie, "what-
does Yule mean?"

"It means," replied poor Papa sadly,
"that you'll have presents, you'll have
turkey, you'll have plum puddings, and



I'll have them all to pay for."

"AND what would you do," asked
Uncle, who was telling the fairy-
story, "if you met a giant forty feet
high?"

"Borrow his stockings," said Tommie.

IF a mince pie means a happy month, it
is perfectly absurd to have only
twelve months in a year.



Drawn by Frank Whitburn.

TRAMP: "I'd work 'ard fer a meal,
guy'nor."

Mr. NEWLYWED: "Splendid—come
in and take your coat off and help me
finish these mince pies."

WHEN Uncle Henry slips on the ice,
be tactful. Tell him it's the finest
Charleston you've seen for years.

BE careful not to give Aunt Agatha the
art-woolwork kettle-holder she gave
you last year. She may not like ex-
Xmas presents.

"GEORGIE," said Mamma, "if you're
not good you won't go to heaven."
"Don't care," retorted wee Georgie, "I've
seen five old gentlemen fall down on a
slide this afternoon and heaven can't be
better than that!"

NEATH the mistletoe bough, be cer-
tain of this;

A kiss never comes amiss to miss.
But keep for the best the best of your
kisses—

Don't miss the miss whom you want
for your missis!

I'M not a lazy man, and if I could get
a post at a regular salary as a plum-
pudding-brandly-lighter, I think I could
hold down the job.

MY little nephew wants to know when
they're going to start—



Community Mince-Pie Eating.

"EVERYTHING comes to him who
waits"

Is a proverb strange, but true,
And if you wait 'neath my window-sill
There's lots will come to you!

IF she kisses you under the mistletoe,
you're not merely a lucky dog,
you're a mistletoe bough-wough.

TOP hats, it is said, are coming in
again, and if we have enough snow
for some decent snowballs, some of them
will be coming off.

CHRISTMAS Slogans:

Phyllis: More Mistletoe-Berries!
Tommie: Larger Mince Pies!
Santa Claus: Wider Chimneys!
Father: Fewer Bills!
The Turkeys: Fewer Christmasses!



"Margaret Lein examined the book and got the combination words she wanted."

The SHARE PUSHER

EDGAR
WALLACE

Illustrated by Gilbert Wilkinson.

That trio of terror to wrongdoers—the Three Just Men—discover how a pretty girl gets the last laugh on a share swindler.

THE man whom Raymond Poiccart ushered into the presence of Manfred was to all appearances a smart, military-looking gentleman approaching the sixties. He was faultlessly dressed, and had the carriage and presence of a soldier.

A retired general, thought Manfred; but he saw something else than the outward personation of manner revealed. This man was broken. There was a certain imponderable expression in his face, a tense anguish which this, the shrewdest of the Three Just Men, instantly interpreted.

"My name is Fole—Major-General Sir Charles Fole," said the visitor, as Poiccart placed a chair for him and discreetly withdrew.

"And you have come to see me about Mr. Bonsor True," said Manfred instantly, and when the other started nervously, he laughed. "No, I am not being very clever," said Manfred gently. "So many people have seen me about Mr.

Bonsor True. And I think I can anticipate your story. You have been investing in one of his oil concerns, and you have lost a considerable sum of money. Was it oil?"

"Tin," said the other. "Inter-Nigerian Tin. You have heard about my misfortune?"

Manfred shook his head.

"I have heard about the misfortunes of so many people who have trusted Mr. True. How much have you lost?"

The old man drew a long breath. "Twenty-five thousand pounds," he said. "Every penny I possess. I have consulted the police, but they say there is no remedy for me. The tin mine actually existed, and no misrepresentation was made by True in any letter he sent to me."

Manfred nodded.

"Yours is a typical case, General,"

he said. "True never brings himself within the reach of the law. All his misrepresentations are made over a luncheon table, when there is no other witness, and I presume that in his letters to you he pointed out the speculative nature of your investment and warned you that you were not putting your money into gilt-edged securities."

"It was at dinner," said the General. "I had some doubt on the matter, and he asked me to dine with him at the Walkley Hotel. He told me that immense quantities of tin were in sight, and that while he could not broadcast the exact amount of profit the company would make, he assured me that my money would be doubled in six months."

"I wouldn't mind so much," the old man went on, "but, Mr. Manfred, I have a daughter, a brilliant young girl. I hoped to have left her amply

provided for, but this means ruin—ruin! Can nothing be done to bring this criminal to justice?"

Manfred did not reply immediately.

"Mr. True is so well protected by the law and by his letters that it is almost impossible to catch him. There was a time,"—he smiled faintly—"when my friends and I would have taken the most drastic steps to deal with him, and I think our method would have been effective; but now he shrugged his shoulders—"we are a little restricted. Who introduced you to this gentleman?"

"Mrs. Calford Green. I met the lady at a dinner of a mutual friend, and she asked me to dine with her at her house in Hanover Mansions."

Manfred nodded again. He was not at all surprised by this intelligence.

"I am afraid I can promise you very little," he said. "The only thing I would ask is that you should keep in touch with me. Where are you living?"

The visitor was at the moment living in a little house near Truro. Manfred noted the address, and a few minutes later was standing by the window watching the weary old man walking slowly down Curzon Street.

Poiccart came in.

"I know nothing of this gentleman's business," he said, "but I have a feeling that it concerns our friend True. George, we ought to be able to catch that man. Leon was saying at breakfast this morning that there was a deep pond in the New Forest, where a man suitably anchored by chains and weights might lie without discovery for a hundred years—"

George Manfred laughed.

"Ware the law, my good friend," he said. "There will be no killing though a man who has systematically robbed the new poor deserves something with boiling lead in it."

Nor could Leon Gonzalez offer any solution when he was consulted that afternoon.

"The curious thing is that True has no monies in this country. He runs two bank accounts and is generally overdrawn on both. I should not be surprised if he hadn't a cache somewhere, in which case the matter would be simple—I've been watching him for the greater part of a year and he never goes abroad, and I have searched his modest Westminster flat so often that I could go blindfold to the place where he keeps his dress ties."

ALL this occurred in the spring of 1925, and no further complaints came about this fraudulent share-pusher. The Three were no nearer to a solution of their problem when came the rather remarkable disappearance of Margaret Lein.

Margaret Lein was not a very important person. She occupied the position of maid to the Hon. Mrs. Calford Green, and she had gone out one evening to the chemist to buy a bottle of smelling salts for her mistress, and had never come back.

She was pretty; her age was nineteen; she had no friends in London, was believed to be an orphan, and so far as was known, she had no attachments in

the accepted sense of the word. But, as the police pointed out, it was extremely unlikely that a rather pretty maid, well spoken, and with charming manners, in addition to her physical perfections, could spend a year in London without having acquired something in the shape of a "follower."

Mrs. Calford Green, not satisfied with the police enquiries, had called the Three Just Men to her aid.

IT was a week after the disappearance of Margaret Lein that a well-known lawyer crossed the polished dancing floor of the Leiter Club to greet the man who sat aloof and alone. "Why, Mr. Gonzalez!" he beamed. "This is the last place in the world I should have expected to find you! In Limehouse, yes! prowling in the haunts of the underworld, yes! but at Leiter's Club . . . really, I have mistaken your character."

Leon smiled faintly, poured a little more Rhine wine into his long-stemmed glass and sipped it.

"My dear Mr. Thurles," he drawled. "This is my underworld. That fat gentleman puffing gallantly with that stout lady is Bill Sikes. It is true he does not break into houses, but he sells dud shares to thrifty and gullible widows, and has grown fat on the proceeds. Some day I shall take that gentleman and break his heart."

The red-faced Thurles chuckled as he sat down by the other's side.

"That will be difficult. Mr. Bonsor True is too rich a man to pull down, however much a blackguard he may be."

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have made that horrible threat," Leon said. "True is a friend of your client's, isn't he?"

"Mrs. Green?" Thurles was genuinely surprised. "I wasn't aware of the fact."

"I must have been mistaken," said Leon, and changed the subject.

He knew right well that he was not mistaken. That stout share plugger had been the *tête-à-tête* guest of Mrs. Green on the night Margaret Lein had disappeared from human ken; and the curious circumstance was that neither to the police nor to the Triangle had Mrs. Green mentioned this interesting fact.

She lived in a modest flat near Hanover Court; a rather pretty, hard-faced young widow, whose source of income was believed to be a legacy left by her husband.

All he knew of her was that she took frequent trips abroad, sometimes to out-of-the-way places like Roumania; that she was invariably accompanied by the missing Margaret; that she spent money not freely but lavishly.

Leon watched the dancing for a little longer, beckoned a waiter and paid his bill. The lawyer had gone back to his party.

He glanced at his watch; late as the hour was, there was still a hope of finding Mrs. Green. His car was waiting in the park in Wellington Place, and ten minutes later he had stopped before the doors of Hanover Mansions. A lift carried him to third floor. He pressed the bell of No. 1009. A light showed in the fanlight, and it was Mrs. Green herself who opened the door to him. Evidently she expected somebody else, for she was momentarily taken back.

"Oh, Mr. Gonzalez!" And then, quickly: "Have you had news of Margaret?"

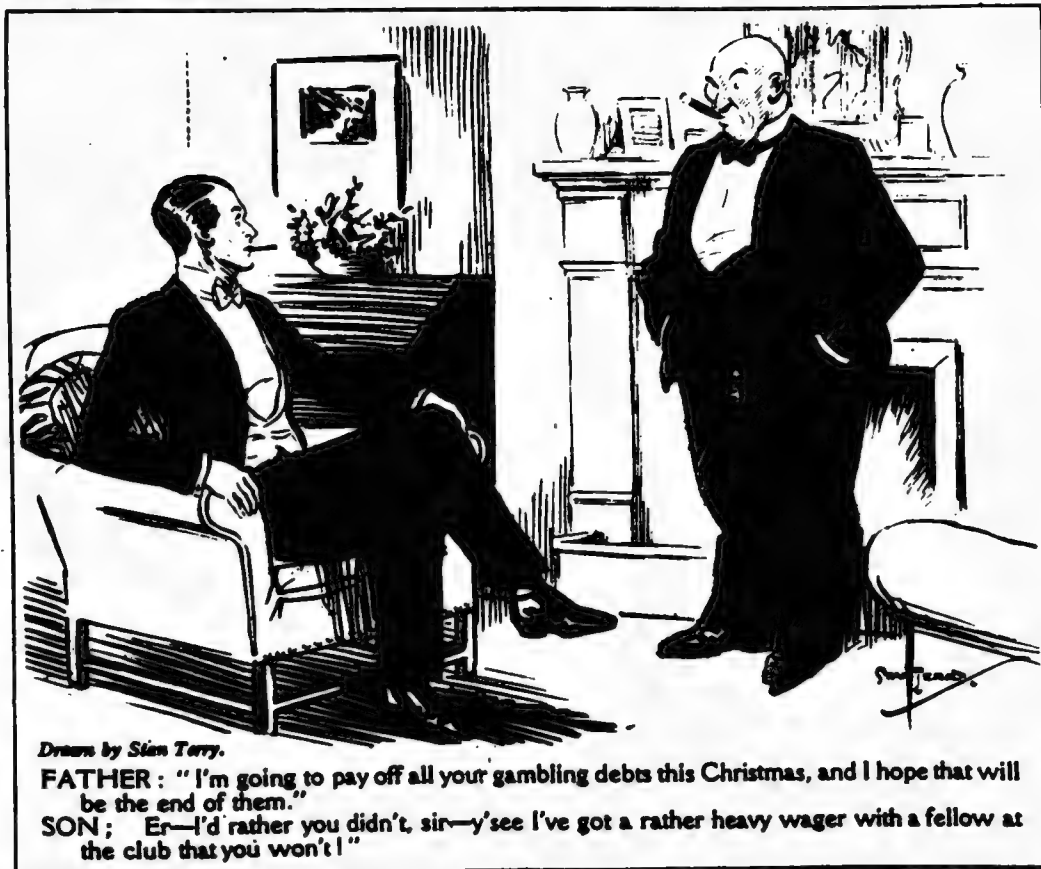
"I am not quite sure whether I have or not," said Leon. "May I see you for a few minutes?"

Something in his tone must have warned her.

"It's rather late, isn't it?"

"It will save me a journey in the morning," he almost pleaded, and with some reluctance she admitted him.

(Continued on page 12).



Drawn by Stan Terry.

FATHER: "I'm going to pay off all your gambling debts this Christmas, and I hope that will be the end of them."

SON: "Er—I'd rather you didn't, sir—y'see I've got a rather heavy wager with a fellow at the club that you won't!"

The Share Pusher

(Continued from page 11).

It was not the first visit he had paid to her flat, and he had duly noted that, although her method of living was humble, the flat itself was furnished regardless of expense.

She offered him a whisky and soda, which he accepted, but did not drink.

"I WANT to ask you," he said, when she had settled down, "how long you have had Margaret in your employ?"

"Over a year," she replied.

"Would you call her accomplished? Did she speak any foreign languages?" Mrs. Green nodded.

"French and German perfectly—that was why she was such a treasure.

"Why did you send her out to the chemist for smelling salts?"

The woman moved impatiently.

"I have already told you, as I told the police, that I had a very bad headache and Margaret herself suggested she should go to the chemist."

"For no other reason? Could not Mr. True have gone?"

She nearly jumped at this.

"Mr. True? I don't know what you mean."

"True was with you that night; you had been dining *tête-à-tête*. In fact, you were dining as one would expect a husband and wife to dine."

The woman went white, was momentarily bereft of speech.

"I don't know why you're making such a mystery of your marriage, Mrs. Green, but I know that for five years past you have not only been married to True, but you've been his partner in the sense that you have assisted him in his—er—financial operations. Now, Mrs. True, I want you to put your cards on the table. When you went abroad you took this girl with you?"

She nodded dumbly.

"What was your object in going to Budapest, Bucharest and Vienna? Had you any other object than to enjoy yourself? Was there any business reason for your move?"

He saw her lick her dry lips, but she did not reply.

"Let me put it more plainly. Have you in either of those cities a private safe at any of the banking corporations or safe deposits?"

She sprang to her feet, her mouth open in surprise.

"Who told you?" she asked quickly. "What business is that of yours, anyway?"

As she spoke, came the gentle tinkle of a bell, and she half turned.

"Let me open it for you," said Leon, and before she could move, he had flung open the door.

AN astonished financier was standing on the doormat. At the sight of Leon he gaped.

"Come inside, Mr. True," said Leon gently. "I think I have some interesting news for you."

"Who—who are you?" stammered the old man peering at the visitor and then of a sudden he recognised him. "My

God! One of the Three Just Men, eh? Well, have you found that girl?"

He realised at that moment that the question in itself was a blunder. He was not supposed to be interested in the missing maid.

"I haven't found her, and I think she's going to be rather difficult for any of us to find," said Leon.

By this time Mrs. Green had recovered her self possession.

"I'm awfully glad you came, Mr. True. This gentleman has been making the most extraordinary statements about us. He is under the impression we are married. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?"

NOW, sir," said Mr. Bonsor True, his pompous self, "whatever do you mean by making——"

Leon cut him short.

"I will tell you briefly what I have already told your wife," he said; "and as to your marriage, that is so indisputable a fact that I will not attempt to show you the marriage certificate which is in my pocket. I'm not here to reproach you, True, or this lady. The question as to your treatment of the unfortunate people who have invested money with you is a matter for your own conscience. What I do wish to know is whether it is a fact that in certain Continental cities you have safes or deposits where you keep your wealth?"

The significance of the question was not lost upon the stout Mr. True.

"There are certain deposits of mine on the Continent," he said, "but I don't quite understand——"

"Will you be perfectly frank with me, Mr. True?" There was a hint of impatience in Leon's tone. "Are there in Budapest, Bucharest, or Vienna safes of yours, and are you in the habit of carrying the keys of those safes?"

Mr. Bonsor True smiled.

"No, sir; I have places of deposit, and they are in fact safes. But they have combinations——"



Drawn by Tom Aithen.

MRS. NEWLYWED: "I took the recipe for that dish right out of the cookery book, darling."

MR. NEWLYWED: "You did just right, sweetheart, the darn thing should never have been put in."

"Ah, ha!" Leon's face lit. "And do you by any chance carry the combination words in your pocket?"

For a second True hesitated, and then he took from his waistcoat pocket, fastened to his platinum guard, a small golden book about the size of a postage stamp. "Yes, I carry them here—and why on earth I should be discussing my private business——"

"That's all I wanted to know."

He stared at the visitor. Leon was laughing softly but heartily, rubbing his hands as at the best joke in the world.

"Now I think I understand," he said. "I also know why you sent Miss Margaret Lein to the chemist to get a little smelling salts. It was you they were for"—his accusing finger pointed at the financier.

True's jaw dropped.

"That's true; I was taken suddenly ill."

"Mr. True fainted," Mrs. Green broke in. "I sent Margaret up to my room to get some smelling salts, but they were not there. It was she who volunteered to buy them from the chemist."

Leon wiped his eyes.

"That's a great joke," he said; "and now I can reconstruct the whole story. What time did you call on Mrs. Green that evening?"

True thought.

"About seven."

"Are you in the habit of drinking cocktails, and are they usually waiting for you in the dining-room?"

"In the drawing-room," corrected Mrs. Green.

"You took a cocktail," Leon went on, "and then you suddenly went out. In other words, somebody had doctored your cocktail with a knock-out drop. Mrs. Green was not, of course, in the room. When you fell, Margaret Lein examined your book and got the combination words she wanted. She had been abroad with Mrs. Green, so she knew this playful little method of yours of caching your ill-gotten gains."

True's face went from livid red to ashy white.

"The combination word?" he said huskily. "She's got the combination word? Oh, my God!"

Without another word he flew from the room and they heard the front door thunder as he slammed it.

L EON went at great leisure, but he arrived in Curzon Street in time for supper.

"I'm not going to investigate any further," he said, "but it's any odds that those safes in Budapest and Vienna are empty by now, and that a very clever girl, who is certainly the daughter of one of Mr. True's deluded clients is now in a position to help her parents."

"How do you know that she has parents?" asked Manfred.

"I don't know," replied Leon frankly. "But I am certain she had a father—I wired to General Fole last week to discover if his clever daughter was staying with him, and he wired back that 'Margaret had been abroad finishing her education for the past year.' And I suppose that, acting as lady's maid to the partner of a share crook is an education."



Drawn by Ricardo Brook.

SISTER: "Keep yer legs up, young 'Erb—Them's the only sound pair o' stockings we've got to 'ang up to-night!"



Drawn by W. F. Turner.

LITTLE WILLIE (who has done himself rather well): "I hope you will excuse me if I go now, but I think I'm getting homesick."



"He staggered back and lost his balance."

It was fortunate for the amateur somnambulist that it was the festive season.

IN a corner of the crowded drawing-room, young Mr. Deacon and young Miss Fenn sat side by side upon a spacious couch. Miss Fenn, as comely a damsel as ever caused a man to lose his appetite and study the ethics of furnishing on easy terms, looked even more charming than usual. Said Miss Fenn, breaking a longish silence:

"You've been as chatty as an oyster all the evening, Tommy. What's on your mind?"

"Oh—nothing," answered young Mr. Deacon. "Tell me, Jane—who is this Mr. Clevely of yours?"

"Not mine," said Miss Fenn composedly. "Daddy's. Daddy met him somewhere the other day, took a fancy to him, and invited him here for Christmas. He's interested in Daddy's collection of old Greek coins, I believe. He's awfully good looking."

"Oh, rather!" said young Mr. Deacon heartily. "Reminds me of those big-headed young bucks in the cigarette-advertisements—all teeth and hair-oil."

"That," observed Miss Fenn, with a touch of severity, "is not the way to speak of my friends, Tommy."

"Your father's friends," corrected young Mr. Deacon.

"Any friend of Daddy's," returned Miss Fenn, as regally as possible, "is a friend of mine."

"Ah!" said young Mr. Deacon.

"What do you mean—'Ah!'?" demanded Miss Fenn, with some warmth. "I like Mr. Clevely very much, and—"

But at this juncture a new voice intervened—the voice of the cause of all the trouble.

"Come, Miss Fenn," said Mr. Clevely,

bending elegantly from the waist, "this young man has monopolised you long enough, surely. Don't you think a small dance would do you good?"

"Thank you, Mr. Clevely," replied Miss Fenn, turning on that celebrated smile which in its time had driven more than one undergraduate to poetry. "I am rather tired of sitting here . . . Good-bye, Tommy. I hope you'll feel better soon."

THUS it fell out that, when at long last the evening's festivities wore to their predestined end, it was an extremely moody and disgruntled Mr. Deacon who withdrew to his bedroom. As he disrobed and clambered into bed, he was thinking about Mr. Clevely as no gentleman ought to think about another gentleman on Christmas Eve . . .

Sleep, naturally, tarried afar off. Instead there came to young Mr. Deacon, an hour or so later, a sudden belated attack of common-sense, and the realisation that he had been behaving like a peevish two-year-old.

Blushing hotly in the darkness, he reviled himself for a mannerless nincompoop, an evil-tempered boor. First thing in the morning he must apologise to Jane, implore her—

"By Jove!" said young Mr. Deacon, seized of an idea. He sat up in bed, pondering it. Presently he nodded, slid from his couch, crossed to the dressing-table and from a drawer therein took out a neat little parcel.

Thus burdened, he crept to the door, opened it and listened. Silence rewarding him, he slipped out into the passage, tip-toed up the stairs and groped his

way along the upper corridor to the door of Miss Fenn's room.

Here he deposited his parcel upon the mat, turned about and stealthily departed well content. For the parcel contained what any capable shopwalker would instantly have identified as an Acceptable Yuletide Gift; and what girl, discovering a sudden offering at her door on Christmas morning, could subsequently harbour a feeling of wrath towards the giver? Jane, without doubt, would be profoundly touched by the pretty conceit; she might even—

Young Mr. Deacon reached this point in his reflections and the foot of the stairs simultaneously. And it was at that precise moment that the awful thing happened. His right hand, outstretched in the impenetrable gloom, encountered a potted plant upon a lofty bamboo stand. There followed an anguished gasp from young Mr. Deacon, an instant of petrifying suspense, and then a crash that to his anxious ear, sounded about twice as loud as an explosion in a gasworks.

"Oh, Lord!" breathed young Mr. Deacon, turning hastily to seek the sanctuary of his room. But he had taken only two steps when the door of Mr. Fenn's study opened suddenly and a voice said in a kind of hissing whisper:

"Who's that?"

Young Mr. Deacon leaped in the air and shrank back, quivering with dismay. Already there were sounds of startled movement overhead; in another moment the entire household would be about his ears. His was a modest and retiring disposition, and his soul writhed at the prospect of explaining his sentimental journey to an indignant host and of laying bare his lover-like scheme for the entertainment of Mr. Clevely.

He groaned faintly and closed his eyes; and as he did so, inspiration called again at his address. For a moment he stood undecided, wondering if he dared, then he drew a deep breath, spread out his hands and—still with his eyes shut—began slowly to move in the direction of his room.

"What was that?" came the voice of Mr. Fenn—a voice suggesting resentment of this interruption of his slumbers. Lights flashed up, and young Mr. Deacon heard the unloved voice of Mr. Clevely.

"Why, it's young Deacon! I heard a voice and came down. . . . Deacon, what the deuce are you—"

And then Mr. Fenn again, pianissimo: "Deacon! What is—Dear me, he is walking in his sleep!"

Whereupon was heard another voice, at the sound whereof young Mr. Deacon started convulsively and shivered.

"Oh, poor Tommy! Wake him up, Daddy!"

But Mr. Fenn was one of those small, bald, authoritative gentlemen who know a great deal about everything, and he had his own views on the proper handling of this situation.

"Leave it to me, my dear," he commanded. "It is extremely dangerous to wake a—ah—somnambulist suddenly. He might lose his reason. Perhaps he will go back to bed of his own accord."

There was nothing that young Mr. Deacon would have liked better than to

go back to the agitation of the lady's voice.

bearings.

to do, M

"Ah,

Then we

be very

—cough

He dic

slightly.

"He

Fenn.

times po

by—ah—

So sa

ing vict

Young

blast lik

remaine

"Let

wake h

And

duck, s

gentle

"Wh

becile?

Whic

cisely

young

aback,

stincti

he utter

gered l

with a

throug

A s

then;

"W

Mr. C

"Oh

"Look

and it

handk

Mr.

a fra

Fenn'

chron

pocke

gown

of ou

roun

polish

as w

of G

"C

"I

"A

"C

voice

is th

S

dear

puc

wha

"

som

"

Fen

Cle

and

cou

and

kn

wa

you

high

you

go back to bed of his own accord; but in the agitation induced by the sound of his lady's voice he had momentarily lost his bearings. As he paused, uncertain what to do, Mr. Fenn gave tongue again.

"Ah, he is not going back to bed. Then we must wake him up. We must be very—ah—circumspect. I will—ah—cough at him.

He did so. Young Mr. Deacon wilted slightly, but stood his ground.

"He sleeps very soundly," said Mr. Fenn. "I have heard that it is sometimes possible to wake a somnambulist by—ah—blowing at him. Let us try."

So saying, he approached his shrinking victim, inflated his lungs and blew. Young Mr. Deacon rocked before the blast like a sapling in a gale, but his eyes remained doggedly shut.

"Let me try, Daddy. Perhaps I can wake him."

And before young Mr. Deacon could duck, side-step or otherwise escape, a gentle voice said suddenly in his ear:

"What's the idea, Tommy, you imbecile?"

Which did the trick, though not precisely as Miss Fenn intended. For young Mr. Deacon, taken thoroughly aback, emitted a gasp of dismay and instinctively recoiled. One second later he uttered a shrill yelp of agony, staggered back, lost his balance and sat down with a thud that all but drove his spine through his occiput.

A stunned little pause ensued. And then;

"Well, he's awake now," observed Mr. Clevely.

"Oh, poor Tommy!" cried Miss Fenn. "Look—he stepped on that bit of holly, and it's cut his foot! Lend me your handkerchief, Mr. Clevely!"

Mr. Clevely moved hurriedly back, but a fraction of a second too late. Miss Fenn's hand shot forth and plucked the chromatic silk handkerchief from the pocket of his chromatic silk dressing-gown. With a sharp, rattling sound, as of outsize hailstones, a number of small round objects clattered down upon the polished floor. Coins, to wit—such coins as were legal tender in the palmy days of Greece.

"Oh!" said Miss Fenn.

"Damn!" said Mr. Clevely.

"Ah!" said young Mr. Deacon.

"Clevely," said Mr. Fenn, and his voice was the voice of doom, "What is the meaning of this?"

SOME time later:

"Of course," said Miss Fenn, "I knew you weren't asleep, Tommy, dear, because you kept going sort of puce in the face. But I couldn't think what you were playing at."

"Well—" began young Mr. Deacon, somewhat diffidently.

"But I understand now," said Miss Fenn admiringly. "You heard Mr. Clevely in the study, so you came out and pretended to be asleep so that you could keep him occupied till Daddy came and caught him red-handed. And you knocked over that plant on purpose, to wake us up, didn't you? Daddy says you showed courage and resource of the highest order, Tommy, dear."

"Well, I'll show you some more," said young Mr. Deacon, doing so.



OUR CURATE; "Look, Miss Oldbird—see how infectious the Christmas spirit is—how everyone's face is wreathed in smiles!"



THE FESTIVE SEASON AT THE NORTH POLE. Lucky Eskimo wins the first prize in the Christmas Blubber Club.



The Way of Redemption

by Pearkes Withers

The mission of the law's representatives was quite a pleasant one.

DESPITE its lonely situation on the moor, the little thatched cottage would doubtless have looked a perfect picture on a sunny day in June; but on this pitch-black Christmas Eve of wind and rain its chief attraction was the light that shone out so warmly and so welcomingly from its uncurtained window—a light which had beckoned for a full quarter of a mile to the wayfarer who now stood upon the doorstep, rapping with impatient knuckles upon the panels of the front door.

This wayfarer was a tall, clean-shaven and remarkably thin man. His mackintosh was turned up about his ears; water was streaming from the brim of his bowler hat; his boots were smothered with mud.

The door opened slowly and a woman's figure was silhouetted against the light in the room behind her. The stranger's face was completely visible to the woman; the woman's face was shadowed, but it was definite enough to give to the man an impression of youth and loveliness.

"Yes?" said the woman nervously. "What is it you want?"

"I'm sorry to trouble you," said the man, blinking at her through the lenses of his horn-rimmed spectacles. "Especially on such a night. But I'm afraid I've lost my way. I'm trying to get to Ashton Junction. They directed me at Brant, but in this confounded darkness—"

"He'd better come in, Nell," said the voice of a man from somewhere in the room.

"Thanks!" murmured the stranger gratefully.

He found himself in a low, raftered room. On a wooden seat in the ingle-nook, smoking a pipe, sat a man whose face was young, but whose eyes were as old as the world. On the red-tiled floor were rugs, and on the table near the lamp stood two glasses and a bottle with gold foil about its neck.

The stranger's eyes blinked, but they had taken in all the details of the room before the woman had closed the door.

"Too bad disturbing you like this," he said apologetically. "One of the darkest, dirtiest nights I've ever struck—and I badly wanted to be home for Christmas. I lost the last train at Brant and they told me my one chance was to catch the mail train from Ashton Junction, but there wasn't a car in the place to be hired for love or money."

The black-haired young-old man in the ingle-nook looked curiously at the stranger's spectacled face.

"The night mail," he said, "leaves Ashton at 10.55, and it's now 9.30. If you can walk ten miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes you're clever. Will you sit down?"

He sat down and looked up at the woman. She was as lovely as he had imagined her to be, but her big blue eyes were troubled.

"He'll have to stay the night, Nell," said the man. "But there's only one bed," he added, turning to the stranger. "We can only offer you the veriest shakedown."

"It's good of you," the stranger said. "Funny little old world, isn't it? I ought to have been putting the things in the kid's stockings at this moment, and some friends are coming to-morrow. Merry Christmas on the moor, eh?"

"Where do you live?"

"Battersea. And here I am making myself a nuisance in a little cottage on Dartmoor! Luck, isn't it?"

The woman went out of the room, and the man in the ingle-nook leaned forward.

"I seem to have a vague idea I know your face," he said uneasily. "What's your name?"

"Jenkins—Herbert. Quaint, but your face seems familiar too. Reminds me of a man named—named—now what was that name? I know—Rollitt!"

The eyes of the man in the ingle-nook narrowed; the hand that held the pipe trembled ever so slightly.

"Rollitt, eh?" he murmured. "My name's Blake."

"Rollitt's wife's maiden name was Blake."

"Cu—curious," stammered Blake. Then both men started to their feet, for the young woman had suddenly appeared in the doorway, a wine-glass in her hand, a look of haunting terror in her great blue eyes.

"There—there was a face," she gasped. "A man's face! Staring in at the kitchen window."

"Another benighted wayfarer," said Blake grimly. "Open the front door, darling, and call him round."

SHE moved tremblingly across the room, raised the latch, and called out into the darkness, "Who's there?" But there was no sound in response.

The woman forced the door shut and white of face, regarded the man in the ingle-nook with anxious eyes.

"Draw the curtains, Nell," said he. "We're fools to leave the windows bare."

She moved obediently over to the window and dragged the red curtains across the leaded panes. And as she did so, the man in the ingle-nook, with a sudden movement, produced an ugly automatic from his coat pocket and levelled it at the stranger.

"Hands up!" he snarled. "My name is Rollitt!"

"Really?" said the stranger blandly. "But weren't you going to offer me a little drink? After all, it wasn't my face at the window."

"No, damn you," was the retort, "but your face has got far too many windows for my liking. Take off those glasses!"

"Jack!" cried the woman desperately. "Jack, oh, Jack—do, do be careful!"

But the stranger was quite unruffled.

"Sit down, Mrs. Rollitt," he said coaxingly. "Your husband isn't going to do anything foolish." And he removed the horn-rimmed spectacles, displaying in their stead a pair of surprisingly piercing but curiously sandy brown eyes.

"Thought so!" cried Rollitt. "You're S—Sneath, curse you!"

"Detective-Inspector Aldred Egbert Sneath, if you don't mind," retorted the other man cheerfully. "But there's no need to curse me, I assure you. Do sit down, Mrs. Rollitt."

"You and your fifteen mile walk!" cried Rollitt. "It was you who arrested me! It was you—"

"Quit
Sneath.
innocent
"Inno
new you
Sneath
"Tha
gun aw
Rollitt,
a friend
side is
don't th
he can't
Rollitt
"You
alive,"
"No
grunted
don't g
seen P
"Pa
"An
Sneath
about
don't o
to see
Dartm
I thou
fortnig
didn't
come
you, e
father
had
pretty
"W
deman
Det
"It
he sa
"I
"Wh
"H

"Quite," said Detective-Inspector Sneath. "But I always believed in your innocence."

"Innocence! Tush! Sludge! And now you've run me to earth again."

Sneath nodded pleasantly.

"That's so," he said. "But put that gun away, old man, and sit down, Mr. Rollitt, and let's talk the thing over in a friendly sort of way. The fellow outside is Detective-Inspector James. I don't think you've ever met him—but he can't stand the sound of firearms."

Rollitt gritted his teeth.

"You're not going to take me back alive," he said.

"Not much use taking you back dead," grunted Sneath. "Listen, Rollitt, and don't get desperate till I'm through. I've seen Page."

"Page?" exclaimed Mrs. Rollitt.

"An old lag, but a good fellow," said Sneath. "He tells me that he arranged about this cottage. Cute move! We don't ordinarily expect escaping convicts to seek sanctuary at the other end of Dartmoor. That's what put us off—till I thought of Page. He came out a fortnight before you escaped, old lad—didn't he? Fixed up with Mrs. Rollitt to come down here by car to get ready for you, eh? Cottage belonged to his grandfather, he tells me. Well, well, you've had three weeks' freedom—that's a pretty good spell."

"What's three weeks in a man's life?" demanded Rollitt.

Detective-Inspector Sneath grinned.

"It's a hell of a lot in Dawson's life," he said quietly. "May I whistle?"

"I'll shoot you dead if you do!"

"What's this about Dawson?"

"Hope you'll give James a hot bath,"

said Sneath. "He'll need it, after this! And don't look as if I'm judge and jury, Mrs. Rollitt. I assure you this is a really friendly call!"

"What's this about Dawson?" persisted Rollitt, getting to his feet.

"Just this—he's sought police protection against you."

"Dawson?"

"Yes. He's entirely convinced that your one aim and object in escaping is to shoot him! He's in mortal terror of his unworthy life because you haven't been recaptured, and the day before yesterday he went to the Stratford police. I saw him last night."

"B—but I always thought it was Haines who—"

"Ah! He's the Assistant Manager of the Hollis Car and Wagon Company, isn't he? Didn't suspect Dawson of any hand in the embezzlement, then? Thought you owed your five years' penal to Haines, eh?"

"But Dawson's General Manager—"

"Was!"

"What d'you mean by 'was'? He is. Surely you don't mean to suggest that he was—"

"I mean to say," interrupted Sneath, "that it's a dashed silly thing for any convict to try to escape. He's bound to be re-caught, sooner or later, and when he's re-caught he's got to pay heavily for his bid for freedom. But in your case, it was a damned clever thing to do—a dashed sight cleverer than you imagined."

"What d'you mean? What are you getting at? For God's sake, tell me!"

"In your case," the detective said, "your escape so completely rattled Dawson that, in fear of his life, he

decided he'd be safer in prison. He sought police protection, and confessed to being the guilty party. Wait! You thought it was Haines. Well, Haines was in it—up to the neck he was in it. But the General Manager was the prime wangler. I arrested him last night!"

The automatic fell with a clatter on to the red tiles of the hearth. Rollitt stood staring blankly.

Mrs. Rollitt's face was radiant.

"Jack!" she cried.

"I shall have to take your husband back with me," said Sneath, "because, strictly speaking, escaping from a penal settlement is a crime. As, however, he ought never to have been inside one, the penalty for his offence will be a mere formality. But—"

"How am I to know this isn't all a trick?" demanded Rollitt suspiciously.

Sneath shrugged his narrow shoulders.

"Ask James," he suggested. "And by the by, I really must give the call-sign!"

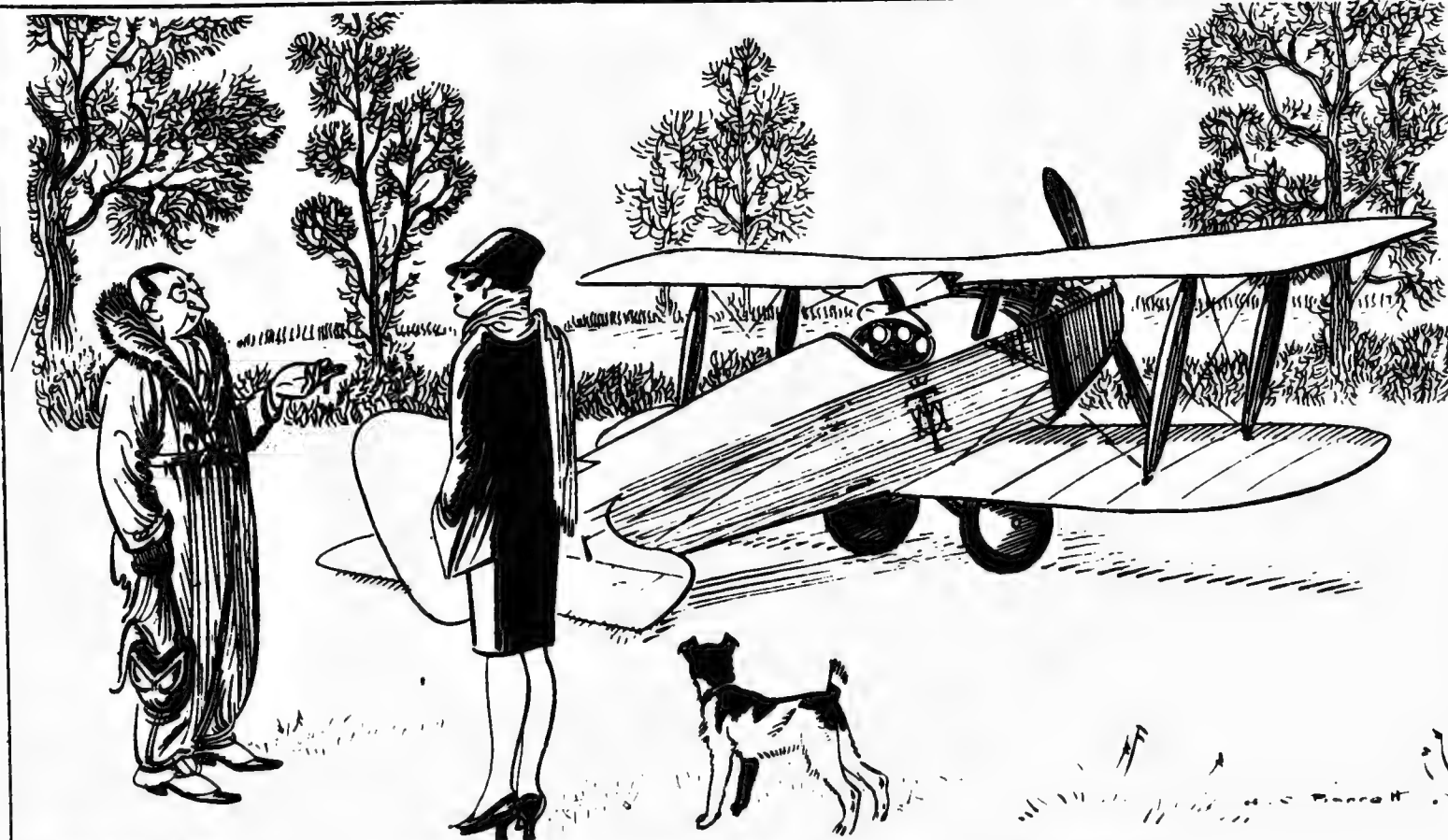
HE pursed his lips and emitted a strangely piercing little series of notes in a minor key. Then he stood and faced the Rollitts.

"Come in, Ted," said Sneath. "Everything's O.K., in spite of the gun on the floor over there!"

Then he turned to the young couple who were embraced near the ingle-nook, and raised his glass.

"Merry Christmas!" he cried. "And God bless everybody!"

"Amen!" replied Jack Rollitt fervently, and added, in a hoarse whisper, "Even Dawson!"



Drawn by A. C. Barrett.

"The mater's awfully good to me. She gave me this plane as a Christmas present."

"Very nice. What did your father give you?"

"Oh, he insured my life for a couple of thousand."

WHAT MADE THE DRAGON DRAG OFF



AWAY back in the dim and misty ages, before History had begun and there weren't any dates to make schoolboys miserable, there lay somewhere in the Grecian Archipelago the tight but abstemious little island of Zotos, ruled over by a certain good and wise King, Sesik the Sixth, ably supported by his consort, Queen Mutherzil.

His subjects were happy and contented, as who could fail to be when governed by a monarch who thought of nought save their welfare?

Hardly a day passed but what he was laying a foundation-stone (subsequently re-laid by the foreman), cutting a first sod, planting a memorial cypress, launching the latest quinquireme, opening a new prison or lunatic asylum, eating a philanthropic banquet, or pursuing some other regal duty.

And no less zealous in good works was his one (and consequently only) daughter, the Princess Maldemer, whose beauty was so dazzling that she could only be looked at in comfort through smoked glass.

Every morning she might be seen circumnavigating the capital city in her little two-seater chariot, bearing baskets of gruel, tapioca pudding, Condé's fluid, and other toothsome but expensive invalid delicacies to the homes of the poor and ailing.

Every afternoon would see her perched by some bedside in the Hay Fever Hospital, reading the more erotic effusions of Sappho to its snoozing, sneezing inmates.

Each evening would find her employed embroidering mustard plasters and putting lace insertions in linseed poultices for subsequent use at the Infant Welfare Centre.

She was, in short, as good as she was beautiful, and it is little wonder that the populace worshipped the very ruts of her chariot-wheels, and, regardless of the risk to life and limb, would prostrate themselves in the middle of the street traffic, all amongst the Baby Austins and the ice-cream tricycles, to kiss the shadow of her big toe as she drove by.

*You are allowed three
guesses—mothers-in-law
and saxophones are
ruled out.*

Little wonder, too, that with all the public activities of the Royal Family, the Zotian welkin was exclusively occupied in re-echoing with the strains of the National Anthem—lyric by Hank Homer, Ed Euripides, and Al Aristophanes, music by Pete Pythagoras, Abe Aristotle, and Ern Euclid—a noble choral conception with which any welkin would justly have been proud to reverberate.

BUT alas! there came a day when Zotos was visited by a dire affliction.

Early one morning a frightened milkman from the rural environs of the city woke the night-watchman in the porter's lodge at the city gates, and in terrified accents announced that an enormous Dragon, so lengthy that it required two men to see it all, had suddenly appeared in the tract of marshland which lay practically within stone-throw (provided one threw hard enough) of the city walls.

A scorching fire, which nothing could withstand, belched from its nostrils, and with his own eyes the milkman had seen quantities of ptarmigan, pteal, ptern, and other marsh poultry, lying disgracefully overcooked among the reeds and rushes.

When it lashed its tail the ground shook and trembled for hundreds of yards around, and already the brute's activities had shaken down a corrugated zinc cowshed, squashing his most prolific Jersey into a hearthrug, and condensing all the milk.

Its claws were as large and powerful as steam-harrows, and the edge of the marsh was strewn with the trunks of the willow and alder trees, to say nothing of huge lumps of peat, which the Dragon had torn up and chucked about.

A messenger was at once despatched to the Palace with the fell tidings. The Royal Family were early risers. The King was in his counting-house counting out the washing, the Queen was in the parlour eating bread and dripping; the Princess was in the garden hanging up the lawn-tennis net. But on learning that the messenger brought news of the utmost importance they all abandoned their simple pleasures and assembled in the Audience Chamber.

"G'morning," began the King cordially. "Have a drink."

"Another time, your Majesty, thanking you kindly," said the messenger. "At the moment grave calamity threatens your city and your people," and he proceeded to narrate the story of the Dragon's appearance.

"Lummy!" cried the King, at the conclusion of the messenger's report.

"Well, there is only one thing to be done," the King went on. "We shall have to give the Dragon a maiden to eat. That is the usual thing, I believe. Otherwise it will certainly attack the city and destroy it."

"But surely," said the Queen in alarm, "there is some knight, some champion, among all the men of the city, who will endeavour to slay the monster before going to this extreme."

"You forget, my love," said the King, "that all our most suitable knights and champions have gone to represent Zotos in the Olympic games at Wembley."

"What about trying to poison it with prussic acid or strychnine?" suggested the Princess.

"You know perfectly well," said the King testily, "that neither of these drugs has yet been discovered. No; I am certain my way will be the quickest in the long run. If we can only manage to give it a maiden that will suit its palate, it will probably rumble off as mysteriously and suddenly as it arrived. Maldemer, just pop round to the Young Women's Friendly Society, give the Matron my compliments, and ask her to be good enough to detail a maiden to proceed to the marsh at once, and offer herself as lunch to the Dragon. Meantime," he continued, turning to the

messenger,
the courtya
situation to

THAT
maide
city.

look at he
taken great
with lipstick
usually att

When m
was seen
huge gap
burnt dow
a Plymou
The King
puzzled.

The Dr
the propiti
all the ac
procedure.

"Possib
ciently be
may be,
selection

Dragon m
mer, my
Y.V.F.S.
detail and

But ag
victim re
the follow
that the l

on the ci
burnt a
ming-bath

And s
week, no
a more a

was desp
quarters.

The m
with any

messenger, "assemble the populace in the courtyard, and I will explain the situation to them from the balcony."

THAT same night the sacrificial maiden returned unharmed to the city. The Dragon simply wouldn't look at her, she said, albeit she had taken great pains with nose-powder and with lipstick to make herself more than usually attractive.

When morning broke, however, it was seen that the Dragon had torn a huge gap in the city wall, and had burnt down a temperance laundry and a Plymouth Brethren's conventicle. The King, on hearing the news, was puzzled.

The Dragon's behaviour in scorning the propitiatory victim was contrary to all the accepted canons of dragonly procedure.

"Possibly the maiden was not sufficiently beautiful," he observed. "It may be, moreover, that yesterday's selection was a brunette, whereas the Dragon may prefer a blonde. Maldemer, my pet, just trickle round to the Y.W.F.S. again, and ask the Matron to detail another girl for the job."

But again at nightfall the designed victim returned home unscathed, while the following morning revealed the fact that the Dragon had made another raid on the city, torn down a lot more wall, burnt a Sunday School and a swimming-bath.

And so things went on week after week, notwithstanding that each day a more and yet more beauteous maiden was despatched to the Dragon's headquarters.

The monster wouldn't have any truck with any of 'em, while each successive

morning revealed further ravages into the city.

At length the eve of Christmas arrived, and Maldemer, who had been considering the Dragon problem carefully, announced to her parents—"I don't want to leave you, but I think I ought to go. It is obvious that none of the maidens hitherto offered to the Dragon has been sufficiently beautiful to appease him. Last night it destroyed the Corn and Bunion Exchange, the Memorial Basin to Sesik the Second, and a blacking factory. If things go on at this rate we shall soon have no city left. I am the most beautiful maiden in the city, and it is clearly my duty to offer myself in sacrifice to the Dragon."

"I agree with you, my pet," said the King brokenly, a lump the size of a pumpkin rising in his throat. "Go! and though in the circumstances it would be sheer mockery to wish you a Merry Christmas, I may none the less congratulate you on having a fine day for your act of heroineism."

There followed an affectionate leave-taking, whereafter Maldemer, carrying in her arms a hamper of Christmas puddings, mince pies, oranges, and Brazil nuts, which it was her invariable custom each Christmas Eve to present to the patients in the Infirmary, left the Palace amid every token of grief.

The Guard drooped the colours. The band played "Bye-bye, blackbird!" The sentry at the gate stood at the present with his entire accoutrement reversed.

The citizens, to whom the news of the Princess's impending sacrifice had been broadcast from 220, lined the streets, and dismally waved little crêpe

flags at her, the while they sobbed copiously.

Amid this display of popular feeling and emotion, it is hardly surprising that Maldemer was so affected that she forgot to leave her hamper at the Infirmary, and bore it with her to the Dragon's lair.

NOW comes the startling but happy ending. As on former occasions, the would-be victim returned safely home, and none was more surprised than the King and Queen, on descending to breakfast on Christmas morning, to find Maldemer already at the table, half-way through her third sausage. But no further ravages by the Dragon followed her return.

Instead, there was an announcement in the stop-press column of the newspaper to the effect that late the previous night the Dragon had been seen dragging its ponderous bulk in the direction of the seashore.

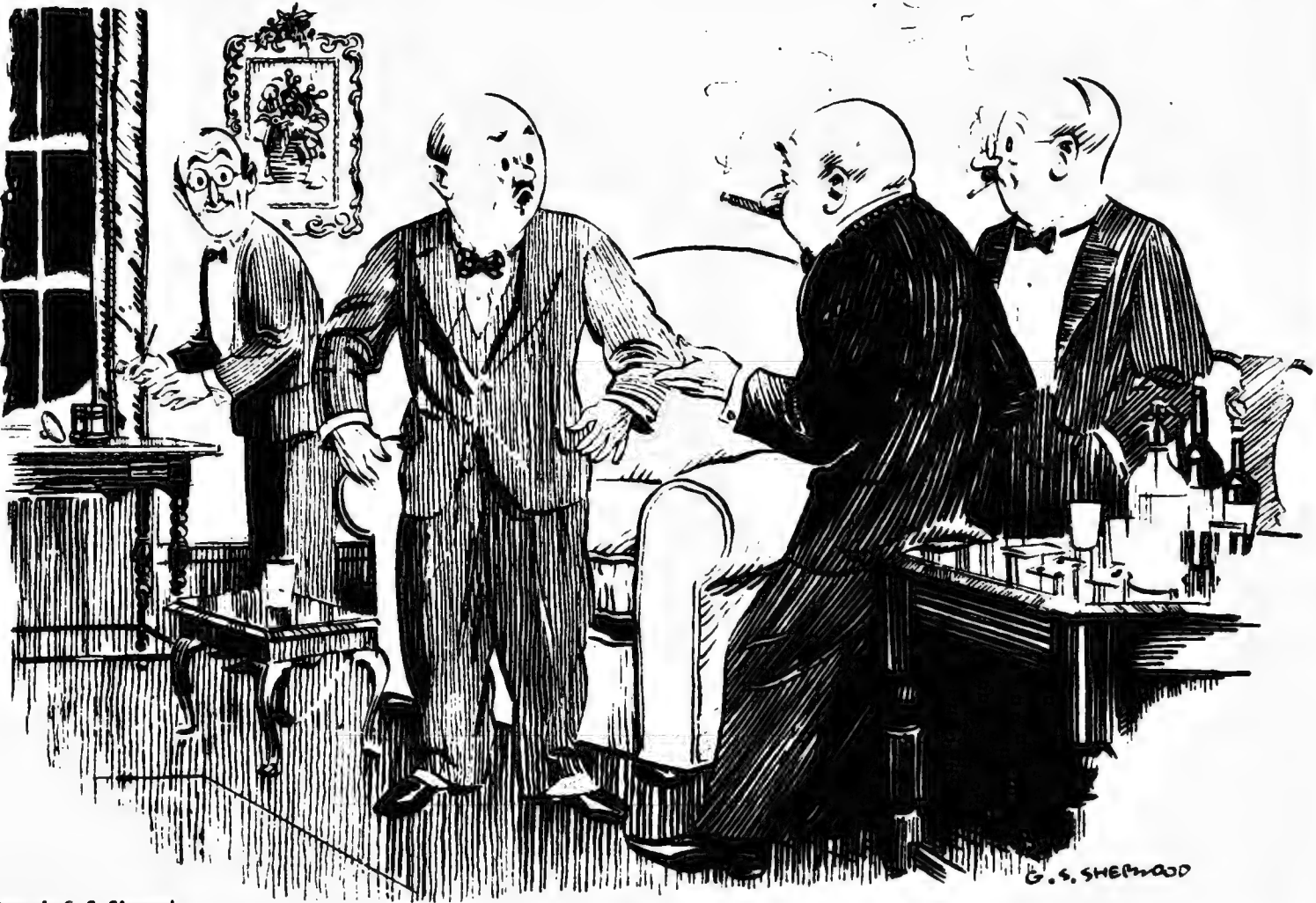
It had made no murderous attack upon the Princess. To her intense amazement it pounced upon her hamper, and at one gulp swallowed it—puddings, pies, oranges, nuts, label, wickerwork, and all. Thereafter, with every symptom of keenest enjoyment and satisfaction, it had lain down to ruminate and sleep; and Maldemer, the truth gradually dawning upon her, had walked meditatively home.

And possibly the reader, too, has similarly arrived at an understanding of the true fact, confirmed when, later, the redoubtable champion, St. Vitus, slew the monster and held an autopsy on its innards. Contrary to all established precedent, the Dragon was a vegetarian.



Drawn by Trever Evans.

MAISIE: "What did Dennis give you for a Christmas present?" DORIS: "Cut glass."
MAISIE: "Oh, tableware, I suppose." DORIS: "No, a necklace."



Drawn by G. S. Sherwood.

HOST: "Why the hurry?—it's hardly midnight and Christmas Eve!"

GUEST: "Midnight??!! . . . my wife's expecting me home to lunch!"



Drawn by A. R. Cane.

NEW OWNER OF HAUNTED GRANGE: "I suppose the ghost of the Lady Clarissa appears at midnight?"

OLD RETAINER (apologetically): "Well, not always, sir. You know what the ladies are for keepin' a feller waitin'!"



Drawn by Peter Fraser.

VISITOR: "And did you get this whip for Christmas?"
BOY: "Yes—twice."



Drawn by Seymour Hurley.

"A snow-shoveller? But there isn't any snow!"
"I know, lady, but I'm leaving you my card in case we 'ave some."



I WAS a reporter on the *London Journal* at the time, otherwise, I'd never have seen the ghost.

The first we heard about it was a report from our local representative at Cheedham Hatch. At an old Elizabethan farm called "The Grinders," the ghost of a cavalier had been seen, carrying its head in its hands. We printed the story. That kind of story was always good. But none of us took any notice of it.

That evening we found that some of our rivals had given considerably more space to the yarn, and the old man didn't know whether to be pleased or vexed.

He didn't believe in ghosts, but he did believe in news, and if the other people were going to run the ghost of "The Grinders" for all it was worth, he didn't see why he should be left out.

Accordingly he telephoned our man at Cheedham to get in touch with the London office the moment the alleged ghost should be seen again.

That was when he picked me out.

"Would you care to interview a ghost on behalf of the paper?" he asked.

"I'd like the chance," I replied. "Whether a ghost is interviewable or not is another matter."

"Stay on the job here," said he, "till midnight, and if any further developments are reported from Cheedham go down there in the two-seater and get a story from the ghost itself." Third-party versions are stale eggs these days.

It was about half-past ten that the word came from Cheedham. The thing had been seen again, looking out of one of the upper windows of the old house.

It turned in my direction and stopped . . . its head was in its hand.

I'd got my orders and I carried them out. Without waiting for further particulars I got aboard the two-seater and turned her bonnet towards Cheedham Hatch.

It was a mislaid kind of place on the top of a hill at the end of a single-track road and, in my opinion, the most remote corner it would be possible to find within two hours of London.

The *Journal's* local man met me at the end of the village street and came aboard the two-seater. He said the ghost had not been seen again since he telephoned, but that the whole place was seething with excitement.

"Who's seen it?" I asked.

"I have," said the local man. "Just a glimpse of it at the window. It certainly looks ghostly. The owner's in a frightful stew. He doesn't feel like going to bed to-night. I can understand it, too!"

"Who is the owner?" I inquired.

"Mr. Stapleton Gaw," was the reply. "A nice man, too. Also there's an American johnny there, a Mr. Irving Tranter, who has never seen a ghost before and refuses to go back to his native land before he has seen this one."

By this time we had reached the haunted house. It was an old affair of crumbling red brick, standing back in a field, very lonely and eerie-looking.

THERE was a light shining in a downstairs room, but no other light. Some fifty people, villagers and newspaper men, were grouped round the gates, shivering in the wind, but nothing of any importance seemed to be happening.

"Any chance of getting inside?" I wanted to know.

"I think not," said our local man.

"Mr. Gaw has got rather tired of newspaper men by this time and he has given strict orders that no more are to be admitted."

"I'm going in," said I. And I strode up the weedy path to the front door of "The Grinders" and gave a rat-tat-tat on the aged panels. A rickety servant of sorts responded to my summons and I took a chance.

"Will you tell Mr. Gaw that Mr. Summers is here," I said in the manner of one who had come to stay a week. "I am very sorry to have arrived so late, but I missed a connection at Bromley."

I flatter myself that I did it rather well. The servant was taken in completely. He asked me to step inside and indicated a chair in the hall. While he went off to carry my message to his employer I took off my gloves and overcoat and made myself comfortable.

Stapleton Gaw was a likeable man. He had an attractive, indeed charming, personality, though this did not prevent his showing amazement at my intrusion.

With his seedy servant filling in the background he stared at me carefully as he came downstairs. And it was just at that moment that I had the odd idea that I had seen the servant before at some time. But where, when and in what connection I could not say.

"Mr. Summers?" said Stapleton Gaw. "You gave my man here some message, but I'm afraid I don't know you."

"I had to get in," I said without blushing.

"Why?" said Gaw.

"To interview the ghost!"

"You're a newspaper man?"

"Yes."

"I have closed my door against newspaper men," said Stapleton Gaw. "It is enough to be worried by this strange

visitation, without the added irritation of publicity. I want to forget the ghost. I must ask you to go."

"Why not let him stay?" said a voice at my side; and I turned to see a little man emerging from a room that opened off the hall. He was so patently an American citizen that I knew at once he must be Irving Tranter.

"You ought to be proud of a ghost," Tranter added. "I guess I'd be if this place were mine. The more people that know about it the merrier. Besides, he's a newspaper man. He might get the thing to talk. Nobody else can."

"Very well." Gaw made up his mind suddenly. "Rice—" to the servant—"get this gentleman a glass of port. You will join us," he added, turning to me once more, "in the library."

"Is the vision usually seen in the library?" I asked.

"On the staircase," said Gaw. "But we can watch from the library."

We made ourselves comfortable in the library where half of the staircase at least was visible.

Gaw seemed very much put out by the appearance of the ghost. He had only bought the property some three months before, in the autumn, and there had been no suggestion of its being haunted when he took over the place. I considered him a man of more charm than pluck, and my private opinion was that he would get out of "The Grinders" at the first opportunity that offered.

For myself, I did not care very much for the place. It was very small, no better than a renovated farm. No doubt Gaw had picked it up for a mere song; and this would be not the least of the reasons for his annoyance at being turned out.

It was while I was thinking these rather prosaic thoughts that a murmur began to be audible from the direction of the lane outside. Gaw sprang to his feet, and Irving Tranter too.

"It is coming!" Gaw cried. "They have seen it at the landing window. It is coming—the third time!"

He stumbled out into the hall with shaking knees, Tranter and I following. For a moment nothing could be seen, save the moonlight through a window on the landing up the staircase; though the disturbed murmurs down in the lane grew louder every moment. And then, not suddenly but gently, furtively almost, certainly shyly, it came into view.

I won't deny that my scalp tingled. I felt pale. You see, there was no doubt whatever of the ghost's existence. It was no longer a question of believing in ghosts or not believing in ghosts.

THERE was the thing, pale and spectral as they're supposed to be, colourless, if you except the grey colour that was over it all. And the most remarkable thing of all was that one could see right through it—could see the oak panelling and the window behind it as it made its way down the staircase. That was the most remarkable thing. The most ghastly was the fact that it carried its head in its right hand.

I was so astonished by the visitation that I almost forgot my purpose in com-

ing to this place. But not quite. Recovering my presence of mind, I addressed the thing.

"Who are you?" I asked. "What are you?"

It turned in my direction and stopped. If its frightful head had been on its neck I think it would have looked at me. But its head was in its hand, and no word came from those spectral lips.

"Why do you come here?" I attempted again. But it made no answer. Instead it resumed its noiseless walk downstairs, step by step, step by step, with the lines of the steps showing through its ghostly calves. And suddenly, as suddenly as it had appeared, it vanished.

"Terrible! terrible!" said the servant Rice, who was standing near the front door.

"Annoying, at all events," whispered Stapleton Gaw.

But the American said only one word: "Bully!"

I turned and saw them—not the American in particular, but Stapleton Gaw and Rice. And at once I knew why I had not known Rice the first time I saw him, but why I had known him the second time, and why I knew him now. The first time he had been alone, and—I recognised him in conjunction with Gaw. Apart, I might never have recognised either. Together . . .

"Mr. Gaw," I said, "I want a word with you—alone."

He started, but led the way into the library, excusing himself to Tranter.

"Well?" said he, when the door was closed.

"Well," said I, "I think I can see through your ghost in more senses than one."

"Go on," said he.

"It was your servant Rice, standing just behind you, gave me the wrinkle," I said. "He used to stand behind you just like that in the old days. Do you remember my interviewing you for my paper at the Shepherd's Bush Hippodrome, five years ago? But your hair was a different colour then and you didn't have a moustache. Also, you styled yourself the Great Buratti, England's Premier Illusionist. I suppose you find it pretty easy to fake up a ghost one can see through. Your illusions always were first rate. But why do you do it?"

HE appreciated the fact that there would be no use in further evasion. He made a clean breast of it.

"The music halls have, of course, gone to bits," he said. "I've got to make a living, and there's no living left in stage illusions. So I buy old farms for next to nothing and stick dear old ghosts into them and—though it may surprise you—there are Americans on earth who will pay quite a good price for an old building with the ghost of a cavalier. It's the kind of thing they haven't got over home. I sold one last year in Scotland and one the year before in Normandy. And now I suppose you're going to give the game away?"

"Not," said I, "if you'll tell me how you work the ghost."

"Thanks," said he, "but I'm not giving any games away either. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall go abroad and sell a few ghosts over there. Excuse me. I will ring for Rice and he can show you out. Good-bye."



Drawn by Jack Gorda.

BILL SYKES (ingeniously disguised): "'Scuse me, hoffer, you don't 'appen to 'ave seen a sort of—a couple of—you know—reindeer abart 'ere?'"



Drawn by Field Smith.

MEAN UNCLE: "Well, boy, what d'you want for a Christmas box, eh?"
 BOY: "A motor-car, uncle."
 MEAN UNCLE: "Right—I'll ask your father to buy you one!"



Drawn by Lance Mitton.

At a meeting of the Spooks' Union yesterday it was decided to strike for a three hour night.



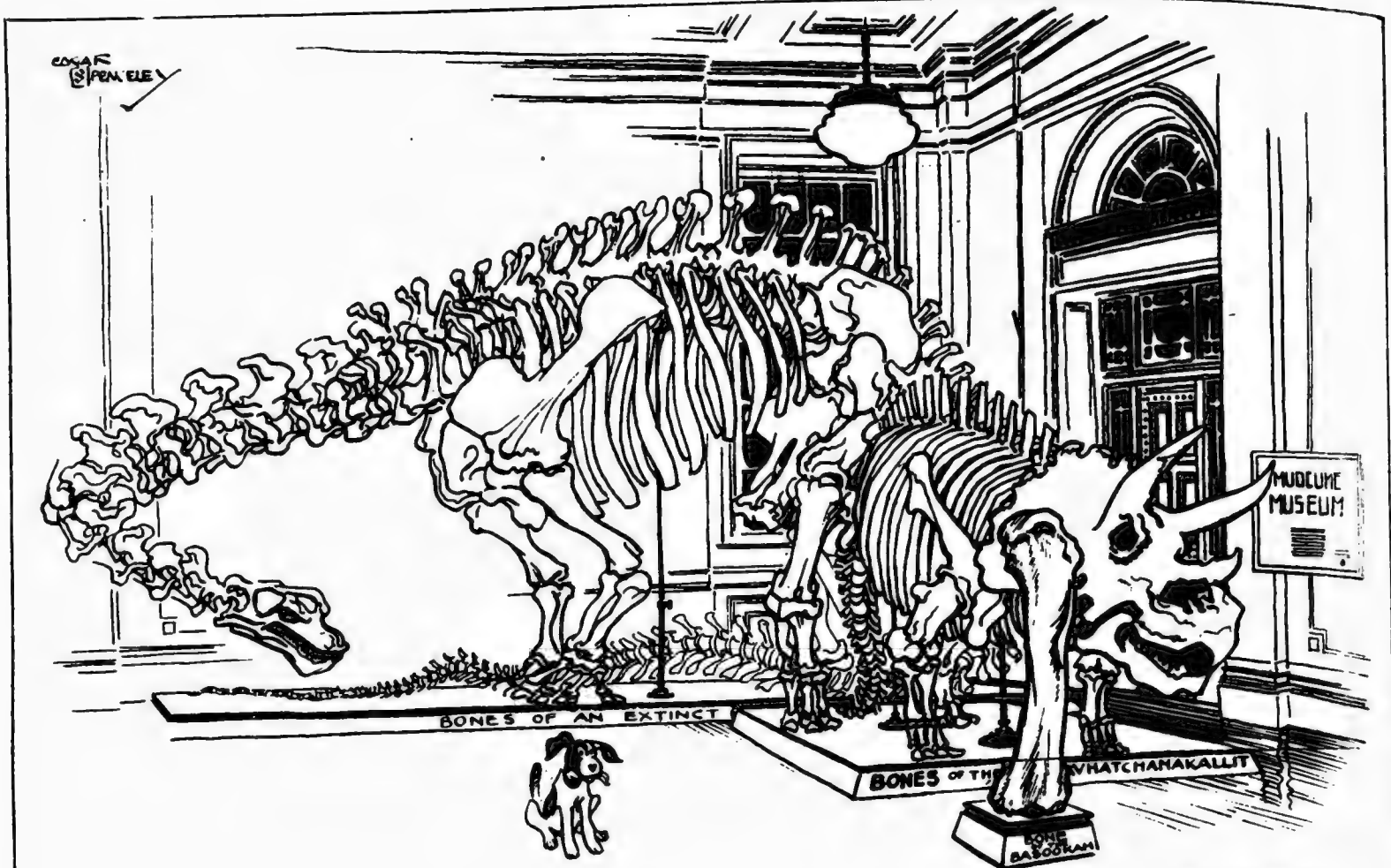
Drawn by Leslie P. Marchant.

LEADER OF CROWD OF BOYS (meeting Little Jones): "Now then, let's be sporty and give him a chance to make one or two before we start snowballing him."



Drawn by Arthur Ferriss.

"Molly and Jim are going at it hammer and tons again."
 "What's the trouble this time?"
 "She's found a purple hair on his costume and her wig is green!"



Drawn by Edgar Spencer.

BONES! A PUPPY'S PARADISE.
(A Pup's idea of the perfect Christmas dinner.)

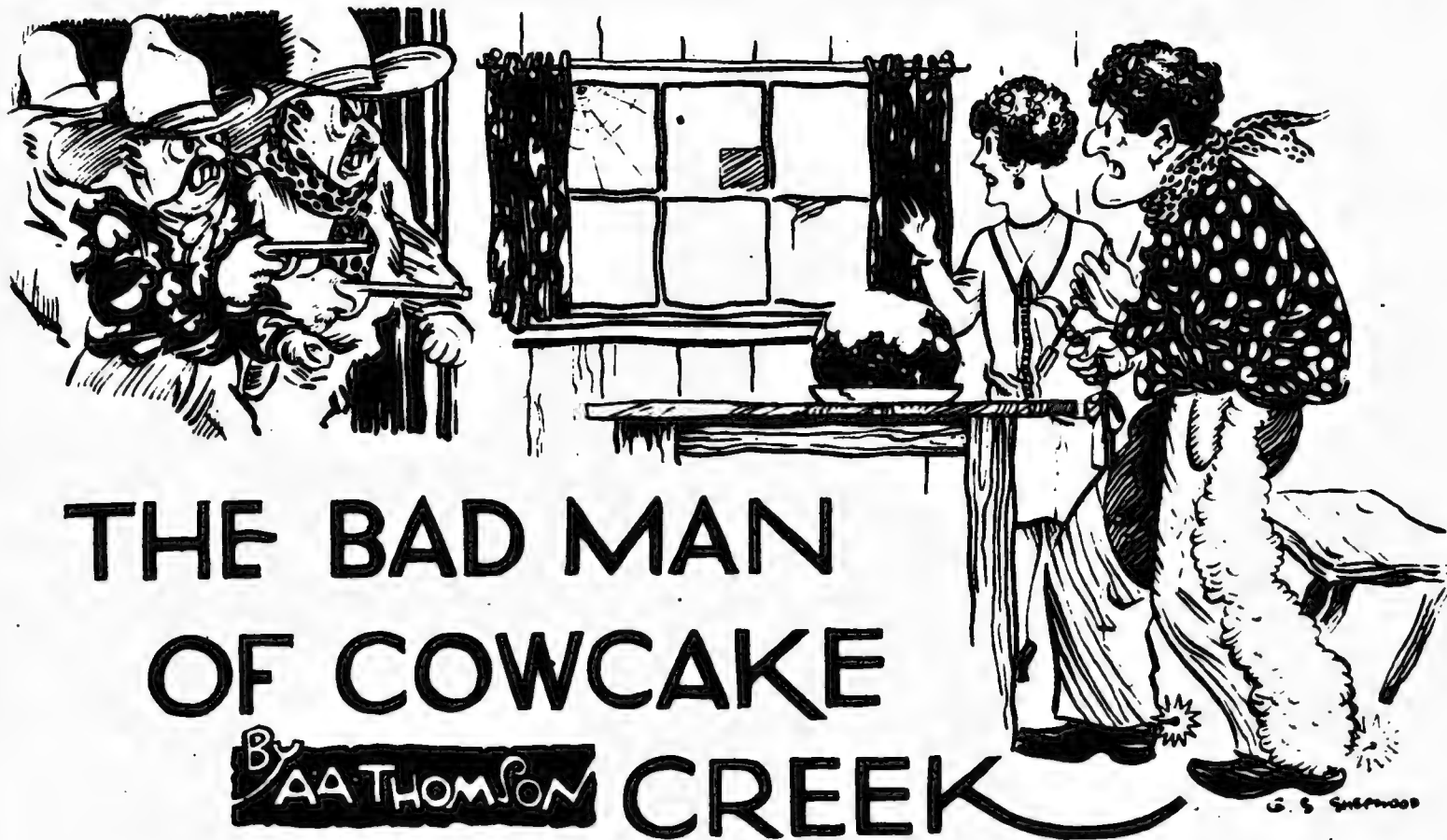


Drawn by Austin Molloy.

"Gracious, Rowena, whatever is the matter with your nose?"

"That fool Percivale will keep his visor oiled so—it fell down last night at the Yuletide festivities."

O
rolled
where
Sh
ing a
life.
box.
Chun
on, f
men
In
East
be b
imm
Wes
her f
she
St
Gre
the
filled
ties
set,
and
Har
S
clon
a h
like
tha
hun
bow
sup
Sw
ho
he
he
re
the



THE BAD MAN OF COWCAKE CREEK

By A. THOMPSON

Say, folk, listen how Hamstrung Hank,
the Big Noise of Cowcake Creek, got his.

OVER the rolling prairie Lulu rode. In front of her the prairie rolled. It rolled behind her. It rolled on the near-side of her pony. It rolled on the offside. It rolled everywhere.

She had ridden for hours without seeing a sign of the amenities of human life. Not a petrol pump. Not a pillar-box. Not even an advertisement for Van Chump's Chewing-Gum. But Lulu rode on, for her heart was in the West, where men are men.

In the effete, degenerate cities of the East, men may be anything. They may be bootleggers, pea-nut vendors or even immigrants from Scotland, but in the West Men are Men. Lulu sighed. In her humble home in Sundae City (Iowa) she had always longed for the West.

She knew all about the West. Zane Grey had nothing on her. And now that the winter vacation had come, she had filled her grip with a few simple necessities—a dozen shirt-waists, a manicure-set, a travelling ice-cream refrigerator and a cabinet-size enlargement of W. S. Hart—and ridden out into the West.

Suddenly upon the horizon, she saw a cloud of dust. Out of the golden West a horseman came riding. He wore a hat like Tom Mix's, a red shirt and trousers that reminded her of the bathmats in her humble apartment-house. At his saddle-bow hung a lariat. Lulu thrilled. The supreme moment of her life had come. Swinging the noose of his lasso, the horseman flung it around her waist as he galloped past, and dragged her from her pony.

"My he-man!" exclaimed Lulu. "My red-blooded, hard-fisted mate of the West. Take me. I am yours!"

The rough, simple puncher blinked. "Beg pardon, miss," he stammered. "I guess I'm a bit short-sighted. I took you for a buzzard."

Peace—the peace of a prairie Christmas—brooded over the ranchhouse. Even Hamstrung Hank was in a peaceful mood. He had shot nothing but a coyote and a couple of Mexicans that morning, for it was the season of goodwill.

Hamstrung Hank was a Bad Man. He was a killer, pure and simple.

There was a knock at the door. In the entrance stood a gigantic

"Hands up, you big stiff!" ... with a forty-five in each hand Hamstrung Hank strode forward.

cowpuncher, six feet seven in his socks, of which he wore three pairs.

"Come in, Shorty," said Hank.

"Say, Hank," announced Shorty, "have you heard the latest about Billy Pete?"

"Nope," said Hank.

"He's got a gyurl. Found her on the prairie, wandering in her mind and refusing to give any address. Cute kid, but batty. Called old Pete her he-man lover,



Drawn by Harold Beards.

UNCLE: "Well, Betty, and what progress are you making towards matrimony?"
BETTY: "I think I shall be on my last lap this evening, Uncle!"



Drawn by Lindsay Cable.

THE SWEET BUY AND BUY
or another of those Christmas "Waits."

and offered to marry him. What do you know about that?"

"Serve the piker right," growled Hank.

"It's the sure-enough goods," grinned Shorty, "they're gonna be hitched up all right. The joint's fixed for twelve o'clock and the sky-pilot's coming over to McGinty's saloon to put over the hitching. What you gonna do about it, Hank?" Hank raised himself on his elbow, took his six-shooter from under his pillow and shot the water-bottle off the washstand.

"I'll not stand for it, Shorty!" he snapped. "If there's gonna be any marrying in Cowcake Creek I'm the guy that's gonna do it. And as for Bilberry Pete—" he consulted his engagement book—"I was gonna shoot him Tuesday, so I'll hand him his right now."

"But, Hank, at this season of goodwill—"

"Cut that out," snarled Hank. "It's listening to sob-stuff like that, as ruins a Bad Man professionally."

MCGINTY'S saloon at a quarter to twelve.

"My strong, wild elemental Man," murmured Lulu, "how impatient you are."

"That's all right, kid," said Bilberry Pete. "The parson'll be here in a minute, but I guess I'm pretty peckish."

"Why, my he-man," cooed Lulu, "don't I just know you're hungry? And what do you think your soul-mate has been doing this last hour?"

"Getting your trousseau ready," suggested the simple cowboy.

"No," replied Lulu, with a shy glance at the twelve shirt waists and the ice-cream freezer laid out on the bar, "my trousseau's all ready. I've been making my he-man a Christmas pudding!"

"Gosh!" exclaimed Pete. "Ain't that just dandy?"

"There," said Lulu proudly, as she brought in the pudding, "you are the bravest man I've ever met. Eat that." Pete sat down at the table. Taking his bowie-knife from his belt, he hacked off a slice of pudding. Then, pale but determined, he raised it to his lips.

"Are you enjoying it?" asked Lulu fondly.

"Yep," responded Pete, gritting his teeth.

"My hero!" crooned the girl.

"Say, kid!" murmured Pete, glassy-eyed, "this yer pudding, it's a fine dandy bunch of eats, but . . . but . . ."

"Hands up, you big stiff!" roared a voice. Pete staggered to his feet, as Hank and his bunch of Bad Men trooped into the saloon. With a forty-five in each hand, Hamstrung Hank strode forward, followed by the boys.

"Bat an eyelid and you're a stiff!" hissed Hank. "This is a crackerjack hold-up. I'm gonna marry this jane, Pete. Got me? Being the season of goodwill, I'm not gonna shoot you, Pete. No, plain lynching's good enough for you, you perishing piker. Out with him, boys, and string him up on Rooney's Oak. Get me, boys?"

With a single bound, the rustlers leaped upon Pete and carried him out.

"Now, Lulu," rapped out Hank. "In two minutes that poor mutt, Pete, will be dangling. I'm the Big Explosion, now. Get me?"

Lulu flung herself into his arms.

"My brave, big-fisted Bad Man!" she faltered. "Have some pudding."

"Get busy," growled Hank. "Here's the sky-pilot. He'll have us hitched up one-time. Blame my cats, what's that?"

The parson had entered briskly, but behind him staggered in a pale-faced figure. It was Bilberry Pete, followed by Shorty and the bunch of rustlers.

"Say Shorty," snapped Hank viciously "didn't I tell you to lynch this guy?"

"Sure, boss," stammered Shorty. "We strung him up on Rooney's Oak, same as you told us, but as for hanging him, lordy! Soon as we got him up, the rope broke and down he came, bing! That guy must weigh two tons, Hank, if he weighs a pound."

"It was that pudding," murmured Pete in a dazed voice, "I figured something would happen when I ate a slice of it. I felt just like a lead-mine."

"Now, boys," interposed the parson affably, "you got me here on a wedding proposition. If you'll kindly sort out the bridegroom, I'll get busy."

"Wedding!" hooted Hank. "I've a darned good mind to shoot up the whole bunch of ye!"

"In that case," said the parson, "it'll be a burial service instead of a wedding, and my fee is ten dollars, spot-cash. Hand it over right now."

Hamstrung Hank turned on Pete with a glance of malevolent fury.

"Nope," he raged. "I'll not shoot you. But, by thunder, I'll fix you. If I see you married to a gyurl that makes puddings like that, I'll die revenged. So get busy, parson. Marry them or I'll shoot up the place."

"My fee is spot cash," said the sky-pilot, taking out his book.

It was a solemn moment. The big, rough, cowboys looked on in silence.

"Well, that's that," broke in Hank at last. "I never figured this wedding would have so little shooting. Gosh-darn it, I'm almost forgetting I'm a Bad Man. I've gotta shoot somebody."

"Not on my wedding day," pleaded Lulu.

"I've gotta shoot something," persisted Hank. "Blame my cats, I've got an idea. I'll shoot the pudding."

He whipped his gun from his belt. There was a flash and a roar. Then Hamstrung Hank staggered and fell. Reverently the big, rough, simple-minded punchers bowed their heads. The Bad Man of Cowcake Creek was no more. His bullet had rebounded from the pudding and lodged in his heart.

Xmas is in the air Bring out the Ginger Wine—



Sip it—

Feel it tingle
on the tongue
Its warm sweetness
And its sweet
warmth
Clinging to the
palate
Alluringly

Drink it—

Feel its comforting
warmth
Tingle through
your veins
To fill you with
a sense of
Well being

Drain it—

To the last Drop
Till its penetrating
glow
Warms and cheers
The very cockles
of your heart!



Drain it—

—and have a
touch of Xmas
to go on with

THRILLING things are happening. Mysterious packages are being smuggled upstairs. The Christmas spirit is abroad. Steal a few of its joys in advance. Bring out the Ginger Wine! Here's a cheering glass for you, sir, smiles, contentment and tingling warmth in its depths. Sip it, drink it, drain it, and we'll pretend it's Christmas to-night.

*famous
since
1740*

STONE'S GINGER WINE

From Wine Merchants and Grocers everywhere.
Ask for Stone's, the Original Ginger Wine.





“Let it snow, we’ve got
Daddy’s Player’s”



NCC 468

JOHN

A

J

well
Sheri
in. T
room
Hous
the d
Par
little
“G
“Cas
“T
name
“Nos
Wise
gets
“A
a gr
gotte
him,
“A
“T
dunn
“The
resul
less—
“U
“Cas
On
the l
sized
hut
Morg
“I
ling
dand
fore
get h
“J
“C
bottl
“J
“Sn
“I
who
have
Rock
“
“To
com
Yor
Chri
that
P
and
“
to c

A Texas Christmas Stocking

by ANTHONY GREY

*Never mention socks to "Cash" Morgan
—he doesn't like them.*

JOHN Cale came limping over the rough land, all boulders and cactus bush, towards the National House. Of the sullen group of men by the well he took no notice whatever. Sheriff Callighan and the boys met him in. They made at once for the private room reserved for Cale in the National House, and somebody brought word that the door was promptly locked.

Partly scorn, partly fear, stirred the little group down by the well.

"Great detective, eh?" sneered "Cash" Morgan, hitching his belt.

"Tenderfoot!" laughed one whose name appeared to be nothing but "Nosey." "He can't stand the pebbles. Wise lad if he doesn't stand 'em, but gets back home."

"All the same," said a third, "he is a great detective. That's the bit we gotter remember. We gotter down him, or he'll down us."

"Ah!" said a fourth.

"The Company's wise, even if they dunno who they're wise to," said Nosey. "They got that feller down here to get results and—he'll get results! Unless—"

"Unless we gets him first," said "Cash" Morgan, with a grin.

One of Callighan's men came out of the National House, carrying a good-sized parcel, which he took into a tin hut a hundred yards along. "Cash" Morgan wanted to laugh.

"Laundry! 'Course, he's been travelling five days—but a man's a bit of a dandy who thinks of a clean shirt before business. Simp! I guess we orter get him pretty easy."

"How?" Nosey demanded.

"Cash" Morgan took a very tiny bottle from his pocket.

"Indian-made good poison," he said. "Snake stuff. Quick. Sure."

"First poison your man," said Nosey, who was inclined to pessimism. "He'll have a guard round him thick as the Rockies. Better pack up."

"Pack up nothin'," said "Cash." "To-morrow night the train of the year comes through—Los Angeles to New York—millionaires going home for Christmas. And we've just got to stick that train up."

Punter Powell came down the lane and joined the group.

"Seen the great detective who's come to queer the game?" asked Morgan.

"Nope," said Punter Powell, "but I been hearin' about him from the guy who does the laundry for the National House. Bit of a dandy, I should say. He wants a clean supply of linen ready fer to-morrow! In Texas! One 'o them New York detectives!"

Something in his words made "Cash" Morgan start. He screwed up his eyes and began to think in a hurry. In the end he slapped his thigh and turned on the others with a burst of enthusiasm.

"What was it you said, Punter? He wants all that laundry by morning?"

"By mornin', yes."

"Then we got him," said "Cash" Morgan. "We got him as sure as sure. Boys, we gotter meet behind the laundry buildin' at daybreak. For to-day, scatter about and look as if yer've never stuck up a train in yer lives. We got the last laugh on Mr. Smart Alec from Noo York, and 'e ain't got an iceberg in hell chance. It was you mentionin' hangin' up his stocking fer Christmas gave me the big idea, Punter."

"What is the big idea?" asked Punter.

"Wait till daybreak and you'll sec," said "Cash" with a grin.

WHEN the first light of dawn was creeping over the flats in the east the gang came together in the shade of the tin shed that was the National House's laundry.

All the day before, all through the night, they had kept away from the National House, even away from each other.

Now, at dawn, they kept well away from the National House, and they might have vanished from the face of the earth for all the guard at the detective's window saw of them.

"They don't think we're up to nuthin'," said "Cash" Morgan.

"What are we up to?" Nosey asked sourly.

"You'll soon know now, Nosey, my miserable pal," said Morgan. "Bust this window open and let's get in."

It was not long before they were inside the tin hut, leaving no trace of their means of entry. The laundry was only a small place. It had no local trade, and was only kept going by the birds of passage who tarried a day or two at the National House. One pile



Very carefully he inserted the poisoned thorn inside one of the socks.

of linen only was now on its shelves, and "Cash" Morgan lifted it down with a sniff.

"Runs to pretty fancy stuff, eh?" he said. "Nobody wouldn't think he had the brains to be a great detective. These is what I'm after," he added, plucking a little pile of socks from the heap.

There were three pairs. Two he passed to Nosey. The third, of a noticeable blue-and-black check, he laid aside.

"You lose them two pairs outside, somewhere where they won't never be found," he said to Nosey.

"And wot are yer goin' to do with the blue-and-black ones?" said Punter Powell.

"What I'm goin' to do with these is easy," said Morgan. "Nosey, nip out o' that window and bring me half a dozen thorns off that cactus bush."

Nosey did as he was told and was back inside a couple of minutes. "Cash" Morgan took the thorns and laid them on the table. He then produced a pair of stout gloves, which he proceeded to

(Continued on page 33.)

Discovery!

What **Columbia**
Scientific Research
has attained!
The **ONLY** Scientific Gramophone

THERE is no gramophone so perfect in every detail as the *Viva-tonal* Columbia. It is the result of costly and lengthy research in the Columbia scientific laboratories—the first and only scientific gramophone. Its superiority lies in these features:—

- Even Response at all parts of the Scale;
- Increased Musical Range;
- Finer Analysis of Detail;
- Greater Volume Without Distortion.

When choosing your Xmas gramophone hear the *Viva-tonal* Columbia and LISTEN FOR THE DIFFERENCE!

CHRISTMAS RECORDS

A Special List of Columbia Records for Christmas is now available—covering every form of entertainment and music for the season. All made by the New Columbia Electric Process Without Scratch. Ask at your Dealer's.



Prices from
£4 15s. to
50 Guineas.

The Viva-tonal **Columbia**

The **ONLY** Gramophone that gives Even Response throughout its **ENTIRE** Musical Range.

SPECIAL INVITATION

A Free Invitation Card to hear the wonderful New *Viva-tonal* Columbia at your nearest dealer, without obligation of any kind, will be gladly sent, together with complete illustrated catalogue post free from
:: Columbia, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. 1. ::

A Texas Christmas Stocking

(Continued from page 31).

put on, and the little bottle of Indian poison from his pocket.

Very carefully he dipped each cactus thorn in the bottle of poison. Very carefully he inserted the poisoned thorns inside one of the socks, well down in the toe and about the heel. Then he put the stopper back in the bottle, folded the sock and laid it on top of the pile of laundry, and then—and not until then—he took off his gloves and thrust them in his pocket.

"I guess," he said, "we got him fixed. Come on, boys, we'll beat it—and wait down the street for the news that the great detective's croaked."

* * *

JOHN Cale sat up in bed. He had slept late. It was nine o'clock. Outside the guard paced up and down beneath his window. Inside, close against the door, was another of Callighan's men. When he saw John Cale stirring the man said "Good morning."

"Nothing happened in the night?" Cale asked.

"Not a thing, sir," was the reply. "They didn't dare take the risk."

"Then I don't think they'll attempt my life now," Cale smiled. "To-night I'll have every man jack of them rounded up."

There was a knock at the door, and Callighan's man opened it.

"Laundry, sir," he exclaimed.

"Bring it in," said Cale, and taking the parcel he laid it on the bed, rapidly checking the items. "Two pairs of socks missing," he said presently.

"Sorry, sir," said the laundryman outside the door, "I must have mislaid them. I'll bring them across later."

"Do," said John Cale.

When Callighan's men had closed the door Cale rose. He took the clean blue-and-black socks and put them on. He retrieved the rest of his attire from a chair in the corner of the room and presently, washed and shaved, and in the company of two of Callighan's men, he went out for a turn on the verandah.

"Cash" Morgan and Nosey were passing at that moment. Almost involuntarily each turned his eyes in the direction of John Cale's ankles. Each suppressed a little gasp at the sight of the blue-and-black socks that the detective was wearing. When they were out of hearing Nosey turned on his companion.

"Thought you said that stuff acted instantly?" he said.

"I just don't understand it," said Morgan, hurrying on.

Back on the verandah, John Cale's brows were knit in a wondering frown.

"Aren't they two of the men you suspect?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Callighan's men. "No direct evidence, but we're pretty sure."

"I wonder," said John Cale, "why

they stared so hard at my socks? Socks . . . Ha! there were two pairs of my socks missing! Socks! Now, what is the mystery of my socks?"

He turned at the door.

"Fetch Callighan," he said, and went indoors.

When Callighan arrived John Cale was sitting on the edge of the bed.

"I want you to be a witness when I take my socks off," he said.

Callighan nodded, having heard the story from his man. Swiftly Cale tore off one sock and laid it on the bed. He probed it and turned it about and finally tossed it aside. Then he took off the other.

"Aha!" he said suddenly when it was inside out. "Look! You see this! And this!"

"Cactus needles!" said Callighan.

"Don't touch them!" said Cale. "Beyond a doubt they're poisoned. We shall need gloves. Here's another! And another!"

"I reckon this justifies me in holding Nosey and 'Cash' Morgan on suspicion," said Callighan fiercely. "Gee! sir, but you've had a narrow escape. One prick from those little fellows and you'd have gone out like a candle." He stopped at the door. "I reckon it's lucky——" he hesitated.

"Yes," said John Cale, "it's lucky I left a bit of myself over in France in the Great War. Thank God," he added solemnly, "for my wooden leg. That's one thing you can't poison."



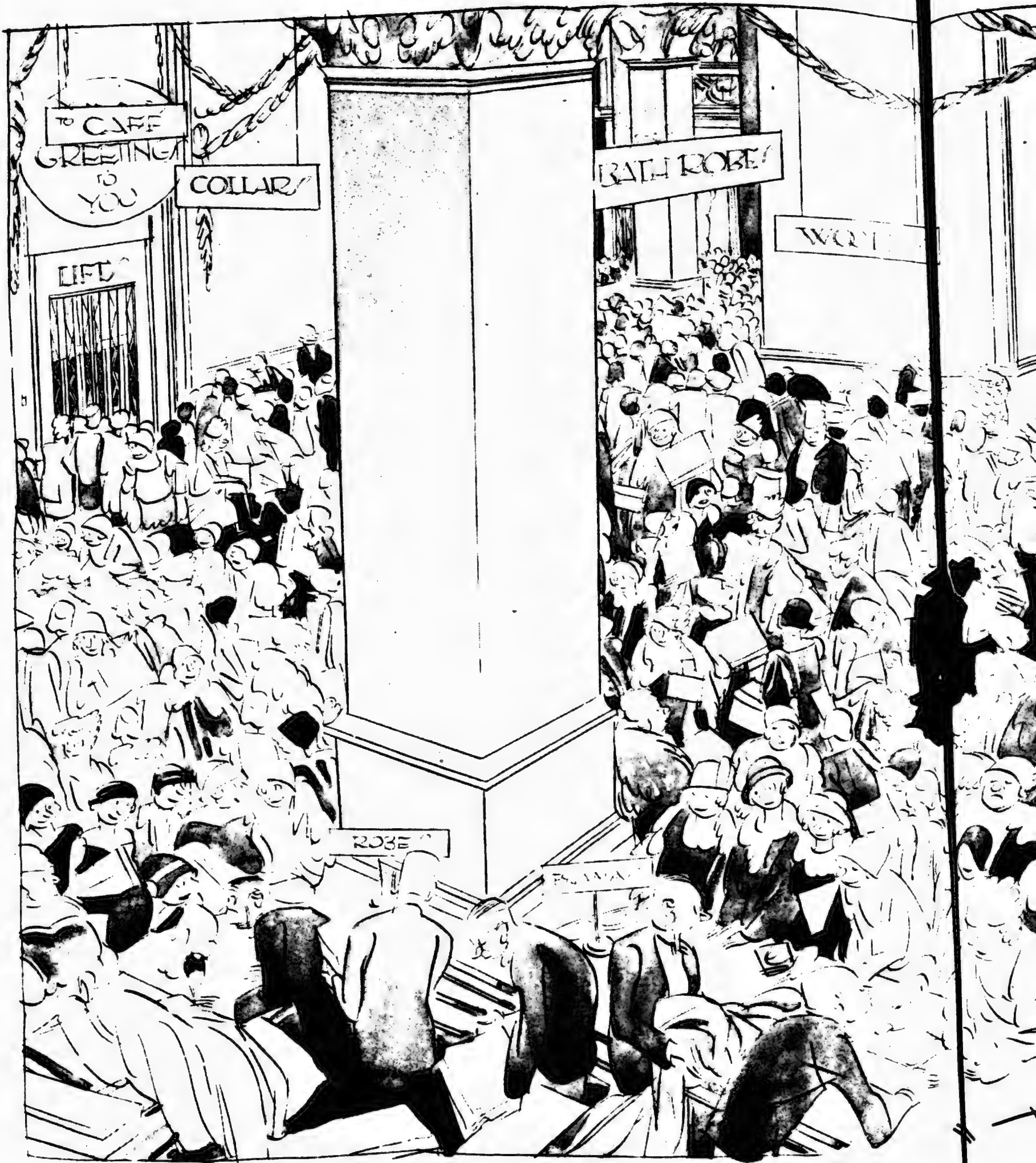
Drawn by J. C. B. Knight.

FIRST LADY: "Hullo, doing some of your Christmas shopping?"
SECOND LADY: "Oh, no, I've finished mine—I'm just helping Harold with a little of his!"



Drawn by Starr Wood.

"That shilling you gave me, uncle, slipped through a hole in my pocket."
"Well, I'll give you another, but don't let it do so again."
"I'll try not to. But don't you think half-a-crown would be safer?"





THE MANS SHOP!!



Stumbling over something in the dark . . . into the cold face of the dead man.

Secrets of the NIGHT

by M.O. SALE

The long memory of another proved a fatal thing for Dr. Fougasse.

TO be a success at criminal hunting (said Père Dupont, the ex-detective, that genial old repository of anecdote whose friendship in the well earned years of his retirement was coveted by all and sundry) it is surprising how much depends on little talents.

Our writers of fiction deceive themselves unanimously on this matter. They make intellectual supermen of their detectives. Pah! Nonsense. Far more important than mere brilliance are a gift for names and faces, a long memory, and a knack of bearing in mind the most trifling circumstances. Luck also plays a part, and luck certainly never served me better than in the affair of La Paix Common.

A party of revellers, you must know, going home in the early hours of Christmas morning, stumbled on the body in a thicket in the most deserted part of the common, which lies just beyond the outer suburbs. Had they been sober enough to have kept to the footpath, it

is likely that the body would not have been discovered for days, possibly for weeks, in that particular place, and the murderer would have gone undetected.

But these young men, fresh from their period of military service, and intoxicated not only by wine but by the keen frost which held all Northern France in its grip at that time, had a whim to cross the common in skirmishing order, and one of them, stumbling over something in the dark, thrust his hand full into the cold face of the dead man.

His cry of horror brought his companions to the spot, instantly sobered. One of them had an electric torch, and by its light they saw that the victim was a youth of the lower classes, swarthy, and of unprepossessing appearance, dressed in shirt, trousers, socks and scarf, but no cap or boots. There were no signs of a struggle, no bloodshed, or evidence of foul play. The body seemed to have been brought to the spot and left.

The main road was at some distance, but in one direction a light was visible. Not wishing to carry the body further than was necessary the party set off towards it, purposing to seek help and permission to telephone the police.

The light proved to be in a ground-floor window of a mansion abutting on the common, and, a gate being handy, they marched straight through into the garden, and rapped on the glass.

There was no reply, so they rapped again louder. Then one of them went round to the front door, which he found wide open. At the same moment a police lantern flashed.

"Hullo there, you!"

"We've just found a body on the common, officer. We were trying to make someone hear."

The gendarme made an assault on the bell, causing it to peal long and violently. After what seemed an age an old woman in a flannel dressing-gown and night-cap appeared.

"What is it? What is it?" she inquired, regarding the party with terror and amazement.

"This is the house of Monsieur Vimy-Lorin, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where, then, is your master?"

"Why, sir, in bed."

"Parbleu, then he sleeps uncommonly well, that is all I can say. Here we have been knocking and ringing till one would think it would have woke the dead. The front door, too, stood open. How is that?"

The old woman began to look still more anxious.

"I do not know, sir. I will go and rouse my master," and she turned and shuffled away upstairs.

They listened to her opening and shutting doors overhead. Even the thick wheezing of her breath was audible in the stillness of the night. Presently she returned in great agitation.

"He is not anywhere in the house. He was in the study when I retired to bed about nine o'clock. Oh, what on earth has happened? It is terrible."

The gendarme asked to be shown the telephone. The body was brought into the hall and covered with overcoats. All those who had shared in its discovery were ordered to wait.

WELL, I myself (continued M. Dupont) happened to be on duty at headquarters that Christmas morning when the message came through, so I raced to the scene in a car with a couple of subordinates.

I knew this Monsieur Vimy-Lorin, and also (by repute) his grand-nephew and only relative, Doctor Alexandre Fougasse. This Fougasse was a brilliant surgeon who divided his time between operations of the brain and lecturing to the students at the hospital of S. Botolphe close by. He could have been a consultant in Paris itself, with a great clientèle among the rich, but for one thing. It was notorious that he was not of pure breed, there having been black blood in the woman his father married, much to old M. Vimy-Lorin's disgust.

(Continued on page 38).

YOU CAN'T GIVE BETTER CIGARETTES THAN KENSITAS SIR—

AND HERE'S THE
BEST WAY OF
GIVING THEM



Kensitas for Christmas! Wouldn't you like to find a cabinet of them on your breakfast table on Christmas morning. One hundred and fifty cigarettes (and there's not a cough in a thousand, remember!) two fine packs of playing cards, and a pair of bridge scores in a cabinet that's useful for years. And it costs ten and sixpence!

Don't wonder and worry about your Christmas gifts—give these Kensitas cabinets and make sure!

Have a look at one—your tobacconist has them.

KENSITAS

NOT A COUGH IN A THOUSAND

MANUFACTURERS: J. WIX & SONS, LIMITED, 174-5-6, PICCADILLY, W.1.





SMALL VICTIM OF XMAS FARE: "Oh, mummy, mummy, I do wish I wasn't me!"

Secrets of the Night.

(Continued from page 36.)

He lodged near the hospital gates, and I went straight to rouse him, first detaching a man to inform the porter that the mortuary would be required.

Doctor Fougasse threw open his window almost as soon as I had rapped on the front door.

"What is the matter?"

"Dress yourself as quickly as possible, doctor, and come down. Something serious has happened."

He soon joined me, armed against the frost with a huge great coat and motor-ing cap.

"This is all very mysterious," he observed when I had put him in possession of the facts. "Where on earth can my uncle have gone?"

"Le bon Dieu only knows. It is lucky, anyway, that these people who found the body on the common should also have given the alarm about his disappearance."

"A most extraordinary coincidence," he agreed. "Quite like a book... Ah, here comes Monsieur the President."

PROFESSOR le Gros, President of the hospital, roused by the commotion, had come down to find out what it was all about. Having told him, it occurred to me to suggest that the students might be formed into search parties to scour the common in case the poor old gentleman, having for some reason gone out for a walk, had been taken ill, or waylaid.

The porter came up just at this moment.

"I can't find the key of the mortuary, sir, anywhere," he whispered to Doctor Fougasse. "It is not on its usual nail."

The latter thought for a moment.

"H'm... No. I believe I must have put it in my pocket. I was in the mortuary pretty late in connection with the material for dissection which arrived in the afternoon... Never mind." He turned to me. "Our mortuary, as a

matter of fact, is full. There are six bodies, which is all we have accommodation for. Would it be convenient for this one to be taken to the Police Mortuary instead?"

"Certainly, doctor," I agreed. "The ambulance should be here by now. Let us go to your uncle's house. It is possible we may find some clue that will save us a lot of trouble."

But we found no clue. M. Vimy-Lorin had simply disappeared. His bed, of course, had not been slept in.

"Well," said Dr. Fougasse, "we are wasting our time here evidently. I doubt if much can be done before daylight but I will go and see about organising the search parties."

I walked with the President to the front door.

"Had any one any interest in M. Vimy-Lorin's death?" I asked him.

"His money goes to Dr. Fougasse, I believe, though there was little love between them."

"He is a brilliant surgeon, I understand?"

"No one more brilliant in diseases of the brain."

"Anything else about him?" I looked at the President very straight. "One must ask these questions, you understand."

"I have always found it prudent, Monsieur Dupont, not to pay too much attention to rumours," he parried.

"Nevertheless rumours may have value, if one bears in mind firmly that they only are rumours."

"Well, I believe he is in financial difficulties," the President admitted reluctantly. "I know that his life is not what might be desired."

"Thank you. I will remember it."

After Professor le Gros had gone I went to examine the body which still lay in the hall waiting for the ambulance to take it away. I had hardly given it a thought till now. The poor chap was dead and beyond human aid.

I stooped and drew away the covering. The face was the face of an

Apache, and it touched some sudden chord of memory.

"Hullo, I know you, my friend," I mused. "Surely I've seen you somewhere... ah, yes, I remember."

As a matter of fact I remembered him well. He was the son of a small tradesman in Montmartre, and from childhood he had shown criminal tendencies. His father had spoken to me sadly about him.

We policemen are known to the public as the avengers of crime. It is not everyone who is aware what efforts we sometimes make in a friendly way behind the scenes to prevent it. I made a point of having a chat with the boy. I tried to speak to him in a fatherly tone.

"You are following a dangerous track, my little one."

"Yah! Don't preach," he snarled, scowling at me with his dirty cigarette stump cocked up in one corner of his mouth and his peaked cap pulled down over one eye. "Don't sermonise. Do you think I am a beastly boy scout, doing his good deed a day in the hope of everlasting salvation and a bit of ribbon?"

"If you would do one good deed in your whole life time," I rejoined angrily, for I knew he was a hopeless case, "it would be something."

"Oh, I'll do that all right," he retorted carelessly. "I've decided on it already. When I've finished with my body, or you and your merry men have finished with it for me, I'm going to bequeath it to a hospital in the interests of medical research."

And with a wink and an evil leer he slouched away.

REMEMBERING this now as I looked at his dead face I whistled softly to myself.

"*Mon Dieu!* but the situation requires thought!"

I walked down the road, through the hospital gates, and across the quadrangle, hardly noticing where I was going in my mental concentration, till I saw the shadow of the mortuary in front.

I paused there a moment, put a cigarette between my lips, and felt automatically in my pocket for a match. But before I could strike it I saw a shadow approach. It was Doctor Fougasse. He opened the door softly, went in, and locked it behind him.

I ran out, hammered on the door with my knuckles.

"Who's that?"

"I, Detective Dupont. Is it permitted me to enter?"

There was a brief silence. Then a shot rang out. I heard a muffled groan and the sound of a fall.

I shouted for help. Men came running. Together we forced the door. I turned on the light.

It was as I expected. The cunning devil!

Six bodies lay in a row, and the sixth—ready to be disposed of at leisure, if events had not followed one another so quickly—was the body of Monsieur Vimy-Lorin.





"Just you make a noise like a squeak about this business and, by God, I'll see you're lagged."

SANDY'S SACRIFICE

by C. Hedley Barker

His "find" was a God-send, but its sacrifice brought greater joy to Sandy.

WINTER was the valet *par excellence*. As a gentleman's gentleman he was supreme, incomparable, a superlative example of what mere valeting could be when carried to the nth degree of artistry.

You could always trust Winter to suggest the correct wear for any occasion. Honiton, who was Winter's employer, found this a boon, for the seat of learning at which he had been educated was remarkable only for its

proximity to a bone-factory. One of your self-made men, Honiton, decent of his kind, but sadly plebian.

Winter wore on the little finger of his right hand a diamond set in platinum. The diamond was small enough to escape ostentation, and perfect enough to round off admirably the Winterian ensemble. An expert might have detected that the gem was paste. Therein lay the singular felicity of its place on Winter's finger. Winter, too, was paste.

Winter had come to Honiton with the highest kind of reference from a noble lord. It ran: "Someone said of Garrick that he was an abridgement of all that is pleasant in man. I can say no less of Winter, whom I warmly recommend with every confidence." Rather a nifty reference, that. And, of course, forged. Winter was an artist in more directions than one.

Winter's real profession was thieving, preferably by night. If you had put it so crudely as that to Winter himself, he would have been hurt. Rather would he have called himself a soldier in the army of unconvention. He had been everything in his time, from a confidence man to a cat burglar, from card-sharper to common pickpocket. But, these things had palled. They were too risky, as had been proved to him on a recent occasion by the police.

The police had actually laid hands on his person. True, he had got away, but the experience had shattered his nerve. What he required was something more elementary and less hazardous. Hence his position as valet to Honiton. Winter fondly hoped and believed that the lifting of Honiton's Christmas presents would prove to be an exercise for young ladies.

Honiton, you must understand, was rich almost beyond a bookmaker's dreams of avarice. He was one of those men of whom you read (but never meet) who could afford to write a cheque for five hundred thousand pounds, and still have a little left over for beer-money. And, Honiton, as I have remarked, was a decent sort. Unlike a good many rich men, it was his pleasure to help on occasion a lame dog over the stile. Particularly was this so at Christmas.

Honiton's Christmas parties were famed. They consisted of a dozen or more, and they were made up of "down-and-outs," whom Honiton collected indiscriminately from the London streets. There would be a right royal Christmas dinner, washed down with the famous beer of Munich, after which the dazed guests, cracking bon-bons of record size, were entertained with music by London's most expensive jazz band.

(Continued on page 42).

To All Good Husbands

THE good husband, of course, neither barks nor bites nor puts his feet on the mantelpiece; never borrows the kitchen matches, and doesn't believe that cigarette ash improves the carpet. He religiously brings his wife a morning cup of tea; carves the joint on Sundays and washes the dishes whilst the wife is 'busy resting.' Above all he never fails to notice her new frock.

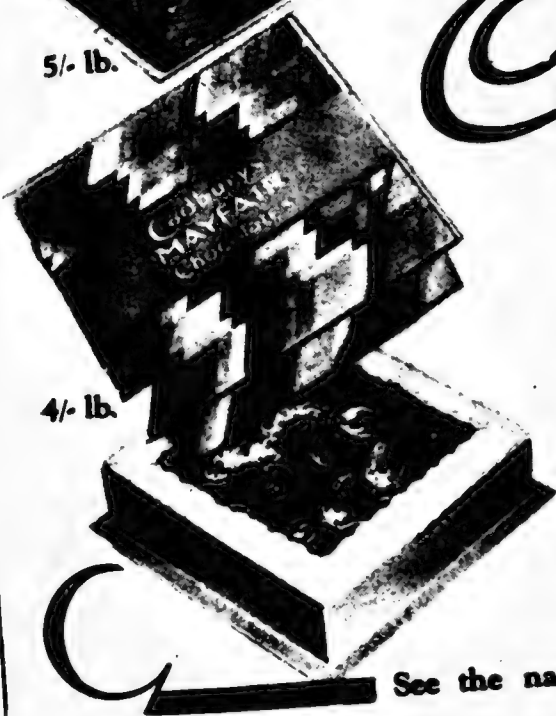


And yet she'll say he isn't perfect! He has forgotten something he bought every Saturday night when they were sweet-heating. Chocolates! Remind him next time you are out—you needn't wait for Saturday night—say "Now George, remember you're a good husband" then stop at a sweet shop and choose your Cadbury's. He is a hard-hearted man indeed who won't buy one of these Assortments.

Chocolate assortments from 2/6 to 6/6 per lb. in Cartons and Boxes. Tray Chocolates, Milk Tray, King George, Sylvia, Mayfair, Naples, Marlborough and many others.



5/- lb.



4/- lb.

choose
Cadbury's
to be sure



4/- lb.



6/6 lb.



4/- lb.

See the name 'Cadbury' on every piece of chocolate.



Drawn by Herbert Hyde.

"Hang this shingled and bobbed hair: I can't tell whether they're girls or boys."

Sandy's Sacrifice.

(Continued from page 40.)

But, this part of the programme held the least interest for Winter. And, in this, he was one with the guests.

The following, culled from the *Daily Mirror* of December the 28th, 1926, will explain:

"Twelve of the happiest men in London were possibly twelve of the most miserable prior to the arrival of Mr. James Honiton, the famous philanthropist. The twelve, with not a penny in the world, with no possessions to their names beyond the tattered garments they shivered in, were seated on that refuge of the beaten and broken, the Embankment, when Mr. Honiton arrived with two motor-cars, and invited them to jump in.

"The astonished men were taken to the town house of Mr. Honiton, and there entertained to a Christmas dinner such as they could have scarcely tasted even in their wildest dreams. Afterwards, they were provided with a Christmas stocking to hang outside their bedroom doors. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of each man when he discovered in the morning (or perhaps before!) that his stocking contained a fifty-pound note."

Winter's attention, then, was concentrated exclusively on those Christmas stockings. What could be easier than to extract the fifty-pound notes which he put into the stockings?

Well, Christmas Eve came. Winter, putting out Honiton's dress clothes, reflected that this would be the last time he would perform that hateful duty, and smiled triumphantly to himself. To-morrow, all being well, he would be off to the South of France.

He was interrupted in this pleasant speculation by the abrupt opening of the door. Honiton entered the room. Outside in the corridor there was a shuffling of feet, whispers, a cough, the reek of damp clothing. Honiton's twelve down-and-outs.

"Er—Winter. These men outside. See that they get a bath, will you?"

Winter looked them over. "Yes, sir. Certainly, sir."

"When they've finished, you might show 'em down to the dining-room."

"Very good, sir."

Honiton disappeared. Winter took charge of the party. "This way, chaps," he said. He led the way to the bathrooms.

They filed in. The doors closed behind them. But, presently, a door opened, and a spry little man with a week's growth of beard and a pair of very sharp, bird-like eyes peered forth.

"Oy!" he called to the receding back of the valet. "Oy, there, matey."



Drawn by Thompson.

FIRST STRANGER (conjuring up visions of empty houses): "That's the sort of queue I like to see."

SECOND STRANGER: "Why, are you a playwright?"

FIRST STRANGER: "No, a burglar!"

Winter turned round.

"Damn my eyes," exclaimed the spry little man, "if it ain't old Winter! 'Ow goes the fight, old pal?"

Winter shook his head. "I don't know you," he said.

"Come orf it! Too good ter reckonise an old pal, are yer? Cripes, but yer in a swell job, 'ere. 'Ow did yer come ter snaffle it?"

The spry little man winked solemnly. "You're a one, you are. Up to some lay, I'll bet. Wearin' a sparkler, an' all! Worth two 'undred quid if it's worth a stiver."

Winter's stare was icy. "You've made a mistake," he said, "I don't know you, and I'll thank you to be less familiar."

"Oh, righto. That's 'ow the land lays, is it? Sorry. No offence, I 'ope."

There was a hurt look in the eyes of the man as he turned away.

* * *

At one a.m. Winter stole to the door of his room, opened it, and peered out into the corridor. A pale moon peered in at the stained glass window on the landing. The night-prowler emerged, and proceeded to carry out his plan.

He had extracted a dozen envelopes from as many stockings when he spun round swiftly to the sound of a creaking board. By the light of the moon he saw a man. A small, spry man. The figure advanced, spoke.

"All right, matey. It's only me. Damn funny thing—I was about to investigate them stockings meself. What say—fifty-fifty?"

"No," said Winter, "I don't. And—listen. I do know you. You're Sandy Watkins."

"That's right, chum."

"Forgotten the Greer Street affair, have you?"

The spry little man started.

"No, I see you haven't. A word from me in the right quarter, and you're a goner. They'll send you down for a stretch. Understand that?"

The other nodded.

"Very well. Just you make a noise like a squeak about this business, and, by God, I'll see you're lagged."

"I get you," he muttered. He looked up at Winter. There was meaning in his eye. "Couple o' quid?" he suggested. "I could do with it."

"Not a penny."

The spry little man shrugged. Good-night," he said. "Merry Christmas."

Winter's door closed. Sandy Watkins stood there for a long time, staring at the floor. And, presently, his eye caught sight of something that gleamed in the moonlight.

It was Winter's diamond ring.

"The swine!" hissed Sandy, as he handled the gem. "He ought to be hamstrung!"

Winter didn't deserve to succeed.

He didn't.

He was arrested on the following day with the notes on him. For, you see, they found Winter's ring in one of the guest's stockings. Even a thief can make a sacrifice on occasion, and Sandy Watkins made his with the greatest joy in the world.

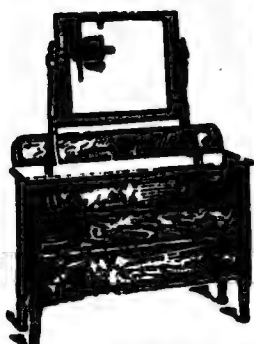
ORDER NOW for XMAS

**VALUE
SECURITY
QUALITY**

*-delivered with the Goods
when you buy at JAY'S*

PRIVATE
VANS

**RECORD BARGAINS
IN ALL
DEPARTMENTS**



A BEAUTIFULLY FIGURED 4 FT.
SOLID OAK BEDROOM SUITE,
IN RICH ANTIQUE COLOUR

10/- MONTHLY

The wonderful credit terms alone form a sufficient reason for furnishing at Jay's. Combine with this—the highest possible return for money—quality that ensures entire satisfaction in appearance and wear—a definite guarantee that dispels all risk of worry or loss!

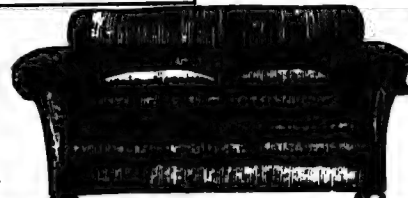
Should adverse times arise you keep all you have paid for, subject only to a fair charge for use and carriage of furniture returned.



VERY POPULAR BEDSTEAD,
IN RICH ANTIQUE COLOUR.
SOLID OAK,
RIGID AND
RELIABLE **6/- MONTHLY**

**FREE
DELIVERY
ANY
DISTANCE**

JAY'S TERMS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES	WORTH	MONTHLY
	£10.....	4/-
	£20.....	8/-
	£50.....	20/-
	£100.....	40/-
	£250.....	100/-



DESIGNED FOR
COMFORT.
LUXURIOUS
3-PIECE SUITE,
IN DAMASK

10/- MONTHLY



JAY'S
FURNISHING
STORES

WRITE for the BARGAIN BOOK

Practical Proof that you Pay Less and Receive More.

If desired, our Travelling Salesman will call at your home, and estimate without any obligation to purchase.

248-250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1

222, HARROW ROAD, PADDINGTON, W.2
WHITECHAPEL—223, Whitechapel Rd., E.1
CLAPHAM—59, 61, 63, High Street, S.W.4
345, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.5
HAMMERSMITH—120, King Street, W.6

CHELSEA:

CRICKLEWOOD—140, Broadway, N.W.2
PALMERS GREEN—25-27, Green Lanes,
BOW—165, Bow Road, E.3 [N.13]
KING'S CROSS—212, Caledonian Rd., N.1
WORTHING—15, Rowlands Road
EXETER—104, Fore Street

UPTON PARK—381, Green Street, E.13
HOLBORN—51, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1
WIMBLEDON—11, Br'dway Mkt., S.W.19
PADDINGTON—219, Shirland Rd., W.9
THORNTON HEATH—59, High Street

363, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.10

BRIGHTON—127, Queen's Road
CROYDON—5, London Road
WOKING—11, The Broadway
STOKE NEWINGTON—88-90, High St.,
N.16
WATFORD—12-13, High Street

STRATFORD: 379-381, HIGH STREET, E.15

Early Closing Thursdays,
Sats. open until 8 p.m.

GLOUCESTER—89, Northgate Street
WORCESTER—53, Broad Street
BRISTOL—21, Stokes Croft
BRISTOL—77 & 78, Redcliffe St.
CARDIFF—52 & 53, St. Mary St.

S.W.10

COVENTRY—4, Fleet Street
NEWPORT (Mon.)—78, High St.
SWANSEA—34, High Street
SWANSEA—283, Oxford Street
CARNARVON—Castle Square
PLYMOUTH—8 & 9, The Octagon



An out-of-date story for up-to-date children.

ONCE upon a time—in fact, so far back that it was nearly twice upon a time—there dwelt, where the Elephant and Castle now stands, a poor Baron, named M. P. Kunios. We have some pretty poor Barons nowadays but this guy was the poorest thing you ever set your lamps on. He was poorer than our telephone service.

On the day this story opens (Wednesday, early closing day), Baron Kunios was worried. But, as he was worried on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and all the rest of the week, that didn't cut much ice. His particular worry on this particular Wednesday was a gradual leakage in his gradual payments.

He had furnished his castle on the easy-going payment system. His contract with the furniture furnishers stipulated that if, at any time the client should find himself unable to continue his payments, the party of the first part, could slide up in a plain van and collect a sufficient number of the props to cover the amount outstanding, less a slight charge for adjustment, inasmuch as, and notwithstanding anything to the contrary aforesaid, and hereunto and so on ad lib. Which was only fair.

But, as the Baron had never met any of his payments, he was a little bashful about meeting the furniture van. And therefore he worried. And so would you.

The Baron had three daughters, Wintergreen, Thermogene, and Lucinda Ella. The two elder sisters, Winnie and Thermie, had faces that hurt. But young Cinda Ella was easy to look at. She was a pip.

For years poor old Kunios had hoped against hope that a brace of young boobies, with oodles of the useful, would hitch their Fords to his gatepost and relieve his eye strain by removing his two superfluous daughters, Winnie and Thermie.

Every time he looked at them he got specks before his eyes, and every time he heard a motor-toot he thought it was a plain van and scuttled for the coal cellar. His one best bet, Cinda Ella, was overlooked in the worry of his unspiced daughters and his unsettled furniture bill. Calling Winnie and Thermie to him, he averted his face and snapped like an Alsatian.

"Can't you two gargoyles get your faces lifted or something? Otherwise the mortgage on this shack will push the roof in."

"Faces lifted?" said Winnie the elder and, if possible, the worst looker, "we've had them lifted twice."

"And dropped three times," snarled the Baron, "see if you can't lasso a couple of husbands before something worse hits you. Fade away before you bring my lumbago on again." And he

stamped his way to the village to try to raise a bit on his note of hand alone.

Now just about this time Cinda was wandering through the wood picking up bits of wooden wood. They burned wood in those days, not because there was a coal strike, but because they had no central heating or better sense.

She stooped and picked up a nice bit of mahogany and found to her surprise, that it was an artificial leg attached to a funny little old woman.

"Put that leg down," squeaked a voice which sounded as if it needed a new needle.

Cinda dropped the leg—and also the little old woman who was tied to it.

"Sorrow," said Cinda, "I had no idea you were using it."

"Now give me a leg up," ordered the little old woman.

Cinda lifted the old woman and placed her perpendicularly. She was about four feet high and one foot short.

"Now," said the old-fashioned Mammy, "cross my palm with firewood and I'll tell your past, present, and future."

"Take the whole issue," replied Cinda, giving Mother Noblett an armful of sun-made kindling.

"You're a good kid," said the witch (did you guess she was a witch?) "I only asked for the wood to see if you would give me the wood or the bird. Now I'll have a look at your mitt. First of all, don't forget Galloping Hay for the Lincoln. Take a price now and you'll clean up. Then—heads up—here comes a bogie." And the little old woman faded out. She was there one minute and the next, there she was—gone.

Cinda gazed where the witch wasn't. If her bundle of wood had not disappeared she would have thought it was a dream. She shook her head, took three deep breaths, two aspirins, and decided to forget it. She started to gather more wood, which did not take long as the forest was built of trees.

ON her way home she passed a swell-looking young gink all dressed up like a sore finger. He looked like a Pantomime Principal Boy—and he was. Cinda Ella, being a coy young flapper, never noticed him—very much.

"Hello kiddo," said the stranger.

"Hello yourself, you big stiff," replied Cinda, demurely.

"My name is Dandini," the stranger continued.

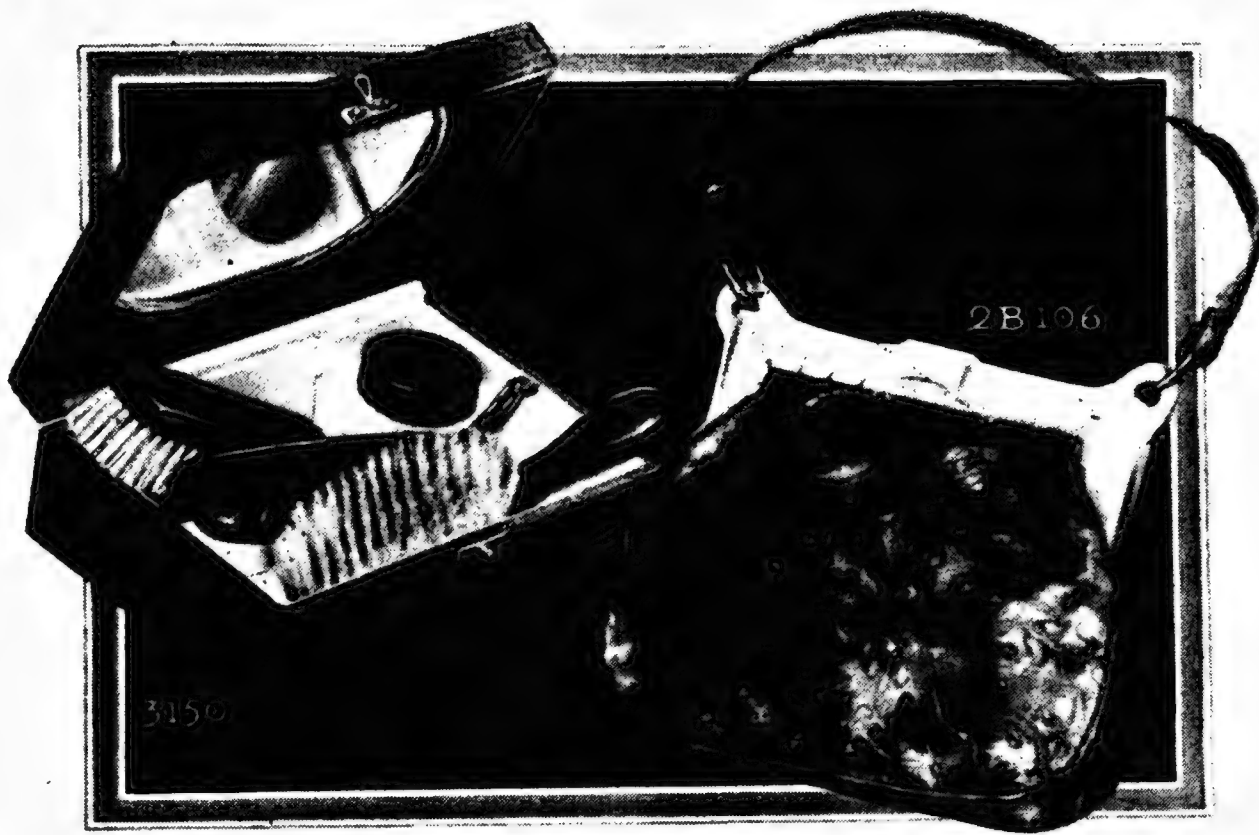
"You look it," blushed Cinda.

"Are you coming to the ball to-night? It'll be a posh splash. I have one ticket left and I'd be most fearfully bucked if you'd take it. Won't you? I'd be most disgustingly obliged." And he gazed at her like a shell-shocked sheik.

"Now, quit your kidding," said Cinda Ella angrily, "me go to a ball? In this make-up? Me stack up against a lot of swell janes looking like Burlington Bert? Roll over, you're on your back. Me go to the ball! Three of them—yes. Me for the kitchen among the cinders. Me for the crystal set and the weather and news. Me for the cosy fire-place, the dish-cloth and ashes. I

(Continued on page 46).

Christmas Gifts



ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
SENT FREE
ON REQUEST.

3150. "Bobbed" brush set
in real leather case, fitted
with hair brush, cloth
brush, comb and powder
box. Obtainable in saxe,
shell, jade, pink, amber,
lilac, purple, red
and royal blue. **21/-**

2B106. Mayfair Pouch Bag
in real jazz morocco, fitted
with mirror as illustrated.
with amber or imitation
shell
frame. . . . **10/6**

Make gift-buying a real
pleasure by shopping at

Gift
Departments :
PERFUMERY
AND TOILET
REQUISITES.
SILVER AND
PLATED WARE.
FANCY AND
LEATHER GOODS.
STATIONERY.
PHOTOGRAPHIC.
LIBRARY.
FINE ART.
BOOKS. TOYS.
XMAS CARDS.

Gift
Boots
Departments

LONDON, W.1 - 182 Regent Street
MANCHESTER - The Royal Exchange
GLASGOW, C.2 - 101-105 Sauchiehall Street
NOTTINGHAM - High St. and Pelham St.
OVER 800 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN.

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd.



Drawn by Norman Keene.

"A LITTLE SPECULATION."

Lucinda Ella

(Continued from page 44).

have a couple of near-flapper sisters; they'll be there. And if you want a good laugh get a close-up of them. But me! Nix on that stuff." And, bursting into tears and a run she loped off the screen.

Arriving home she found the family in a ferment and a state of excitement. The Baron's other shirt had not come back from the laundry and he was trying to build a dicky out of a piece of linoleum. Winnie couldn't get her hair bobbed because she couldn't raise the bob for the bob. Thermie couldn't find a pair of stockings with any shins in them.

CINDA Ella had to jump in and help them to get made up. She faked up a shirt for the Baron, using her brains and a strip of wallpaper, cut Winnie's crown of glory, and painted Thermie's legs with grate polish so that they looked just like 3/11½ gun-metal socks—with knobs on. At last they were all set and ready to start.

"Put the cat out and keep the fire in," sneered Winnie. "If it gets warm, let the cat in and put the fire out," said Thermie.

The Baron could not think of anything foolish to say, so he didn't say it.

Cinda sat by the fire feeling as lonely as a night watchman in a lighthouse. She was wondering whether to have a good cry or a game of patience, when the lift descended to the kitchen, the door slid open, and the little old dame slid out.

"Hello, Cinda. You look like the weather," she chirped.

"You said it, mother. But who are you anyway?" said Cinda.

"I am your fairy godmother," rasped the witch.

"Well, pull up a chair and park your hips," smiled Cinda.

"No thanks, I've had tea at the Corner House. Behold!" And, slinging off the rusty looking dolman, she stood up straight and tittered. She wore short skirts, short hair, and lip stick as all godmothers do. Grandmothers as well, for that matter.

"Geel! It's Fanny Ward," squealed Cinda Ella, "I was feeling kind of grouchy, Mammy, but it's all hotsy tots now."

"Were you sore because this Prince guy is throwing a party and you were slung in the discards?" asked the witch-fairy.

"I got to hand it to you, mother.

You're certainly right there with the guess stuff."

"Well, what's loose? Is it the scenery?"

"Sure it's the scenery. Look at me. I look like the way Jack Hylton would play 'Home Sweet Home'—all raggy." Cinda looked at herself with a sea-sick expression.

"That can be easily healed up. Listen kid. You're going to this hop thing and you're going to make these near-flapper sisters of yours look like a wet Friday night in Wigan. First of all, get me a pumpkin for a coach—a brace of mice for horses—a deuce of lizards for footmen—and then ring up the Midnight Sun Garage and tell them to send a taxi to take you to the ball. That's magic."

"It listens good, but what about the scenery?"

"Here," said the fairy, digging into her purse, "here's your scenery. Peel off that shabby genteel cover and wrap this around your chassis. Here's a pair of crystal slippers. You can get your foot in the crystal slipper. I won't pull that one about getting your foot in the Crystal Palace. It's been done in every Cinderella show this year."

"Now what about a ticket?" said Cinda Ella after she had made the change.

"Do a little gate crashing. Walk in on your face. But don't forget this. When the twelve o'clock time signal goes—fade. And fade quick because at midnight that swell dress of yours fades too. And the Lord Chamberlain won't pass you unless you're insulated. But, when you fade, be sure you leave one of your clogs laying around loose. This Prince mutt will grab it and come around to-morrow asking you to put your foot in it and marry him." And before Cinda could say Robinson and Cleaver the fairy melted again.

It all worked out like a weather prophecy predicting rain. Cinda Ella went to the ball and the Prince, the same bird whom she had met in the forest, fell for her like sweat from a tall blacksmith. He walked all over her crystal slippers but, although they were glass there was no pain—I mean pane (joke). Her sisters never knew her in her straight make-up and her father never left the bar anyhow.

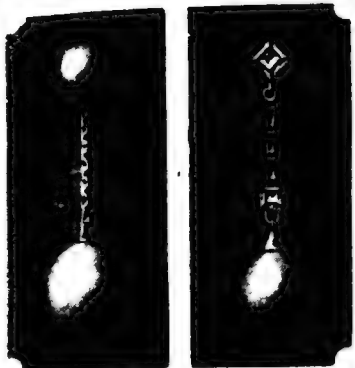
At twelve o'clock she made a sudden dash and nearly missed it. As it was, her new scenery dissolved as soon as she got outside and she had to duck up an alley. A policeman saw her but he wouldn't believe it. She got home frost-bitten but happy.

The next day she was sitting pretty, knowing that the Prince would roll up as per invoice. When he came with the odd clog her sisters had a wallop but couldn't make it. Cinda came third but finished first. The Prince married Cinda, lifted the mortgage off the roof, and sent the two ugly sisters to a face foundry to get remodelled.

When the time came for Cinda's divorce she had a beaut. It ran for a week with a matinee every day.

Moral: The next time you meet a fairy—sign the pledge.

THE GIFT OF HER CHOICE



63. Selected Ciro Pearls, round or pear-shaped, on solid Gold mounts. £1 1 0 per pair.

1045. A charming design. Selected Ciro Pearl, mounted with scientific Diamonds. £1 1 0 per pair.



531. Selected Ciro Pearl, set with scientific Diamonds. Gold shank. £1 1 0



22. One, two or three selected Ciro Pearls, on plain all-Gold mount. £1 1 0



598. Specimen square cut Ciro Sapphire or Emerald, mounted in platinette. Gold shank. £1 1 0



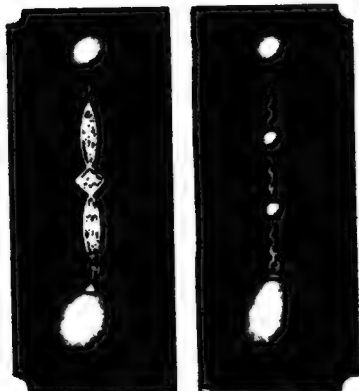
532. A new design. Selected Ciro Pearl set in platinette with scientific Diamonds. Gold shank. £1 1 0



4034. Three selected Ciro Pearls, charmingly mounted with scientific Diamonds in enamel border. £1 1 0



61. Charming Earrings, with perfectly matched single Ciro Pearls, on plain Gold mounts. £1 1 0 per pair.



474. Selected Ciro Pearls, mounted in platinette, set with scientific Diamonds. £1 1 0 per pair.

94. Selected Ciro Pearls on platinette chain. £1 1 0 per pair. All earrings are made either for pierced or unpierced ears.



MISS JULIETTE COMPTON

Ciro Pearls and Jewellery are offerings that delight every woman. They are gifts of unfailing appropriateness.

Ciro Jewellery, fashioned by the creators of Ciro Pearls, is a realisation of the ideal in jewel harmony, individual in character and distinctive in treatment. The mountings, characterised by grace and refinement, are exquisitely wrought by master-craftsmen.

Of Ciro Pearls, which have an established world-wide reputation, as perfect replicas of real Oriental pearls, little need be said. A Necklet of Ciro Pearls is essential to the toilette of every well-dressed woman.

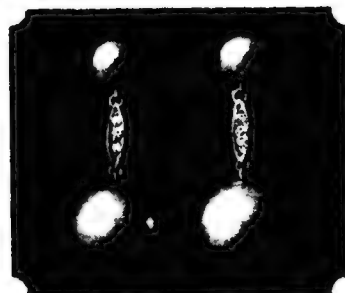
OUR GUARANTEE.

We will send you, on receipt of One Guinea, a 16-inch Necklet of Ciro Pearls, or of any of the articles of Ciro Jewellery shown on this page. It can be worn for a fortnight. If it does not give entire satisfaction return it to us and we will refund your money in full.

Write for our illustrated Catalogue No. 28 post free.

Ciro Pearls AND JEWELLERY

Obtainable exclusively from the showrooms of
CIRO PEARLS LTD
178 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
40 OLD BOND STREET W. 120 CHEAPSIDE E.C.
MANCHESTER 14 ST. ANNS SQUARE. LIVERPOOL 25 CHURCH ST.
BIRMINGHAM 121 NEW ST. GLASGOW 36 BUCHANAN ST.
EDINBURGH (Jenners). NEWCASTLE 10 TYNE (Coxons). BRISTOL
(J.F. Taylor Ltd.) DUBLIN 2-11 Swissers



420. Drop Earrings of simple design and medium length, mounted with Ciro Pearls in platinette, set with scientific Diamonds. £1 1 0 per pair.



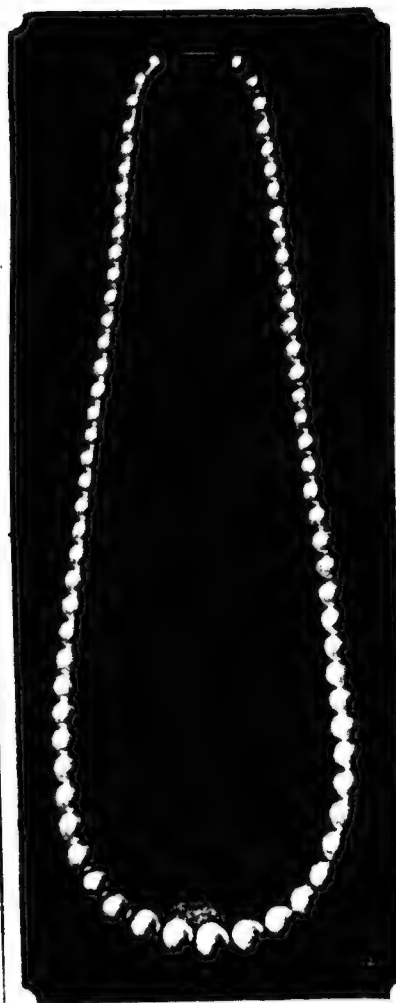
4009. A new design. Selected Ciro Sapphires or Emeralds, realistically mounted in platinette. £1 1 0



533. Selected Ciro Pearl, set in platinette with Ciro Emeralds, Sapphires, or Rubies. Gold shank. £1 1 0



597. Perfectly cut Ciro Sapphire or Emerald, mounted with scientific Diamonds in platinette. Gold shank. £1 1 0



Reduced reproduction of the world-renowned Ciro Pearl Necklet, 16 ins. long, with Gold clasp. £1 1 0
Longer Necklets at proportionate prices.



One In a Thousand

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

Nemesis started at long odds but got there in the end.

"... found themselves confronted by a lean, grim-faced man."

"I ALWAYS like to work a season-graft at Christmas time," observed Mr. Josiah Craven amiably to his latest apprentice, Bob Stevens. "It makes you feel more in the swim. People expect to be parted from their money at Christmas, and I don't see why the shopkeepers should be the only persons permitted to skin the public."

"Quite," agreed Bob Stevens approvingly. "I take it that you have a seasonable graft in mind?"

"Your faculties are improving," commented the other. "I have every hope that before the New Year is very far advanced you will be able to evolve ideas of your own. Meanwhile, listen to me."

Stevens drew his chair a little closer to his chief's and lent a ready ear while the other proceeded to outline his scheme.

"I was strolling down Oxford Street the other day, looking in the shop windows and thinking of the great annual fleece," went on Craven, "when I suddenly remembered that I wanted to write an important letter."

"So I dropped into Martin's Mammoth Stores and took a lift to their writing-room; it was while I was writing my letter that the great idea came—and it was one in a thousand."

"I was sitting there chewing the pen-handle when an assistant came in and started replenishing the racks on all the desks. I noticed that he got the

stationery from a bureau in the corner; and I noticed that the bureau was not kept locked."

"From this you will gather why I am always urging you to keep your eyes open. It pays. Here, I argued, are stacks of stationery going begging. Any stranger with sufficient nerve can walk in minus his hat, go to the bureau, fill up



Drawn by Heri Harvey.

DE PLONK: "This suit of armour was actually worn by one of my ancestors."
TOMKINS (slightly deaf): "My! Your Aunt's Sister must 'ave bin a gay old bird."

the racks and walk out with a couple of packets under his arm!"

"But," protested Stevens, "surely the paper's all printed with Martin's address and everything? It wouldn't be much use to anyone—and certainly not worth the risk of being spotted and run in for pilfering!"

Craven shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of disgust.

"Perhaps by next summer your brain will begin to function," he commented wearily. "Bobby, my boy, one of the big points to remember in the game of graft is to make your own opportunities; and if the circumstances aren't right you've got to make them, too."

"Everything depends on circumstances. In the ordinary way, Martin's printed paper isn't worth anything beyond a few coppers for scrap; but if we can get the circumstances right it can carry astonishing value."

"Oh, go on!" snapped the pupil impatiently. "Tell me the worst."

"The best, you mean," corrected Craven. "Since I saw you last I've been busy with my little home printing press, and I've produced a thousand circulars as per sample here submitted!"

He drew a folded paper from his pocket as he spoke, and when Stevens opened it out he saw that it bore the heading "Craven and Stevens, actuaries and auditors," and was dated from Brunton's Chambers, W., an accommodation address which they had found most convenient on several occasions.

The circular itself set forth particulars of a "Great Christmas Competition," which consisted of a simple crossword puzzle, arranged in the seasonable design of a Christmas tree.

No fewer than two hundred splendid prizes, Stevens read, were "positively guaranteed." An entrance fee of half-a-crown had to accompany each entry, but the long list of prizes which followed inferred that it was worth it. There were cases of champagne, and other choice wines and spirits; caskets of cigars; plum puddings, turkeys, hams, hampers of assorted Christmas fare, and a host of other valuable and attractive offerings, all of which were to be guaranteed and supplied by Martin's Mammoth Stores.

Craven and Stevens, "actuaries and auditors" were to conduct the actual competition and they would issue vouchers to the prize winners which could be presented at Martin's stores in exchange for any prize desired.

Stevens wrinkled his brow over this circular for some time; then he looked up at his mentor.

"Do you mean you are going to re-print these on Martin's paper?" he asked.

"Of course not," snapped the other. "Wake up! If I can get hold of that paper I propose to print a formal guarantee to send out with the circulars. No one will entertain a moment's suspicion when they see the name of Martin's. They'll think it's an advertising stunt and as safe as houses. In the ordinary course of events half-a-crown would be too stiff a fee and people would think twice about it; but when they read 'Prizes positively guaranteed by Martin's' (Continued on page 50.)

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD.
Proprietors of "John Bull."



Puddings with BIRD'S Custard *HOT*.

Every Doctor will tell you that our good old English puddings are especially valuable for providing body-
warmth and resistance to our damp-laden climate. All
boiled or steamed puddings are inexpensive money-
saving fare.

Bird's Custard served as a Hot Sauce makes
these economical puddings appetising and attractive,
alike to children and grown-ups.

*Here are some puddings the children like—Fig—Fruit
—Ginger—Bread—Trifle—Jam or Marmalade.*

Pour the rich nourishing Bird's Custard freshly
made, and whilst still steaming hot, over the pudding.

Tricolour pkts., 1½d.; silvered boxes, 6½d. & 1/-;
tins, 1/3½

"BIRD'S is a better
quality."



Earn Money at home like this

UNDOUBTEDLY this is an opportunity to be seized—
without hesitation. The IMPERIA KNITTER
enables you to make money in your own home with certainty
and regularity—money to save if you work only now and
then, money to live on in comfort if you make it your
occupation. You can learn to work the Imperia Knitter
in a day, and the next day you can be earning. Nothing
could be simpler than the working of the Imperia Knitter,
and nothing more perfect than the work it turns out. All
sorts of beautiful and useful things can be made on the
Imperia Knitter—Hosiery, Underwear, Jumpers, Knitted
Costumes. There is no risk about it, no worry, no
uncertainty of any kind, because—

WE GUARANTEE TO BUY YOUR WORK
and pay the best rates. At the same time you can sell to
private customers and shops as well, if you want to, and
so build up a splendid little home business with a sure
income for life.

In your own interests you should know the facts about this
wonderful proposition, and our FREE ILLUSTRATED
BOOK will tell you. It really is a wonderful proposition,
a sure income for man or woman at all times, and freedom
from money worries and the risk of unemployment.

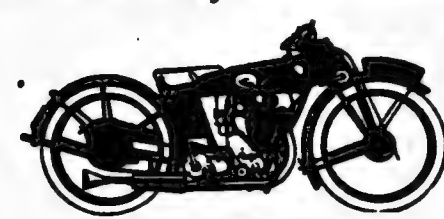
—COUPON FOR FREE BOOK—
Post without delay. Write your full name and address plainly
on a piece of notepaper, pin this Coupon to it and address
To THE IMPERIA HOSIERY MFG. CO., LTD.
(Dept. J.B.), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.
Please send me FREE and without obligation your ILLUS-
TRATED BOOK giving full particulars of the Imperia Knit-
ter Home-Work Scheme and your Work-Buying Guarantee.

**Call if You
Can.
Write if You
Can't.
But Get the
IMPERIA
BOOK
(Free for Coupon)
and learn about
THIS GOLDEN
OPPORTUNITY.**

Humber

The Speedman's Choice

because no other motor cycle fulfils the re-
quirements of sporting riders more completely
or possesses a mechanical equipment so well de-
vised for those who must combine pleasure with
moderate initial outlay and low running cost.



3.49 h.p. O.H.V. "Sports" Model
3.49 h.p. Side Valve "Sports" Model
3.49 h.p. O.H.V. "Sports" Model

Dunlop Tyres Standard

Write for fully illustrated Catalogue.

HUMBER CYCLES still hold pride of place among
those who make cycling their exercise. The wide
range enables any intending rider to select a model
exactly suited to his or her needs.

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY.
London depot:— 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.



Drawn by Lupton M. Webb.

"Take that stuff down at once, Molly."
"Oh, but Daddy, it won't make any difference."

One In a Thousand.

(Continued from page 48.)

tin's Mammoth Stores' they'll send off their money without a murmur."

Stevens could not conceal his admiration, and readily conceded the other's scheme to be an ingenious and safe form of graft. He was inclined to be a little dubious as to whether the desired note-paper could be obtained as easily as Craven seemed to think, but the latter soon put his mind at ease.

"I'll see to that part," he said. "All I shall want you to do is to go into the writing-room first and spy out the land. If there are only ordinary customers there you must come out and tip me the wink and I'll walk straight in. I shall be hatless and dressed in the approved shop assistant style. With all the shopping crowds I haven't the slightest fears about getting out with the stuff under my arm. The packets are quite small. I'll just slip into the necessary things and we can stroll along there now."

HALF an hour later the two schemers entered the famous stores and Stevens hurried on ahead according to plan. He was back in a few moments and found Craven standing by the lifts.

"All clear," he murmured tremulously and Craven moved casually off.

Stevens for his part stepped into a lift and fighting his way through the shopping crowds at last achieved the street. Then he strolled a few hundred yards and waited at a spot which had been fixed upon beforehand.

Five minutes ticked by, then ten. But there was no sign of Craven and his waiting assistant began to grow uneasy.

After fifteen minutes Stevens was pacing restlessly up and down, and at the end of twenty minutes he was almost in a panic.

"He's been spotted," he mused. "That's what comes of being so cocksure!"

His musings ended in a sigh of intense relief as the familiar figure of Craven emerged from the crowds.

"Sorry if I've kept you waiting," he said breezily, "but a dear old lady in the writing-room complained of a crossed nib and asked me to get her another. It took me a minute or two to find which drawer they were kept in!"

Stevens gasped in amazement at the other's suavity. He himself was keyed up to a high pitch of nervousness, and now he almost collapsed as he suddenly saw that his companion was empty-handed.

"Did—didn't you get the stuff after all?" he asked blankly.

"Of course I did," announced Craven, hailing a taxi and bustling his friend in.

"But where is it?" asked Stevens.

"By next Christmas," began the other scathingly, "you may possibly graduate—that is if your brain holds out till then. Now you didn't think I was going to risk walking out with the stuff for every shop-walker in the place to see, did you?"

"But you said—"

"That was only to test your credulity," explained Craven unkindly. "I was hoping you might spot a flaw in my scheme, but you didn't use your brain or come forward with any helpful suggestion. That was left, as usual, to me. Martin's writing-room, so conveniently provided for customers, adjoins their post-office, also provided for the convenience of customers. I simply passed through the swing doors, bought a couple of large,

registered envelopes, slipped the packets of paper into them and posted them on the nail. We shall get them this evening."

Stevens looked admiringly at the complacent Craven.

Late that evening an auxiliary postman staggering under his unaccustomed load of Christmas mail, delivered the two registered packets at Craven's private address in Bloomsbury.

Still later that evening Craven and Stevens, who had already set up the necessary type, worked hard to print off the "guarantees" on the stolen paper. By midnight their task was accomplished, but they still toiled on, putting the "guarantees" into envelopes together with the circulars outlining the great Christmas scheme.

And, in spite of their nocturnal labours they were up betimes and journeyed by bus to a South London district which Craven had selected as the field of their endeavours.

Each carried an attache case, crammed with the "bait" and they agreed to work in opposite directions, selecting the most hopeful thoroughfares and simply dropping their missives through the letter-boxes. By this means they could save time and postage.

When they foregathered for lunch, every one of the thousand circulars had been disposed of.

"If only half of 'em bite it'll be quite profitable," observed Craven with a smile of self-satisfaction; "but I fancy we shall net more than that."

For Stevens the intervening hours were full of suspense, but Craven, used to playing a waiting game, was as blithe and truculent as ever.

THE next day came, and in the afternoon the two made their way to Brunton's Chambers in high spirits.

"What did I tell you?" remarked Craven as he pushed open the office door. "First fruits, my lad! First fruits!"

He stooped to gather up the little pile of letters which reposed upon the mat, but straightened up suddenly as a soft step sounded behind them. Both he and Stevens wheeled suddenly and found themselves confronted by a lean, grim-faced man.

"Good afternoon," said the newcomer quietly. "I've been waiting for you to turn up. 'I take it I am addressing Messrs. Craven and Stevens?' Good! Well you have my sympathy 'cause I fancy you must be the unluckiest fellows in London."

"What do you mean?" asked Craven haughtily.

For answer the stranger produced an envelope from his pocket and drew forth a familiar circular and "guarantee."

"This was put through my letter-box yesterday," he remarked, "and I found it when I got home."

"Well, what about it?" asked Craven.

"Nothing much, only, as I say, you're darned unlucky. I happen to be employed at Martin's, and I heard yesterday that some paper was missing from the writing-room. You see, I'm one of the house detectives!"

For COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA and all complaints of the chest, throat and lungs

Don't rely upon protracted treatments. Only a quick action remedy is any use. Every hour's delay increases the danger. Veno's is absolutely harmless in spite of its speed. If you have a cold take a dose of Veno's and take it now.



Smash
FLU
in a night
with

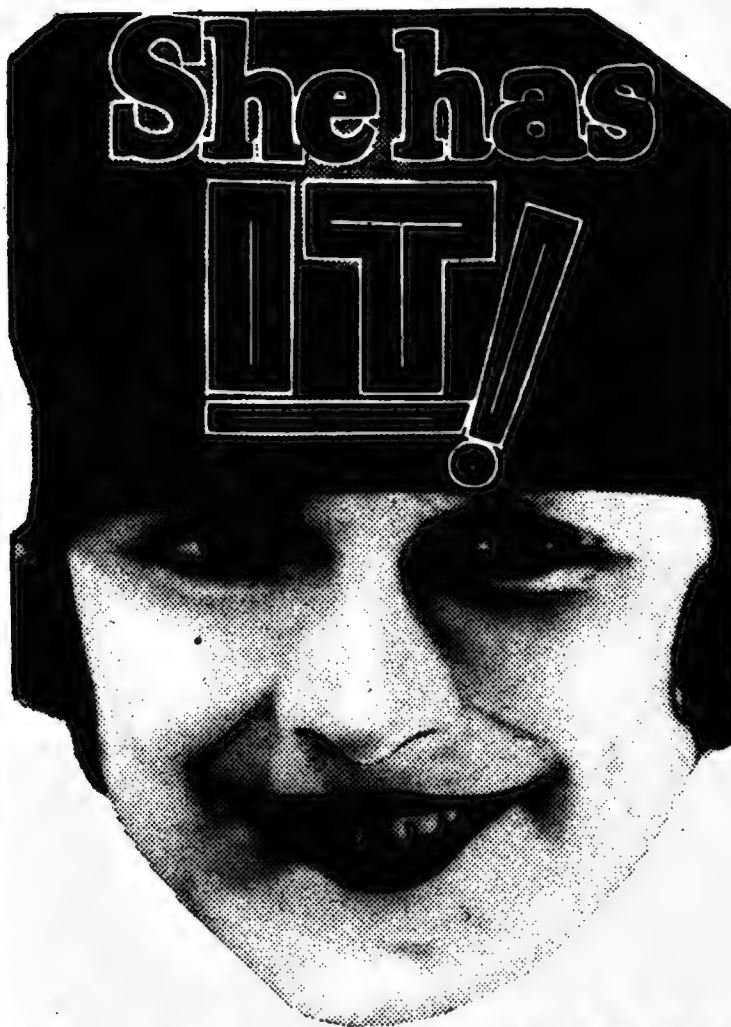
VENOS

LIGHTNING

COUGH CURE

1/3 & 3/-
per bottle

VENO DRUG CO. (1925) LTD.



Have you got 'IT'?

The girl with IT is always popular. IT makes life worth while. What's the secret of IT? Just this—perfect health. If you are run down or nervy you lack IT, if you are the victim of anaemia, you lack IT. And you can't keep IT if you are constantly troubled with headaches.

Every girl can get 'IT'

No girl should deny herself IT in these days when medical science is so helpful. It is so easy and inexpensive to take the correct treatment. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are most helpful. They contain, in convenient form blood nutrients, nerve restoratives, hypophosphites, digestive enzymes and stomachics—the essential ingredients in the treatment of nerve ailments.

Take a short course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Your nerves will be strengthened, headaches will become a thing of the past, and you will be surprised at the improvement in your bodily health.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

THE RECOGNISED TREATMENT FOR

Overstrain	Hysteria	Neuralgia
Stomach Disorders	Nerve Fatigue	Anaemia
Neurasthenia	Indigestion	Headaches
Neuritis	Palpitation	Kidney Weakness
Malnutrition		Nerve Pains

Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd., Manchester.

Of all Chemists

1/3 & 3/-
per box.



*Both white man and native
were thankful for the thing
that came in the night.*

WHERE the bamboo whispered and rustled Mantra crouched. The Malay was invisible in the heavy darkness. In his heart was hatred, cold and keen as the kris he clutched in his hand. He watched the veranda with tilted eyes. He waited there for the coming of the girl, Wyan, and if Allah willed he intended to write a grim sequel to her visit.

Lloyd Netley, the white man on the veranda, also awaited the advent of Wyan. He was a man of thirty-five with hair already grizzling over his ears. His face was sad and lined—the face of a man who has dwelt too much in solitude and with his own thoughts. He paced about restlessly in the pool of brightness the lamp made, and sometimes he frowned and sometimes smiled, so that it seemed he was in two minds about the visitor he expected.

Once he remarked aloud: "I'm almost sorry—I!" in the manner of one accustomed to communing with the lonely night, but a second later he looked at his wrist-watch impatiently and said: "I wish they'd come."

He did not know that Mantra watched his every movement with close attention. The Malay's nostrils trembled. The white man's house smelt of pigs to Mantra. White men's flesh did, also. The subject had often been discussed in the kampong, and as good Mahomedans they had agreed that this fact signified that all the tuans were rejected by Allah. Well, if it pleased the all-high, the all-powerful, there would be one less cluttering the world before the dawn.

A visitor came to that isolated house but it was not the one the two men expected. This visitor did not arrive on bare feet, taking shape silently out of the darkness; he arrived in pomp in Bulalengleng's only hire car. Mantra drew back further into the shadow of the talkative bamboo, and Netley advanced to the veranda rail and leaning there peered out puzzled and curious.

"Who the deuce can it be?" he asked.

The night was so complete that there was no answer to his question until the car drew up before the steps and the burly figure of Hawton scrambled out.

"Good Lord, where did you spring from?" asked Netley, welcoming him warmly.

"From the ship, of course!" said Hawton mopping. "Gosh, it's hot."

"I didn't know she was in. We weren't expecting her for a couple of days yet. This is a surprise." He smiled as he spoke. It might have been an even bigger surprise if Hawton had arrived fifteen minutes later and found Wyan sitting there on the veranda. He remembered his duties as host and called to his boys to bring the drinks. Hawton collapsed into a long chair and fanned himself. He had a red, round face like



Drawn by Cottingham.

"Many people in church, dear?"

"Yes, quite a good attendance and a stranger among them, though I did not see him."

"How do you know then?"

"There was a pound note in the offertory bag."

the sun, and he beamed at the younger man.

"How are things here?" he asked.

"Quiet, you know—not to say damn miserable. I'm fed up, Hawton, and that's the truth. This place is getting on my nerves. Three years here without another white man is enough to give anybody the jumps." He spoke with bitterness. The girl Wyan was in his mind. Now that he had a man of his own race with him again she seemed incredible. He wondered that he should have sunk so low, forgotten himself so much, as to think of her.

Hawton, still beaming, kept his news a secret for a while. It would be all the more welcome for being sprung as a surprise. They all liked Lloyd Netley though he was a dull old stick. He had had a pretty thin time stuck there on Bulalengleng, and he had done well for the firm. He smiled radiantly at the sober and serious overseer.

"You wanted a long-haired pal," he said. "We've been betting over in Batavia that you'd not stick to your guns much longer. Aren't there any little charmers in the kampongs of this lovely island?"

Netley frowned and bit his lip. There were—and that was the worst of it.

"I never knew such a fellow for pig-headedness," Hawton went on. "You'd rather make your life a misery than break your own laws. I've said that all along—I know you, you see. I'm one of the ones who's betting on your continued purity. I've laid McPherson a hundred gulden you'll leave Bulalengleng as pure as you arrived. No coloured fairies for Netley!—that's my bet."

THE drinks had arrived. They helped themselves, and Netley sat down moodily, wondering what imp of mischief had entered into Hawton to cause him to joke of the very thing which was rankling in his listener's soul.

"You don't know how miserable it is here," he said. "Week after week, month after month, with nobody to speak to save the boys except when the steamer comes in for an hour or so."

"That reminds me," said Hawton, glancing at his watch. "I've only got half an hour. I must get back on board pretty lively. However, there's time enough. And so you're not in love with life here?"

"I'm not."

"Nor anything else?" he questioned, darting a shrewd look at the overseer from his popping blue eyes.

Netley stirred uneasily, but suddenly the need for a confidant overpowered his natural reticence. He leaned forward, elbows on knees, and looking straight at Hawton said: "If I'm going to be left here much longer you'll lose your bet."

"Ho! Ho!" chuckled Hawton. "Ho! Ho! How are the mighty fallen! Old Netley stung at last! Trot her out and let's look the goods over."

The other shook his head. "No, your money's not lost yet," he said, "and maybe now it won't be. You coming along like this just at the critical moment seems almost like a helping hand

(Continued on page 54).

ALL RECORDS BROKEN!

THE success of the Langham Portable Radio—illustrated here—beat every record at the Radio Exhibition. No aerial, no earth, one tuning control, everything completely contained in a solid leather case, this wonderful 4 valve portable weighs only 25 lbs. Yet it gives perfect loud-speaker reproduction anywhere within a range of 1,000 miles.

Call for a demonstration at our showrooms or write for full particulars.

Price 30 Guineas complete or £5 deposit and 12 monthly instalments of £2 7s. 6d.

We offer you a week's trial in your own home; if you are not satisfied your money will be refunded in full. We give a definite 12 month's guarantee.

The new Langham Transatlantic Portable is the only portable in the world that has received the U.S. on 'phones and loud-speakers. It is a five valve set fitted with a Celestion loud-speaker and has no knobs or dials to worry you. It is the talk of two continents and costs only 35 gns. complete.

The
LANGHAM
Portable Radio

LANGHAM RADIO, ALBION HOUSE,
59, New Oxford Street, W.C. 1.
Telephone . . . Museum 2878 and 8293.





Drawn by Frank R. Grey.

DISTRESSED GUEST (as family ghost appears): "Oh, go away! What's a dagger in the chest to four glasses of Brown's champagne?"

Intervention

(Continued from page 52).

stretched out to save a fellow. You make a contact for me with my own world."

Out in the darkness Mantra waited patiently. It was well. Allah ordained all things with mercy. Wyan would not come for a time, for the news of Netley's visitor would have reached the kampong and her father would know that delay would be tactful. Presently the white man would go back to his ship and Netley would fall into a heavy sleep which the drinks he was taking would make more sound. He would not awake from that sleep. Mantra waited there, silent and dim.

"Yes," Netley was saying, "God knows I've put up a fight, but what's a man to do. He's human after all. The thought of another two years all alone here had smashed me up. I've fallen for this girl. Her name's Wyan. She doesn't seem like a Malay, somehow. Got real beauty and real personality. I've been through the devil of a time—one minute delighted, one minute disgusted."

"You see, the steamer before

this rather let me down. There was a girl at home and—well, we weren't exactly engaged but we were good pals. She used to write to me every mail, regular as the clock. This last ship didn't bring me anything. I began to get jumpy—you know the way you brood when you're a hermit. There didn't seem to be any purpose in being a martyr—in remaining a Holy Joe."

"Quite!" nodded Hawton. "But you were in rather a rush, weren't you? She might have been ill—busy—anything. Only missing one mail!"

"Of course, but it was that coming on top of everything else. The last straw kind of thing. There was this girl, Wyan, waiting in the compound, so to speak."

"Her father was quite bucked at the thought of the marriage, and he knew she was the only wench the tuan would look at. He put a good price on her, the old Shylock. And I agreed to it—six month's pay—with a kind of perverted delight, as if I wanted to pay as heavily as possible for the crazy thing I was going to do."

"And have you paid?"

"Not yet! That's the funny part of it. He was to bring her along to-night—I was waiting for them. I was to hand over the cash and take delivery. And now—now you've blown in. You've made me sane again. I believe you've got every chance of winning your bet now. But God knows!—two years is a long time to stick it out. And supposing she doesn't write again?"

HAWTON finished his drink. "Well," he said, "I think I'd better be shoving along. And I'm not going to pay that McPherson his money just yet awhile. I've got a letter here for you. Guess it's from that girl!"

He pulled it from an inner pocket, and put it into the eager hands. "I wasn't in any hurry to give it to you, because I figured you'd be better off making the most of my call, and keeping that to occupy you later."

He took up his hat, and beamed at the radiant face of old-stick-in-the-mud Netley. But he did not go. Instead he halted, in the manner of one who had remembered a trifling matter.

"No," he resumed, "I think McPherson's going to lose that bet, and it'll hurt him. He likes to feel he's on a certainty before he risks his hawbees. I haven't mentioned to you, have I?—that the Board's decided you're to be transferred to the estate, half-an-hour by car from the bright lights of Batavia?"

"What?"

"It's true! On her way back the steamer'll bring young Johnson—the assistant from Yali, you know—and he's taking over here. You're to be all packed and catch her as soon as you've turned over to him. Only another fortnight on Bulalengleng for you, m'boy!"

Netley passed his hand across his brow in a dazed manner, like a man who hears of a reprieve on the very foot of the gallows. He stared at Hawton.

"Here," he broke out roughly, "you're not joking are you?"

"Joking? I should say not. Bringing you this bit of news, old bloke, was the best job I've got in my whole trip. That was why I wanted to enjoy it and make the most of it. Well, so long, I'll have to get along. See you in a fortnight. Old McPherson's face will be a treat when I present you to him—the 'compleat' good boy!"

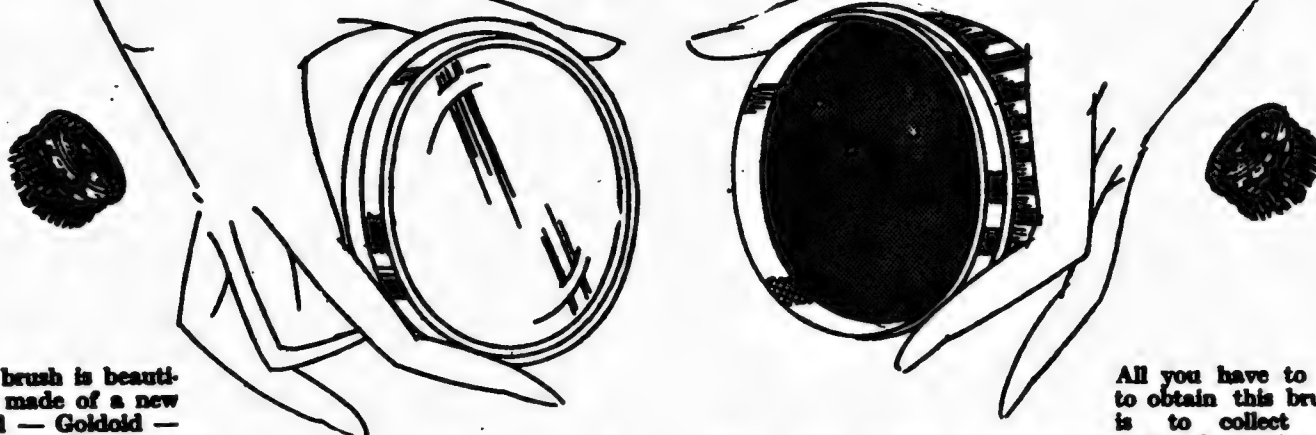
He shook Netley's hand briefly, but with feeling, and went down to the waiting car. Netley stood staring after him, still stunned by surprise.

Netley returned to his chair and gloated on the letter for a time before he read it. It was a heartening letter—so heartening that even Hawton's news was put in the shade. The girl at home to whom he was not exactly engaged thought of a trip to the East. The aunt with whom she had lived and for whom she had provided companionship and the boon of her sweetness had died. She benefited under the will. It had all been a great upset. She apologised for missing the last mail. . . . Netley sat there on his veranda and in the night he saw wonderful visions which held him bemused.

He did not see Mantra waiting there among the bamboos. No eyes could have

(Continued on page 56).

*This charming Shingle Brush
and Mirror is given FREE to all
users of the famous*
WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP



This brush is beautifully made of a new metal — Goldoid — which, while giving the exact appearance of real gold, does not lose its colour with wear. The whole of the top is superbly engine turned. This top removes and reveals a cunningly hidden mirror which makes the brush doubly useful.

All you have to do to obtain this brush is to collect 60 outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap and send them with your name and address clearly written to Dept. G9, Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., Southwark Street, S.E.1, and you will receive this charming gift.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

START

How would you like to have a smart handbag without incurring any expense to yourself?

You can obtain one by simply collecting 80 outside printed wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap. In return you will receive a charming soft nappa leather bag mounted on a durable amber frame, daintily lined with silks of contrasting colours, containing a captive mirror and a useful pocket.

These bags are of British manufacture and suitable for any occasion. They can be



TODAY

FREE
this
dainty
handbag

supplied in any of the following fashionable colours—Black, Navy Blue, Red or Dark Brown.

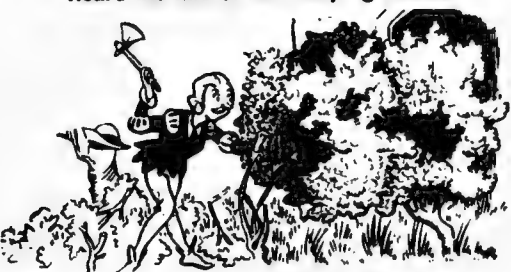
When you have collected 80 outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, send them together with your name and address, clearly written, not forgetting to state which colour you require, to Dept. 2, Leather Handbags, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. Please note, colours can not be exchanged after the bags have been supplied.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY WHO SLEPT ON"



There was once a prince, who, having heard the tale of the Sleeping Beauty—

—thought it was time she woke up.



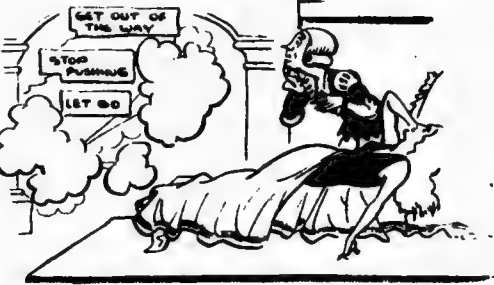
After much cutting of undergrowth, etc., etc.—



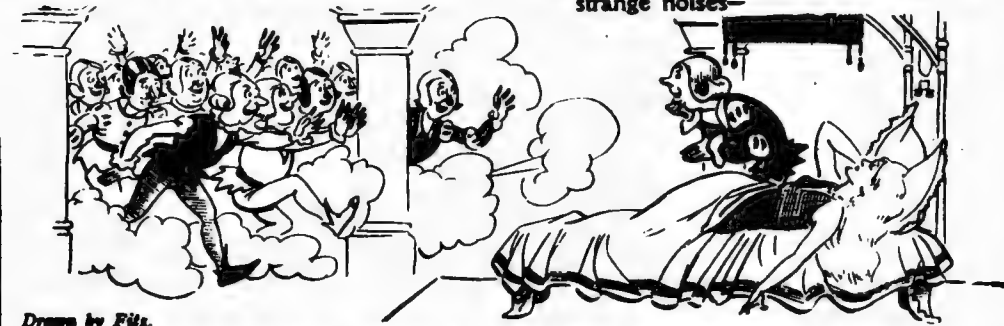
—he found the lady—and without hesitation—



—prepared to plant the necessary kiss—



—but unfortunately was interrupted by strange noises—



Drawn by Fitz.

—old mother witch had told the same story to all the other princes, as well!



SNOW SWEEPER: "Do yer want yer snow swept away, Guv'nor?"
FIRST FLOOR LODGER: "You had better ask the Landlady. She lives on the ground floor."

Drawn by Rick Elmes.

Intervention

(Continued from page 54).

seen Mantra. But his blood was hurrying. All happened as he had hoped. His enemy was alone now. Soon he would be done with that letter and would go to bed. The lights would be turned out.

Through the darkness Mantra would pass, light and silent and grim. It was well. The white man was more than a little drunk he judged. He was sitting there gaping at nothing. He was grinning vaguely while he thought of Wyan, the fair, and the good times he was to have with her. Mantra smiled, also—a chilling smile and his hand closed more tightly about the kris.

FROM the harbour, faint and thin, came the three hoots of the steamer. The white man was all alone now, cut off from his fellows. It was well. But above the rustle of the bamboos, came other sounds, which, if almost imperceptible, concerned Mantra more. Bare feet were approaching. He heard the sounds of their steps on the road.

Mantra decided that he would not wait. Wyan came with her father. The risk must be taken, the blow struck now. He leapt up, asking the blessing of Allah's aid and favour.

At that moment something brilliant and fierce, like a demon, came roaring down out of the sky. It brought a sulphur smell, it lit up all the garden with a wild, red light, it deafened the ears with its angry voice. Mantra ducked, for it seemed to have sprung straight at him. He was not a fool. He saw that Allah did not approve of his designs and had sent a devil to warn him and carry off the white man. He turned and fled, dropping the kris as he ran.

Wyan and her father fled, also. Such a sign was not to be neglected. They prayed for forgiveness as they scurried back to safety.

Pale and unsteady Lloyd Netley came down from the veranda and went along the path past the bamboos to where the meteorite lay buried in the black soil. It was only a tiny thing, a pebble from the heavens, but it still glowed redly and created an overwhelming impression of destruction.

"Hell," said Netley slowly. "I'm having some escapes to-night. If that had hit the veranda—finish me!"

He meditated on the thing for a long time, and again he should have prayed, but again all he could find to say was to express the belief that he was damned, when he meant precisely the opposite. And again, on his return to the house, he said the phrase, for he had found the kris and he could not imagine what it was doing there.

But the excitement had exhausted him and he went to his sleep.

In the morning he sent his boy down to the kampong with a message for Wyan's father which freed Wyan to marry Mantra. Mantra thanked Allah from the bottom of his heart for the demon he had sent. If he had killed the white man the authorities would have killed him and it would all have been unnecessary. Allah was, indeed, the all-wise, the compassionate.



The happy homes are those in which the old proverb is understood; and to understand it on washday means to use Rinso. Rinso makes the beginning easy and the end swift and perfect. Rinso is straightforward, too. It washes every way. Rinso is made to save you trouble.

Rinso

Rinso washes every way
COLD or HOT or BOILING

Mrs. Mays's Goose

by Thomas Le Breton

*The cheerful old soul
was no goose when her
Christmas dinner
was at stake.*

THERE was seventy-two geese and twenty-seven turkeys in our Goose Club and I were one of the first. It were at The Shoulder of Mutton Pub with a bottle of port for each shrubscriber what were to be drawn four days afore Crismus, though in my opinion it were a silly thing to do it so soon, 'cause then there wouldn't be no port for Crismus day.

Me and Feeby Leach agreed as we'd 'ave dinner on Crismus day together, and then if we'd run short of port we'd sell one of the geese and buy two more bottles, for when it comes to drinking the 'ealth of absent friends, a bottle don't go far, me being so pop'lar and 'aving so many absent friends, what wouldn't be absent if they'd knowed as I'd got a goose and a bottle of Tawny.

Feeby were very like me, being a widder lady, and cleaning orfices like me, and that were 'ow I first met 'er.

I wer washing a passage what were dark so as it were waste of time doing it, when I couldn't find me soap. I felt in all the corners where soap often sneaks when you're in an 'urry, and I feels at the bottom of me pail, but not a morsel of soap could I discover.

I 'ad 'alf a mind to sluice the rest of the passage with a wet cloth and no soap, though the woman what is foreman is so nosey and makes such a fuss if there ain't no soap used, when Feeby comes along singing, "Let's all go down the Strand," what were pop'lar when she were a gal. I stopped to listen when wallop down she went on the back of 'er 'ead.

I give 'er some 'elp to get up, and, Lo and be'old there were me soap sticking to the soul of 'er boot. I don't spose I'd 'a' found it out on'y when I'd got 'er onter 'er feet down she goes agen.

She were a little cross at first, but more, because I 'adn't time to wipe some of the worst up, so as she were sitting, as it were, in a pool.

She said as she'd fracshured 'er skull and were dying, but I knowed better. "You'd best get up dear," I says, "because I'm a going to sluice down jist where you're sitting," and I ups with me pail.

Of course I wasn't going to do no sich thing, as I'd done it, but she wasn't to know that and up she jumped. "You ain't got no 'eart," she says as I laughed, but when I said as I'd stand 'er a port, what would revive 'er, she said I were a sympathising dear and accidents would be accidents all the world over, and no one can't prevent 'em.

We went inter the King's Arms when we'd finished and arter she'd stood me a port and me 'ad stood 'er one, she said



"... there were me soap sticking to the soul of 'er boot."

as 'ow she could feel the bump on the back of 'er 'ead getting smaller. She said she believed as another couple of ports would send it right away, and so we 'ad two more each, for it comes cheaper nor doctor's stuff.

I see 'er 'ome arter that and found as she lived not five minutes from me.

A NICE 'ome she 'ad. Bed-sitting room at the top of the 'ouse jist like me. Everything 'andy, too, coals under the bed where she could reach 'em without getting out of bed, and fire so close as she could put the kettle on with one 'and while she were reading a novel in bed with the other.

Arter that I mostly went 'ome with 'er when she didn't go 'ome with me.

Well, we drewed our geese and ports four days afore Crismus, and seeing as the pubs is shocking crowded at this time of the year we 'ad 'er bottle betwixt us. So what could I do the



"... she could put the kettle on with one 'and while she were reading a novel in bed."

next evening but open mine, me motter being share and share alike.

Besides as we couldn't eat two geese we knowed as if we sold one we could buy more port and so next morning we done it, me keeping mine and 'er getting seven and six for 'ers. We bought two more bottles, but some'ow we got talking and without thinking we finished them ports and it wasn't till the morning as we remembered as we done it.

That night were Crismus Eve, and it seemed lonely with no port, so I says to Feeby as we should sell the other goose and buy two bottles. "It won't seem like Crismus with no port," I says, "and what's nicer nor a lovely pork chop," says I.

"You always think jist what I'm thinking," Feeby says, "and I must say," says she, "as I never met with no lady as gets sich brain waves as you."

So we goes to a poulterer, but 'e said 'e weren't buying, on'y selling, and be 'anged if we didn't try eight poulterers and they was all the same.

We was feeling tired out and not a drop of port could we pay for when a gent as I knowed by sight come up quite civil and said as 'e 'ad a customer for a goose and if we'd honour 'im by 'aving a glass of stout with 'im 'e'd take it to the customer and get seven and six for us.

I told 'im we was teetotalers and on'y drunk port, but when 'e said 'e 'adn't the price of port on 'im, we didn't like to offend 'im, and we went to the Blue Cow and 'e paid for three stouts and drunk 'is up quick.

"Now you wait," 'e says, "and I'll sell the goose for you and be back in a twink."

So we waited and waited when I begun to get superstitious. 'E said as 'is customer were on'y jist round the corner, and 'e'd been gone more nor 'alf an 'our. I see Feeby looking at the clock and it made me that mad as I could 'a' smacked 'er fat face for 'er.

"What did yer let me give 'im the goose for?" I says strick.

"I never," she says, what weren't the truth, "it were your idea."

That were enough for me—I do 'ate liars. Being too much of a lady to make a disturbance in a pub—perticler as there's a Cop on point duty jist outside, I simply got up and treaded 'eavy on 'er foot where she said 'er corn 'urt most, and then I went out to look for the thief as 'ad stole my goose.

I don't like speaking to a Slop as it makes a lady look common to seem as if she knowed one, but I 'ad to arst the one on point if 'e'd seed a gent with a goose and which way did 'e go.

At first the idjit said as 'ow 'e'd seed a many gents carrying geese but when I'd described the one I were arter 'e said 'e knowed 'im and 'is name were

(Continued on page 60).

The Best Bread For Xmas Why?

Because "Bermaline" is wholesome, health-giving, health-preserving and so delicious, too; all the family will enjoy it and eagerly ask for more. Baked with the choicest Wheat Flour and the finest Extract of Malt, it is the Ideal Wheaten Malt Bread—the bread for every day and all occasions.

Start with "Bermaline" to-day, you'll appreciate the difference and it will keep fresh and sweet for days.

"Bermaline" The Ideal Wheaten Malt Bread

All good Bakers bake "Bermaline." Yours can supply you. If not, write Monigomerie & Co., Ltd., "Bermaline" Factory, Ibrox, Glasgow, for name of your nearest "Bermaline" Baker.



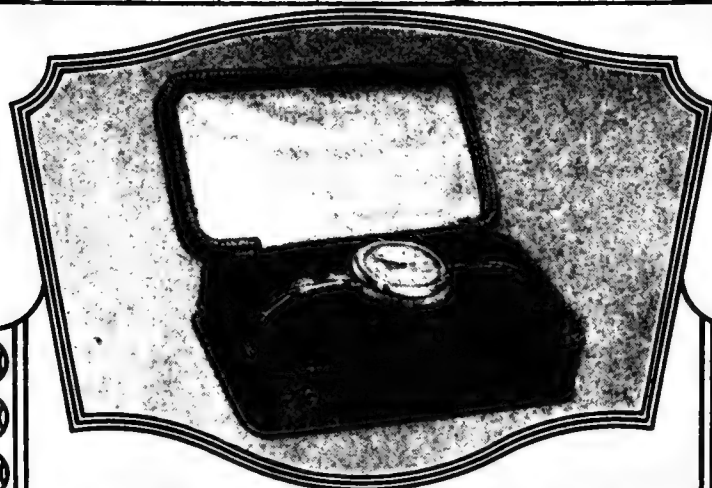
Adventures of the BISTO KIDS

The Centre of Attraction—

"That's Bisto as sure as can be"
And the Kids thought if only we dare to
Just peep round the corner and see,
He might send us to—goodness knows where to.
But they screamed with delight,
When seeing their plight
The man said he might
Spare the Kids both a bite.
"Here are Bisto made pasties my wife's cooked for me
Why there's one for us each—I can spare two."

BISTO

for all
Meat Dishes



Let your Xmas gift be a BRITANNIC expanding Watch Bracelet

A gift that she will always treasure—because it is a gift she will keep.

Every BRITANNIC Expanding Bracelet is guaranteed for 5 years, and you will know that you are giving her a valuable present, alluring in appearance, a present that will last, because it is made by expert craftsmen.

The BRITANNIC may be seen at all good-class jewellers, in various patterns and widths, complete with watches in many styles, to suit every individual taste, from £4 . 4s . 0.

See the name "BRITANNIC" engraved inside the band.



Old folks at home.

The Tea that Never Varies
—a pure and economical
beverage famous for its
delicacy of flavour.

DELICIOUS
Mazawattee Tea

Sold at Popular Prices by all Grocers.



Mrs. May's Goose

(Continued from page 58.)

called Sleepy Stevens, 'cause 'e were so wide-awake.

"Why didn't you warn me what 'e were?" I says, for what do we keep Slops for if they ain't no use.

'E said it weren't 'is place to do nothink of the kind, and 'e thought as we was friends, just as if I were friends with a common man what's called Sleepy. It were adding insult to injury so I told 'im, and I said as I'd report 'im but, when I'd said "report" it made me think of port and I near bust into tears, so as I 'ad to 'urry off. Them Slops ain't got no feelings for ladies.

'Owsomever I found out where Sleepy Stevens lived and I went there, but the woman, as was 'is wife, said as 'e wasn't at 'ome.

But I waited at the corner of the street and watched and at last I see 'im and 'e 'adn't got no goose with 'im. I kep' round the corner so as 'e didn't see me till 'e were a'most 'ome, and then I pounced.

'E turned to run but I were too quick, and I 'ad me little 'and in 'is collar in a twink. A married lady knows she's got to be quick, and she knows jist where to 'old a gent so as 'er knuckles 'urt most. 'E weren't a big man and 'e give in quick.

"Ulloa! old dear," 'e says, "I was jist looking for you."

"Where you didn't expect to find me," I says, "so now 'and over seven and six."

"Ah!" 'e says, "what I wanted to tell you was as I'm done. A man as I never see before knocked me down and run off with the goose."

I squeeged me knuckles into 'is back-bone a little more. It were so like old times as I didn't feel angry like some would 'a' done. "You are a liar," I says pleasant, "and I'm a going to take you to the station, Mr. Sleepy Stevens."



"... I 'ad jist bought two bottles of port."

I shook 'im up and 'e offered me a bob to let 'im loose, but not me. I stuck me knuckles in 'arder and 'arder till 'e said as 'ow I were breaking 'im in two and 'e offered me three shillings, what were all 'e'd got, 'e said. But no man don't deceive a lady what's been a twicer. If she's on'y been married once a excuse may come off occasional, but not when she's a twicer.

"Turn out your pockets," I says sharp, and I give 'is collar sich a twist as it near choked 'im, and I 'ad to let it a bit loose before 'e could move.

'E 'ad eight and four in 'is pocket, but I were too much of a Cristian lady to take more nor eight shillings. "Now let me loose," 'e says, but I 'eld on and give 'im another twisting.

"Oo did you sell it to?" I says, "because the receiver's worse nor the thief."

At last 'e told me arter I'd reg'ler 'urt me knuckles over the ungrateful brute. 'E'd sold it to old Ogg, the grocer, for five bob, and 'e wanted me to give 'im back three outer what I'd got, but I told 'im they was for me ex-

penses and I give 'im sich a shaking as left 'im coughing, and off I went to old Ogg's.

"You been buying stolen geese," I said, and 'is shop being full of people they did stare and some begin to laugh. "'Ere, get out of my shop," 'e says, "I'm a respectable man as every one knows and I never done sich a thing in me life."

"You bought my goose off Sleepy Stevens," I says, "and you give 'im on'y five bob, what shows you knowed it were stolen," I says, "and," says I, "I'm going to call the police, for I can prove I bought the goose from the club at the Shoulder."

'E looked funny at that and more people begun to crowd inter the shop, and I sung out for the police till at last 'e says, "I on'y bought it to oblige a customer—but I 'aven't time to dispute, so take the thing back," and 'e give it me.

I 'ad jist bought two bottles of port and were going 'ome with them and the goose when Feeby come up.

"So you got your goose and the port," she says, but I didn't feel like liking 'er jist then.

"And what I got I mean to keep, woman," I says, "so don't you dare redress me in the streets agen."

"I ain't no more a woman than you are, Gladys," she says, "and I'm sure as I've always told everyone as you're the ladiest lady as I know."

Well, I'm that sweet tempered that I 'ad to tell 'er as it were me condescension when I spoke to 'er, but as nobody wouldn't know as I let 'er visit me she could come nex' day and 'ave dinner with me.

I've often thought as I'm too good for this world and it would be waste of money to insure my life, but seeing as I wasn't dead yet and I'm not a sacred drinker and 'ate not 'aving a soul to talk to, I give 'er the invite and she thanked me proper or I wouldn't 'ave 'ad 'er arter all.



Drawn by A. E. Beard.

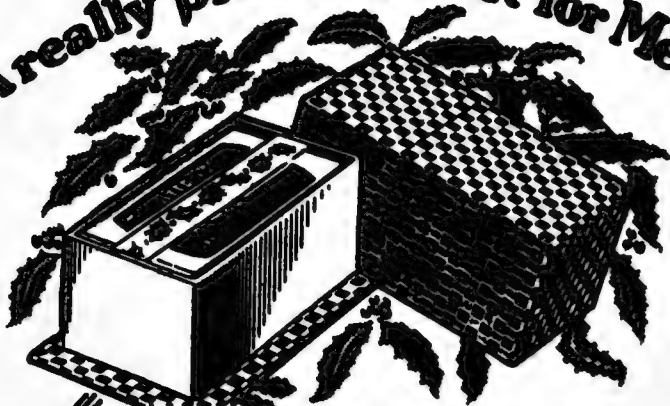
11 p.m. CHRISTMAS EVE.
The man who forgot to get the turkey.



Drawn by Edwards.

ENTERPRISING POULTERER: "There's a lovely turkey, mum. Won first prize for eight years running!"

A really practical Gift for Men



Give Him

CHRISTMAS
GIFT BOX of 20 BLADES **5/-**
From all Dealers.

a clean shave every morning for months—the pleasure of using a razor with an edge like velvet—give him Myatt Blades for Christmas. Every blade is engraved with the days of the week so that each edge is used and rested in turn. Ask for the Special Gift Package of twenty blades.

Myatt Blades

PATENT DAYMARKED
for Gillette type razors only.

Sole Manufacturers—

W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD.,
ARGENT WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

FIVE
BLADES
1/3

ENGLISH BY BIRTH AND UPBRINGING.

STORING SUNSHINE!



WITH dark winter days upon us, the need for protecting childhood's radiant health becomes more vital. Ripe, juicy fruit is the best and most effective way of "storing sunshine," keeping the whole system free from trouble and recharging it with fresh life and vitality.

Eat More Fruit
AND KEEP FIT

Get a copy of the new Recipe Book, "Ye Book of Sun," by Vitamus. Price 3d. If unable to obtain a copy send us your fruiterer's name and address, with 2d. in stamps, and a copy will be sent post free.

Issued by the
Fruit Trades' Federations, Advt. Dept., 10-13, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4

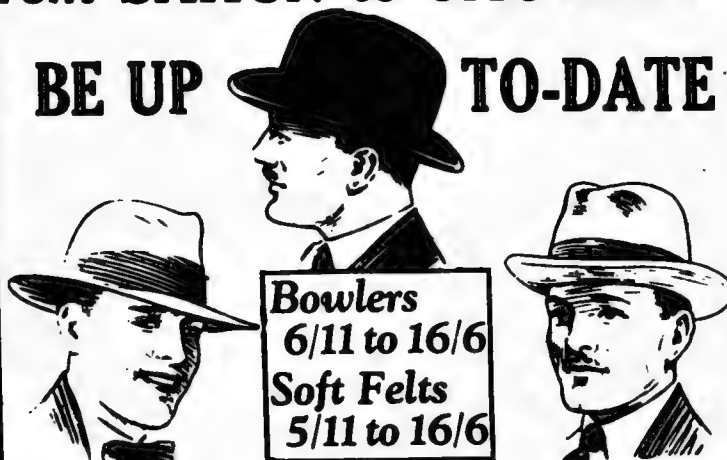
JACKSONS

The National Hatters

Historical Hats - - from SAXON to JACKSON



BE UP TO-DATE



Bowlers
6/11 to 16/6
Soft Felts
5/11 to 16/6

Get it at JACKSONS

If there is no Jackson shop in your town send to Jacksons Ltd., Dept. 10, Victoria Works, Stockport, for free Illustrated Catalogue.

100 BRANCHES from PLYMOUTH to INVERNESS

C.N.I



The Unexpected Visitor

by VERNON Woodhouse

His caller pays but one visit.

SILAS Smith dined alone on Christmas Day. Even had he received an invitation to join some party—an unlikely eventuality, for he had no friends—he would have refused. He kept himself to himself, did Silas Smith.

But in his own lonely way Silas enjoyed his Christmas Day. He enjoyed defying the doctor by eating rich food and taking more wine than was good for his health. Still more, he enjoyed in anticipation his after-dinner amusement.

For the last twenty-five or thirty years his programme had been the same. A perfect, if heavy, meal served at eight o'clock, washed down by a bottle of Cliquot and topped by liqueur brandy; a fat cigar, lighted afterwards—another luxury forbidden by that fool of a doctor—and an evening in his study alone with his very private ledger and the latest Stock Exchange price-list.

That was an ideal way of spending Christmas if you like! Thank God he'd never been fool enough to marry.

The butler had departed leaving the 1847 Otard within convenient reach of his master. Silas poured himself out a third glass which he held in both his hands so that the warmth might percolate through to the spirit.

He sniffed the aroma appreciatively before swallowing his favourite liqueur and then made his way to his study.

And now to business which was also a pleasure! Considering everything, it had been a good year. Yes! Money bred money and if only those oil shares

... but Silas was not one to cry over spilt oil, and that artificial silk deal had more than recouped him for . . .

Silas had no recollection of anyone being announced, but it appeared as if the stranger had been sitting opposite to him for some time.

"You were saying . . . ?" the stranger prompted.

"What was I saying?" said Silas puzzled. "Pon my soul I've forgotten! Ah, it's come back to me. I was telling you about my early life."

"And very interesting it was," said the stranger politely.

"Glad you think so," said Silas pompously, "but what I was saying only goes to show that no matter how young you are, if you seize your opportunities, you're bound to succeed."

"But don't others less—er—tenacious sometimes suffer in the process?" queried the stranger.

"I know what you're referring to," said Silas, and added excitedly, "I tell you I got young James's job because I was a better man. Even if I did put the marked money in his pocket and got him dismissed. I'm sure he'd stolen . . ."

"Quite so, quite so," said the stranger soothingly.

"Some people say," continued Silas irritably, "that I've made my pile by acting illegally. Well, I haven't. That's jealousy and nothing else. I'm not a fool. I've always kept on the right side of the law."

"Even though you haven't kept on the

right side of humanity?" queried the stranger.

"I don't care a damn what other people think of me," said Silas stoutly. "My motto is every man for himself. If anybody crosses my path. . . ."

"Your partner in that cotton deal, for example. . . . ?"

"Who told you about that?" asked Silas suspiciously.

"I remember when he died . . ." began the stranger.

"The verdict was unsound mind—remember that," interrupted Silas warningly. "If a man is such a fool as to take his own life. . . ."

"It's none of your business?" suggested the stranger.

"That's common sense," said Silas with finality.

"And, of course, you have no reason to reproach yourself with that notorious company flotation of yours."

"Ah, now that was a clever deal," chuckled Silas reminiscently.

"But weren't some thousands of small investors ruined?" asked the stranger.

"Talk sense," said Silas tersely. "What's that to do with me? Hasn't every business man the right to buy cheap and sell dear? Fair business that! Was it my fault if the woollen market slumped?"

"A slump you foresaw?"

"D'you suppose I'd have sold otherwise?" snapped Silas. "I'd have nursed that business and sold at a still higher price."

"That would have been good business," said the stranger.

"No one was compelled to buy those shares. Their judgment was at fault and mine wasn't. That's all there was to it. And now, if you'll excuse me, I've got work to do. Every Christmas Day I like to tot up what I'm worth."

"You're worth absolutely nothing," said the stranger quietly.

"Don't be a fool," said Silas irritably. "Worth nothing indeed! Let me tell you that I've over a million . . ."

"You are mistaken."

"Don't contradict. I tell you I have, and I ought to know. What I don't know is why I've been talking to you about my private affairs. I've never even met you before, have I?"

"Never," asserted the stranger.

"And now I come to think of it," said Silas in a startled voice, "I don't even know your name."

"But that doesn't alter the fact that you are penniless."

"Don't talk rubbish," retorted Silas angrily. "Look here, I'll prove it. I'll show you a list of my investments."

"They are yours no longer."

"I'd like to see the man who'd take them from me."

"He faces you," said the stranger.

"You lie! How dare you force your way into my house unannounced," screamed Silas.

"I come everywhere unannounced, although I bear a name. It is Reaper."

Silas tried to rise but found he could not move. He seemed paralysed.

"Reaper?" he repeated in a strangled voice.

"Yes, The Reaper," said the stranger.

"You're dead!"

THE DULCITONE

THE MOST POPULAR PIANO FOR THE MODERN SMALL FLAT

£2:10:0

DOWN

No cost for upkeep, guaranteed for 5 years, beautiful harp-like tone and handsome appearance.

Delivered Free in Great Britain for £2 10s., balance 24 payments of £1. Cash Price £25.

Write to-day for New Illustrated Catalogue.

Machells

53, Great Western Rd., GLASGOW.



Back to work - free from Rheumatism

Rheumatism — that dreaded complaint that spells agony for you in your daily round of work — is quickly robbed of its terror by Sloan's Liniment.

Applied gently to the rheumatic joint or muscle Sloan's penetrates instantly and kills the pain.

Men and women who are exposed to the severe weather should take precautions against the ill-effects which often follow.

A little Sloan's applied after the day's work is comforting and soothing and wards off dangerous aches and pains.

"Free from Racking Pain."

"I had almost given up the attempt to cure my Rheumatism, but after using Sloan's Liniment was free from the racking pains of rheumatism." — Mr. W. White, 128, Cherrywood Road, Bordesley Green.

Of Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 4/-. Wholesale Depot: Fassett and Johnson, Ltd., 53, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

The Standard Treatment for RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, ACHING MUSCLES, STIFFNESS.

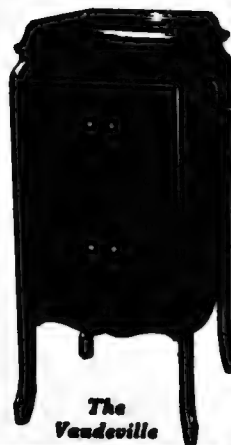
1/3 SEND NO MONEY

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS of MODELS from 59/6

Our illustrated lists show Pedestal, Table grand, Horn machines etc. THORENS or GARRARD MOTORS FITTED. You can have a magnificent Gramophone of handsome appearance and exquisite tone for a very small deposit. Carriage Paid. Securely packed to prevent damage. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

Choose what Records you want. FREE Latest monthly record list posted regularly to our customers. OUR PRICES ARE AT ROCK BOTTOM LEVEL Send a Post Card Now and choose your model.

Dept. JG2. GEORGE SMITH Clapham Junction, LONDON, S.W.11.



The Vandeville



TENPENCE—and well worth it!

Colgate's Shaving Stick brushes up easily into fine thick lather that softens every single hair deep down where the razor gets to work. That's what makes a Colgate shave so quick and smooth and comfortable.

Tenpence—that's the price of a Colgate Shaving Stick—a modest price for the 200 fine shaves you get out of it.

Buy a stick to-day, and start to-morrow morning with the finest shave of your life.

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK 10^d

Also in Handsome Nickel Box 1/- Handy-grip Shaving Stick 1/3 Handy-grip Refill 10d.

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK Softens every single hair

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF

KOMPO FOR COLDS

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY

FOR Colds, Influenza, Sore Throats, etc.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-

J. F. WHITE & CO. Chemists, Leeds.



Are your boys as contented?

???? IF NOT

give them **HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE**

There's nothing like a Home Modelling Outfit for little fingers—Fun and amusement for hours on end. They make their Own Toys and become absorbed in the work.

Outfits 3/9 and 8/3.

Post Free

Full particulars on request

Harbutt's Plasticine LIMITED.

— 65, BATHAMPTON, BATH. —



Christmas trees were blossoming in hospitals.

CRUFF'S Christmas Cargo

by MABEL HORNER

It was a last minute surprise the toy importer sprung on his rivals.

JACOB B. Cruff sat in his city office. Jacob B. was a millionaire and no miser. He spent money freely where he saw the prospect of a hundred per cent. return, and putting up a good appearance impressed people. A sound maxim, he held.

The bells of ancient city churches practising Christmas carillons mingled with the roar of the streets and irritated him beyond endurance. He rose, banged up a window and pressed an electric bell. A young woman, pretty, and golden-haired entered smiling. Alice Mayne was competent. She did more than she was paid to do, the one sure way to Cruff's regard. "Re the *Agra*—" he was beginning, when the girl interrupted excitedly.

"She is in dock, sir, arrived last night late, they are telephoning instructions—"

"The deuce she is!" Cruff thumped his desk and swore abominably. "And for all the good her cargo is to me it might as well be in the sea. If that confounded fool Ruddock—"

Miss Mayne flushed. "It still wants more than a week to Christmas Eve," she ventured, "Captain Ruddock thinks if we made a simply terrific effort—"

"Ruddock's a fool. So are you. What about that silly 'SHOP EARLY' slogan that every flock of fools with money to spend obeys like sheep? Already the retail shops are in holy ruins from the rush. How d'you expect wholesalers to look at the stuff?"

For the *Agra* was stuffed from stem to stern with Christmas novelties dead as mutton unless they met the Christmas trade. The *Agra* was Cruff's own vessel. The wonderful novelties he scoured the continent to find he kept exclusively for one season.

This year Cruff's over-bearing temper had provoked a strike that had held his Christmas cargo up on foreign shores. Captain Ruddock by super-human efforts had settled it but not before the Christmas trade was lost. For the first time in his busy, successful life, J. B. Cruff had over-reached himself.

NEXT morning Jacob B. Cruff awoke in a vile temper. A furious pull at the heavy bell-tassel by his bed sent the jangling of an old-fashioned bell down the corridor. The door opened, "What the deuce do you mean by—" he was beginning, then stopped short.

Instead of the deferential manservant he expected, his wife had entered the room. Ethel Cruff was nearly twenty years younger than her iron-grey and not-so-bad-looking husband. If only his temper had been different . . . she suppressed the thought as she came forward.

She gave her husband a quiet good-morning but received no answering smile. In her hand she held a letter, and anyone less absorbed than J. B. Cruff in his own angry emotions would have noticed that her air was one of suppressed excitement. But all Jacob

B. wanted was to get her out of the room, to get himself in double-quick time to the office, to get that fool cargo shipped back to where it came from, or disposed of somehow before the city got hold of the story. . .

"Jabey," she said.

"What is it?" he paused unwillingly on his way to his bathroom.

"It is three years since we were married."

"I don't forget it. Three years ago you were a penniless girl, earning a pittance trying to teach languages as dead as your old father, the university professor. Now you're Mrs. Cruff, of Cruff's Hall, and a fat lot of use you make of the opportunity."

"Use . . . opportunity . . .?" she started, turning sharp round.

Cruff, ignoring for once the quiet superiority that had been one of his chief reasons for marrying her stuck out his chin aggressively.

"Yes. Opportunity. Instead of shining in society, bringing credit to the man who brought you out of bleak, poverty, you do nothing at all, so far as I can see, with your time that matters. What you do do with your time I haven't enquired. I only know that I've spent a few thousands on you in the hope of receiving a darn good profit on outlay and I've not received it."

The colour that had rushed over her neck and face receded, leaving her deathly white. She moved a step nearer him, still characteristically quiet.

"Jabey, what exactly do you mean by that?" she asked.

"Sit down," ordered J. B. Cruff, "and I'll tell you. I'm glad you ask. It gives me an opportunity I've been wanting. When a man marries a woman as a business proposition it's as well they should understand one another. Fact is," he tightened the girdle of his dressing gown determinedly, "I blame myself for not making it clear before."

"You married me . . . as a . . . business proposition?"

"Why should that astonish you? Ever know J. B. Cruff spend a penny unless he saw a hundred coming back for it? Why should a man, a millionaire, with a name to conjure with in finance, marry a penniless girl?"

"In what way did you expect to make this big profit, any profit at all, by marrying me?" his wife persisted.

J. B. Cruff began to enjoy himself. He felt that the irritation which during the last six weeks had been seething up in him to boiling point was finding a perfectly legitimate outlet on his wife. She had disappointed him. He had a bone to pick with her, a big one.

"When I was your age," said Mr. Cruff, "I was too busy getting rich to bother about education and culture. What I had I kept and used it to get rich. I got rich. Now I have to work hard to keep rich. That's why I need a handsome wife to preside over my table, advertise Cruff's by going into society, showing off the wealth of Cruff's, making other women envious, showing their husbands that Cruff's is a sound firm to deal with. You haven't

(Continued on page 66.)

Corns



Hard corns—soft corns, corns between the toes: Callouses and any kind of foot torture. No need to suffer any longer. All you need is a packet of **REUDEL BATH SALTRATES** and a basin of hot water.

Rest the feet in this medicated and oxygenated footbath for about twenty minutes. The corn will soon become loose and can be pulled right out, root and all, like the hull out of a strawberry. Callouses can be scraped off with the dull edge of a

knife, and you will experience the joy of real foot comfort.

A well-known London Chiropodist writes:—

"During the past two years I have demonstrated the use of Reudel Bath Saltrates to over two thousand clients and recommended its use. I am very pleased to announce to you the high praise I am daily receiving of its beneficial results. It is comforting to use, Safe and Sure."—(Signed)

ROBERT WORTLEY, Consulting Chiropodist,
174, New Bond Street, W. 1.

THE ORIGINAL—THE YELLOW PACKET.
REUDEL BATH SALTRATES 1/6



In
large
tins
4/4
8/4
1/9



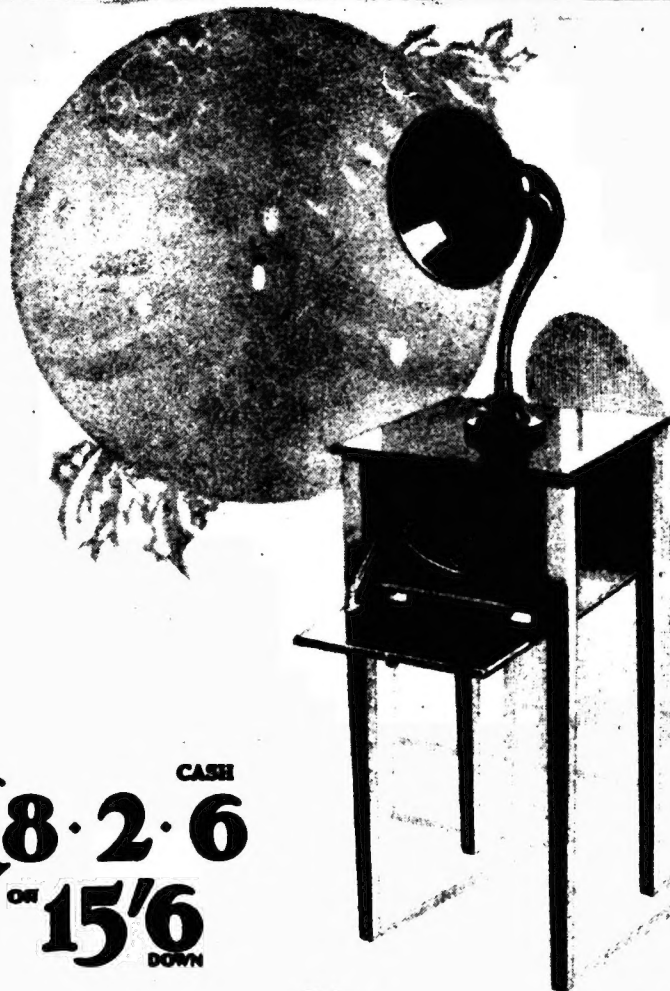
THE INSTANT HAND CLEANER
Cleans Hands Clean. Benefits the Skin.

GRE-SOLVENT
CLEANS SCOURS
SAVES HOURS

THE HOUSEWIFE'S HELPER
Just like Magic. Saves hours of work.



Also
Powder
in
large
8/4
Sprinklers



CASH
£8.2.6
OR
15/6
DOWN

The Perfect Xmas Gift!

These lovely and famous sets—lovely in appearance and lovely in performance. No sets in the whole world rival them. Their quality is without flaw. Their price many pounds lower than anything comparable. Thousands upon thousands of homes at this moment are filled with happiness by these very sets. Make another happy home this Xmas by giving one of these sets as your gift. Call at any branch or write to us to-day.

	Cash Price	or 12 monthly payments of:
Cabinet Little Giant 2-valve	£8 : 2 : 6	15 : 6
" " " 3-valve	£9 : 4 : 6	17 : 6
" " " 4-valve	£11 : 8 : 0	£1 : 1 : 3
Table Model Little Giant 2-valve	£6 : 10 : 0	12 : 6
" " " " 3-valve	£7 : 12 : 0	14 : 6
" " " " 4-valve	£9 : 16 : 0	18 : 6

All sets on 7 days' approval on receipt of cash price or first instalment.

ASK FOR NEW CATALOGUE.

FELLOWS WIRELESS

PARK ROYAL, LONDON, N.W. 10

Absolutely complete, including Marconi Royalty, Loud Speaker, Dull Emitter Valves, Batteries, Aerial Equipment, and full instructions for installing and operating—in fact, everything except the actual wireless mast.

LONDON: 20, Store Street.
Tottenham Court Rd., W.C.
BIRMINGHAM: 248, Corporation Street.
BRIGHTON: 31, Queen's Road.
BRISTOL: 36, Narrow Wine Street.

CARDIFF: Dominions Arcade, Queen Street.
GLASGOW: 4, Wellington Street.
LEEDS: 65, Park Lane.
LIVERPOOL: 37, Moorfields.
MANCHESTER: 33, John Dalton Street.

NEWCASTLE: 36, Grey Street.
NOTTINGHAM: 30, Bridle-Smith Gate.
PORTSMOUTH: Pearl Buildings, Commercial Rd.
SHEFFIELD: 11, Waingate.
TONBRIDGE: 34, Quarry Hill.
N.C. 32



Drawn by Bertram France.

PEEVED WIFE: "You think so much of your old football, you don't even remember when we were married."
HUSBAND: "Don't I? 'Twas the day Tottenham Hotspur whacked Preston seven to two!"

Cruff's Christmas Cargo

(Continued from page 64.)

done it. You don't go into society. I don't see your name, which means my name, in the papers. You don't shine."

"Shine?"

"You know what I mean," his voice rose slightly. "Haven't I dressed you for the part? Given you jewels?"

"All but one," breathed Ethel Cruff.

"What d'you mean all but one?" demanded Cruff disappointed that he could provoke no outburst. He wanted, badly wanted, to quarrel with his wife. "Name it!"

But Ethel Cruff, looking with dark, unfathomable eyes at her husband, would not name it.

JACOB B. Cruff sat in his office that morning, drumming on his desk, for the first time in his life uncertain about a business step. "Mrs. Cruff to see you, sir," the golden-haired girl looked at him keenly, "and Captain Ruddock is waiting—"

Ethel Cruff came in without waiting for invitation and only waiting until the door closed began without preamble.

"Jabey, Captain Ruddock is here, I have been with him all the morning, learning all there is to know about the *Agra*. He can get her unloaded by Saturday, which leaves us three clear days to distribute her cargo."

Blank astonishment, succeeded by anger, succeeded by amazement, gave way to indescribable emotion as Cruff stared at his wife.

"I have astonished you, Jacob, as you, this morning, gave me a surprise," she smiled, "for I have not, these three years, been indifferent to your interests. I have not gone into the sort of society you suggested. I hate its insincerity, its shallowness, the silliness of impressing people with money . . . but you . . . you have never been out of my thoughts. I have kept myself acquainted with all your business deals."

"Who the——" gasped Cruff.

"It is all right, don't waste time now," said Ethel Cruff, "no one has been disloyal. It is sufficient for the moment that I knew the secret of your anger. . . . I know how they will laugh, those dealers, when they hear of your 'great failure.' Well, there need be no failure."

"How, no failure?"

"I have found a customer for the cargo. It must be unloaded and distributed at once. You shall be your own customer. Your name, instead of being a joke, will be lauded in every newspaper. It will ring through every town and village as belonging to the man who this year made Christmas real for every little child in the land."

"I don't understand," said J. B. Cruff, his colour rising and his breath coming rather thickly.



Drawn by Edwin Morrow.

"Where shall we sit when we go into the drawing-room?"

"I shall sit on the piano stool."

"But, George, you can't play a note."

"And I mean to see that no one else does."

"You shall give this cargo away," said Ethel her great eyes burning into his. "You will go down to the docks now. I have the car waiting, and Captain Ruddock says he has an army of men who will work like Trojans day and night to dispatch the stuff, once they know its errand. You shall send great crates of toys into the coalfields, where unemployment, following on the great dispute, is making Christmas for thousands of little British bairns but a cheat and a mockery."

"You shall send them into poverty-stricken rural districts, into industrial towns where trade has been slack, and men in queues wait for work that does not materialise. Cheerful, bulging bags all trimmed with mistletoes and hollies and these we will take into hospitals, into workhouses and industrial schools, where little children banished for faults not their own shall learn in the great outside world they have friends with hands that help. . . ." her voice broke and she checked herself to ask.

"Roughly, how much money have you invested in the *Agra's* cargo?"

"Over ten thousand pounds, but I'll do it!" he sprang up, "it is a great——" he was going to say "advertisement," but in face of her glowing enthusiasm he could not and altered it to "thought."

CHRISTMAS Eve. The last delivery of Cruff's Christmas Cargoes was accomplished. A million tiny Christmas trees were blossoming in poverty stricken homes, and big ones glowing with life and electricity in hospitals and institutions.

And the purveyor of all this Christmas happiness stood in the great, pretentious drawing-room of Cruff's Hall, destitute of holly and mistletoe because no one had time to remember it, queer, unaccountable feelings stirring round his heart. Beside him, palpitating, tired, tremulous, stood Ethel.

"The kiddies have their Christmas, and I, for profit," said J. B. Cruff, "have found my wife; and the knowledge that life holds something better than money-making. Ethel! I have fallen in love."

She smiled. She had heard the same a hundred times the last week.

"Jabey, I married you because I loved you, and not for your wealth. That was why I persuaded my cousin Alice to become your secretary and defer her marriage to Captain Ruddock, and tell me all she could about the business. I have another confession to make. I am not penniless, I have £20,000 in my own right. The news of this legacy came the morning the *Agra* docked. I thought first of buying the *Agra's* cargo, in another name, but that might have prevented you discovering what Alice and I together found out."

"Conspirators! What did you find out?"

"That in reality, Jacob, you have a great heart . . . such a heart as I should like my son to know in his father. Jabey, next year this room too, must wear a more homely look, blossom with things a little child will love."

1927

away,"
ng into
e docks
nd Cap-
army of
ans day
nce they
d great
, where
e great
r thou-
a cheat

poverty-
indus-
s been
ait for
heerful,
istletoes
ake into
dustrial
anished
earn in
y have
herself

y have
o?"
but I'll
at—"

ement,"
husiasm
ought."

ast de-
Cargoes
million
blos-
es, and
electri-

Christ-
at, pre-
s Hall,
because
, queer,
round
bitating,

ristmas,
f, "have
ge that
money-
n love."

ne same
I loved
That
n Alice
I defer
ck, and
usiness.

ake. I
D in my
legacy
cked. I
Agra's
t might
g what

ou find
have a
should
father.

n too,
look,
ild will



*"Like them?
I should think
I do. I've smoked
them for five
whole years"*

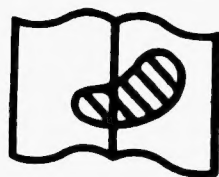
MADE
SPECIALLY TO
PREVENT
SORE
THROATS

*In tins of 50,
& 100 at 2/6 & 5/6*



*The most popular Xmas Gift
of this generation*

If you wish to give an unusual gift to your friends for Xmas, order from your tobacconist the CRAVEN "A" Inkstand Cabinet containing 200 Cigarettes at 10/6. A really beautiful and useful Xmas Present.



ASSORTED

SHARPS
SUPER KREAM
TOFFEE

*The
GIFT
that makes
the wish
Sincere*

**SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE**
MAIDSTONE

Printed and Published by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Canada: The Imperial News Co., Ltd., 14, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver. For America: International News Co. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops at 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 78, Marche-aux-Herbes, Bruxelles, and Wm. Dawson & Sons, Ltd., 13, Rue Albouy, Paris.